READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

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READINGS

IN

ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

ROY BENNETT PACE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

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PREFACE

These readings are intended as the basis for a course in the historical development of English literature. They include representative works of the best writers, although the amount of space given to an author is not necessarily governed by his merit. Some authors — Shakspere, for example — can be studied to advantage only in complete works too long to be included in a volume like this. Then, too, a writer who represents a period or a movement may be relatively more important than another whose absolute importance is greater.

Although this volume is designed to accompany the editor's *English Literature*, the selections cover the field usually treated in an historical survey, and the book may be used to advantage with any history of English literature. Included, moreover, are enough sonnets, odes, narrative poems, essays, and bits of prose fiction for an introductory study of the types of literature.

A feature of this collection is the opportunity afforded to connect great pieces of criticism with the works criticised. *Lycidas*, for example, acquires a new interest in the light of Ruskin's interpretation; Carlyle's discussion of Burns, and Carlyle's and Macaulay's discussions of Boswell suggest new approaches to all these writers; and even Shakspere gains from a reading of Ben Jonson's memorial poem and Arnold's sonnet.

The editor wishes to thank the many teachers who have offered helpful suggestions, but to absolve them from responsibility for the final make-up of the book.

ROY BENNETT PACE.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania,
October 19, 1917.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

From the Beginnings to the Norman Conquest (—— 1066)

Beowulf	Wealhtheow's Address to Beowulf	1
	The Fight with Grendel's Mother	2
Cædmon	In the Beginning	4
Cynewulf	Invocation	4
	The Choice of Mortals	5
Beda	Preface to *Ecclesiastical History*	5
	Coming of the Angles and Saxons	6
Alfred the Great	Preface to Gregory's *Pastoral Care*	9
Anglo-Saxon Chronicle	Extracts	11

From the Conquest to the Death of Chaucer (1066–1400)

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight	The Arming of Gawain	12
	Gawain Keeps His Pledge	13
Geoffrey of Monmouth	Arthur's Bravery	16
John Wiclif	The Beatitudes	17
William Langland	Vision of the Field Full of Folk	18
Sir John Mandeville	The Land of Prester John	20
Geoffrey Chaucer	Plan of the *Canterbury Tales;* and Six Portraits (from the Prologue)	22
	The Pardoner's Tale	40
	Chaucer's Words to Adam, His Scribe	52

From the Death of Chaucer to the Accession of Elizabeth (1400–1558)

English and Scottish Popular Ballads	Sir Patrick Spens	52
	Bonnie George Campbell	54
	Lord Randal	55
	Kemp Owyne	55
	Robin Hood's Death and Burial	57
William Caxton	Preface to Translation of the Æneid	60
Sir Thomas Malory	How Arthur was Chosen King	62
Sir Thomas Wyatt	How the Lover Perisheth	65
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey	Description of Spring	65
	The Death of Priam	66
William Tyndale	The Beatitudes	68

From the Accession of Elizabeth to the Closing of the Theaters (1558–1642)

		PAGE
John Lyly	Queen Elizabeth (from *Euphues*)	68
	Cupid and Campaspe	71
Sir Philip Sidney	Two Sonnets	71
	Description of Arcadia	72
Edmund Spenser	Una and the Lion	74
	Two Sonnets	76
	Prothalamion (conclusion)	77
Francis Bacon	Of Adversity	79
	Of Marriage and Single Life	80
	Of Wisdom for a Man's Self	82
	Of Youth and Age	83
	Of Studies	85
Christopher Marlowe	A Boast of Tamburlaine	87
	The Passionate Shepherd to His Love	88
William Shakspere	Songs from the Plays:	
	Who is Silvia?	88
	Over hill, over dale	89
	Under the greenwood tree	89
	O Mistress mine	90
	Hark, hark! the lark	90
	Where the bee sucks	90
	Two Sonnets	91
Ben Jonson	To Celia	92
	To the Memory of Shakspere	92

From the Closing of the Theaters to the Restoration (1642–1660)

Robert Herrick	Corinna's Going a-Maying	94
	How Roses Came Red	96
	Cherry-Ripe	97
	To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time	97
	To Phillis	98
Thomas Carew	In Praise of His Mistress	99
	Disdain Returned	100
	Song	100
Richard Lovelace	To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars	101
	To Althea, from Prison	101
Sir John Suckling	The Constant Lover	102
	Why so Pale and Wan?	103
John Milton	L'Allegro	103
	Il Penseroso	108
	Lycidas	112

		PAGE
	On His Blindness	118
	Truth and Conformity	118
Sir Thomas Browne	Heaven and Hell	121
	Charity	122

From the Restoration to the Death of Dryden (1660–1700)

Samuel Pepys	Shakspere's *The Tempest*	124
	The Great Fire of London	126
	Farewell	129
John Dryden	Preface to Dryden and Davenant's *The Tempest*	129
	Mac Flecknoe (extracts)	132
	Under Milton's Picture	134
John Bunyan	The Trial of Christian and Faithful	134

From the Death of Dryden to the Publication of the Lyrical Ballads (1700–1798)

Jonathan Swift	The Spider and the Bee	138
	Argument against Abolishing Christianity (abridged)	144
Daniel Defoe	The Education of Women	150
	Preface to *Robinson Crusoe*	153
	Crusoe's Situation in Life	154
	Crusoe's Landing on the Desert Island	155
	How Crusoe Baked Bread	158
	Friday	158
Richard Steele	Prospectus of the Tatler	160
	Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend	162
	The Editor's Troubles	167
Joseph Addison	Marlborough	171
	Hymn (The Spacious Firmament)	172
	Frozen Words	173
	Mr. Spectator.	177
	The Vision of Mirzah	181
Alexander Pope	Memorable Couplets from His Poems	187
James Thomson	Winter; Spring (extracts)	188
Samuel Johnson	Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield	191
	Letter to James Macpherson	193
	Dissertation on the Art of Flying	193
James Boswell	First Meeting with Johnson	197

		PAGE
	Oliver Goldsmith	199
	Johnson's Manner of Talking	202
Oliver Goldsmith	From *The Deserted Village:*	
	The Village Preacher	202
	The Schoolmaster	205
	Edmund Burke	206
	Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	206
Edmund Burke	The Proper Attitude toward America	207
	Tribute to the Memory of his Son	210
William Collins	Ode: How Sleep the Brave	211
	Ode to Evening	212
Thomas Gray	Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	214
William Cowper	On Human Slavery	218
	Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin	219
Robert Burns	To a Mouse	220
	To a Mountain Daisy	221
	Tam O' Shanter	223
	Auld Lang Syne	229
	Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut	230
	Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	231
	A Man's a Man for a' That	232
	The Banks o' Doon	233

From the Publication of the Lyrical Ballads to the Death of Ruskin (1798–1900)

William Wordsworth	His Object in His Poetry	233
	Passages on Poetry in General	236
	Expostulation and Reply	237
	The Tables Turned	238
	She Was a Phantom of Delight	239
	I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud	240
	Character of the Happy Warrior	240
	Influence of a Mountain-peak	243
	Composed Upon Westminster Bridge	244
	London, 1802 (Milton)	245
	Nuns Fret Not	245
	The World is too Much with Us	246
	Scorn not the Sonnet	246
Samuel Taylor Coleridge	Chaucer	247
	Othello	247
	An Observation on Patriotism	248
	On Style	248
	Kubla Khan	249

		PAGE
George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron	Lachin y Gair	251
	Wordsworth	252
	The Bull-Fight	253
	Waterloo	255
	To Thomas Moore	257
	Stanzas (When a man hath no freedom)	258
	Epigram (The world is a bundle of hay)	258
	On My Thirty-third Birthday	258
	Stanzas from *Don Juan*	259
Percy Bysshe Shelley	Ode to the West Wind	259
	The Cloud	262
	To a Skylark	264
John Keats	On First Looking into Chapman's *Homer*	268
	On the Grasshopper and the Cricket	268
	Ode on a Grecian Urn	269
	The Eve of St. Agnes	270
Charles Lamb	A Dissertation upon Roast Pig	282
	Dream-Children	290
Thomas de Quincey	A Meeting with Lamb	295
	Apostrophe to Opium	298
	Incident of the Malay	299
	From Pleasure to Pain	302
	A Digression on Reading Aloud	302
Sir Walter Scott	The First Meeting of Edgar and Lucy (from *The Bride of Lammermoor*)	303
	Soldier, Rest!	310
	Here's a Health to King Charles!	311
	The Escape of Marmion	312
Jane Austen	Elizabeth has a Distinguished Visitor (from *Pride and Prejudice*)	315
Thomas Babington Macaulay	James Boswell	323
	Scene at the Trial of Warren Hastings	325
	London Coffee-Houses	327
	The Battle of Ivry	330
Thomas Carlyle	James Boswell	333
	Robert Burns (from *Heroes and Hero-Worship*)	338
	A Definition of History	341

		PAGE
Charles Dickens . . .	Preface to *Oliver Twist*	343
	Mr. Micawber (from *David Copperfield*)	346
	Uriah Heep (from the same) . .	351
George Eliot	Maggie Behaves Worse than She Expected (from *The Mill on the Floss*)	356
William Makepeace Thackeray	Mrs. Crawley, the Colonel, and Little Rawdy (from *Vanity Fair*)	363
	Washington Irving	368
Thomas Henry Huxley .	The Method of Scientific Investigation	372
John Ruskin	On Some Lines of Lycidas . . .	382
Matthew Arnold . . .	A Definition of Culture	388
	Estimate of Emerson	391
	Shakespeare	395
	Memorial Verses	395
	Requiescat	397
	The Fall of Sohrab	398
	Dover Beach	402
	Geist's Grave	404
Alfred, Lord Tennyson .	Ulysses on Old Age	406
	In Memoriam (I, XXVII, CVI, CXXX)	407
	Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead	410
	Geraint's Strange Petition . . .	410
	Gareth's Combat with the Noonday Sun	412
	The Revenge	414
	The Charge of the Heavy Brigade .	419
	The Throstle	421
	Crossing the Bar	422
Robert Browning . . .	The year's at the spring	422
	How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	423
	Incident of the French Camp . .	425
	My Last Duchess	426
	Home-Thoughts, from Abroad . .	427
	Rabbi Ben Ezra	428
	Epilogue to Asolando	434
Robert Louis Stevenson .	El Dorado	435

READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE OLD ENGLISH EPIC

Wealhtheow's Address to Beowulf. — The Warriors Retire

(*From* **Beowulf**[1])

Wealhtheow spake amid warriors, and said: —
" This jewel enjoy in thy jocund youth,
Beowulf lov'd, these battle-weeds wear,
a royal treasure, and richly thrive!
Preserve thy strength, and these striplings here
counsel in kindness: requital be mine.
Hast done such deeds, that for days to come
thou art famed among folk both far and near,
so wide as washeth the wave of Ocean
his windy walls. Through the ways of life
prosper, O prince! I pray for thee
rich possessions. To son of mine
be helpful in deed and uphold his joys!
Here every earl to the other is true,
mild of mood, to the master loyal!
Thanes are friendly, the throng obedient,
liegemen are revelling: list and obey!
Went then to her place. — That was proudest of feasts;
flowed wine for the warriors. Wyrd they knew not,
destiny dire, and the doom to be seen
by many an earl when eve should come,
and Hrothgar homeward hasten away,

[1] From the translation by Professor F. B. Gummere. Used by special permission of the translator and of the publishers. Copyright, 1904, The Macmillan Company.

royal, to rest. The room was guarded
by an army of earls, as erst was done.
They bared the bench-boards; abroad they spread
beds and bolsters. — One beer-carouser
in danger of doom lay down in the hall. —
At their heads they set their shields of war,
bucklers bright; on the bench were there
over each atheling, easy to see,
the high battle-helmet, the haughty spear,
the corselet of rings. 'Twas their custom so
ever to be for battle prepared,
at home, or harrying, which it were,
even as oft as evil threatened
their sovran king. — They were clansmen good.

The Fight with Grendel's Mother

(*From* **Beowulf**)

After these words the Weder-Geat lord
boldly hastened, biding never
answer at all: and ocean floods
closed o'er the hero. Long while of the day
fled ere he felt the floor of the sea.
Soon found the fiend who the flood-domain
sword-hungry held these hundred winters,
greedy and grim, that some guest from above,
some man, was raiding her monster-realm.
She grasped out for him with grisly claws,
and the warrior seized; yet scathed she not
his body hale; the breastplate hindered,
as she strove to shatter the sark of war,
the linkèd harness, with loathsome hand.
On the hall-guest she hurled herself, hent her short sword,
broad and brown-edged, the bairn to avenge,
the sole-born son. — On his shoulder lay
braided breast-mail, barring death,
withstanding entrance of edge or blade.

Life would have ended for Ecgtheow's son,
under wide earth for that earl of Geats,
had his armor of war not aided him,
battle-net hard, and holy God
wielded the victory, wisest Maker.
The Lord of Heaven allowed his cause;
and easily rose the earl erect.
'Mid the battle-gear saw he a blade triumphant,
old-sword of Eotens, with edge of proof,
warriors' heirloom weapon unmatched,
— save only 'twas more than other men
to bandy-of-battle could bear at all —
as the giants had wrought it, ready and keen.
Seized then its chain-hilt the Scyldings' chieftain,
bold and battle-grim, brandished the sword,
reckless of life, and so wrathfully smote
that it gripped her neck and grasped her hard,
her bone-rings breaking: the blade pierced through
that fated-one's flesh: to floor she sank.
Bloody the blade: he was blithe of his deed.
Then blazed forth light. 'Twas bright within
as when from the sky there shines unclouded
heaven's candle. The hall he scanned.
By the wall then went he; his weapon raised
high by its hilts the Hygelac-thane,
angry and eager. That edge was not useless
to the warrior now. He wished with speed
Grendel to guerdon for grim raids many,
for the war he waged on Western-Danes
oftener far than an only time,
when of Hrothgar's hearth-companions
he slew in slumber, in sleep devoured,
fifteen men of the folk of Danes,
and as many others outward bore,
his horrible prey. Well paid for that
the wrathful prince! For now prone he saw
Grendel stretched there, spent with war,

spoiled of life, so scathed had left him
Heorot's battle. The body sprang far
when after death it endured the blow,
sword-stroke savage, that severed its head.

CÆDMON

In the Beginning

(*From the* **Paraphrase**)

Most right it is that we praise with our words,
Love in our minds, the Warden of the Skies,
Glorious King of all the hosts of men;
He speeds the strong, and is the Head of all
His high creation, the Almighty Lord.
None formed Him, no first was nor last shall be
Of the Eternal Ruler, but His sway
Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.
With powers on high, soothfast and steadfast, He
Ruled the wide home of heaven's bosom spread
By God's might for the guardians of souls,
The Son of glory. Hosts of angels shone,
Glad with their Maker; bright their bliss and rich
The fruitage of their lives; their glory sure,
They served and praised their King, with joy gave praise
To Him, their Life-Lord, in whose aiding care
They judged themselves most blessed. Sin unknown,
Offence unformed, still with their Parent Lord
They lived in peace, raising aloft in heaven
Right and truth only, ere the Angel Chief
Through Pride divided them and led astray.

CYNEWULF

Invocation

(*From* **Christ, Part I, "The Nativity"**)

Hail, heavenly beam, brightest of angels thou,
Sent unto men upon this middle-earth!

Thou art the true refulgence of the sun,
Radiant above the stars, and from thyself
Illuminest for ever all the tides of time.
And as thou, God indeed begotten of God,
Thou Son of the true Father, wast from aye,
Without beginning, in the heaven's glory,
So now thy handiwork in its sore need
Prayeth thee boldly that thou send to us
The radiant sun, and that thou come thyself
To enlighten those who for so long a time
Were wrapt around with darkness, and here in gloom
Have sat the livelong night, shrouded in sin;
Death's dark shadow had they to endure.

The Choice of Mortals

(*From the same,* **Part II, " The Ascension "**)

Lo! we have heard now how the Saviour-Child
Dispensed salvation by His advent hither,
How He, the Lord's great Son, freed and protected
Folk 'neath the clouds, so that each mortal now,
While he is dwelling here alive, must choose, —
Be it hell's base shame, or heaven's fair fame,
Be it the shining light, or the loathsome night,
Be it majestic state, or the rash ones' hate,
Be it song with the Lord, or with devils discord,
Be it pain with the grim, or bliss with cherubim,
Be it life or death, as it shall liefer be
For him to act while flesh and spirit dwell
Within the world. Wherefore let glory be,
Thanks endless, to the noble Trinity.

BEDA

Preface to the Ecclesiastical History

I, Beda, servant of Christ and priest, send greeting to the well-beloved king Ceolwulf. And I send you the history, which I lately wrote about the Angles and Saxons, for your-

self to read and examine at leisure, and also to copy out and impart to others more at large; and I have confidence in your zeal, because you are very diligent and inquisitive as to the sayings and doings of men of old, and above all of the famous men among our people. For this book either speaks good of the good, and the hearer imitates that, or it speaks evil of the evil, and the hearer flees and shuns the evil. For it is good to praise the good and blame the bad, that the hearer may profit. If your hearer be reluctant, how else will he gain instruction? I have written this for your profit and for your people; as God chose you out to be king, it behoves you to instruct your people. And that there may be the less doubt whether this be true, I will state the sources of my narrative

Coming of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes

(*From the* Ecclesiastical History, Book I, Chap. XV)

It was 449 years after our Lord's incarnation, when the emperor Martianus succeeded to the throne, which he occupied for seven years. He was the forty-sixth from the emperor Augustus. At that time the Angles and Saxons were called in by the aforesaid king, and arrived in Britain with three great ships. They received settlements on the east side of the island by order of the same king, who had invited them here, to fight as for their country. They at once took the field against the foe, who had often before overrun the land from the north; and the Saxons won the victory. Then they sent home messengers, whom they bade to report the fertility of this land, and the cowardice of the Britons. Immediately a larger fleet was dispatched here, with a stronger force of warriors; and the host when united overpowered resistance. The Britons gave and assigned to them settlements among themselves, on condition of fighting for the peace and safety of their country and

resisting their enemies, while the Britons also provided them with a maintenance and estates in return for their labours.

The new-comers were of the three strongest races of Germany, namely, Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. Of Jutish origin are the men of Kent, and the Wihtsætan; that is the tribe dwelling in the Isle of Wight. From the Saxons, that is from the people called Old Saxons, came the East Saxons, the South Saxons, and the West Saxons; and from the Angles came the East Angles and the Middle Angles, Mercians, and the whole race of the Northumbrians. This is the land which is named Angulus, between the Jutes and Saxons, and it is said to have lain waste, from the time they left it, up to this day. Their leaders and their commanders were at first two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, sons of Wihtgils, whose father was called Witta, whose father was Wihta, and the father of Wihta was called Woden. From his race the royal families of many tribes derived their origin. Then without delay they came in crowds, larger hosts from the tribes previously mentioned. And the people, who came here, began to increase and multiply to such an extent, that they were a great terror to the inhabitants themselves, who originally invited and called them in. Later on, when occasion offered, they entered into alliance with the Picts, whom they had previously driven out by arms. And the Saxons sought excuse and opportunity for breaking with the Britons.

So they publicly announced to the Britons and declared, that, unless they gave them a more liberal maintenance, they would take it for themselves by force and by plundering, wherever they could find it. And they soon carried their threats into execution: they burned and plundered and slew from the sea on the west to the sea on the east; and now no one withstood them. Their vengeance was not unlike that of the Chaldees, when they burned the walls of Jerusalem

and destroyed the royal palace by fire for the sins of God's people. So then here almost every city and district was wasted by this impious people, though it was by the just judgment of God. Buildings both public and private collapsed and fell; by every altar priests and clergy were slain and murdered. Bishops and people, without regard for mercy, were destroyed together by fire and sword; nor was there anyone who bestowed the rites of burial on those so cruelly slaughtered. Many of the miserable survivors were captured in waste places, and stabbed in heaps.

Some through hunger surrendered themselves into the enemy's hands, and engaged to be their slaves for ever in return for a maintenance; some in sorrow went beyond the sea; some timidly abode in the old country, and with heavy hearts ever lived a life of want in wood and wilds and on lofty rocks. Then when the host returned to their home after expelling the inhabitants of the island, the latter began little by little to rouse up their strength and courage: issuing from the obscure retreats in which they had hidden themselves, they began all with one consent to entreat heaven's aid, that they might not utterly and everywhere be annihilated. At that time their general and leader was Ambrosius, also called Aurelianus: he was of Roman origin, and a man of courage and moderation. In his time the Britons recovered heart and strength, and he exhorted them to fight and promised victory; and by God's help in the fight they did win the victory. And then from that time now the Britons, now again the Saxons were victors, till the year in which Mount Badon was beset; there was made a great carnage of the Angles, about forty-four years after the arrival of the Angles in Britain.

ALFRED THE GREAT

Preface to Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care

King Alfred bids greet bishop Waerferth lovingly and with friendship; and I let it be known to thee that it has very often come into my mind, what wise men there were formerly throughout England; both of sacred and secular orders; and how happy times there were then throughout England; and how the kings who had power over the nation in those days obeyed God and his ministers; and they preserved peace, morality, and order at home, and at the same time enlarged their territory abroad; and how they prospered both with war and with wisdom; and also the sacred orders how zealous they were both in teaching and in learning; and in all the services they owed to God; and how foreigners came to this land in search of wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were to have them. So general was its decay in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne.

Thanks be to God Almighty that we have any teachers among us now. And therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayest apply the wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst. Consider what punishments would come upon us on account of this world, if we neither loved it (wisdom) ourselves nor suffered other men to obtain it: we should love the name only of Christian, and very few of the virtues. When I considered all this I remembered also how I saw, before it

had been all ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books, and there was also a multitude of God's servants, but they had very little knowledge of the books, for they could not understand anything of them, because they were not written in their own language. As if they had said: "Our forefathers, who formerly held these places, loved wisdom, and through it they obtained wealth and bequeathed it to us. In this we can still see their tracks, but we cannot follow them, because we would not incline our hearts after their example."

When I remembered all this, I wondered extremely that the good and wise men who were formerly all over England, and had perfectly learnt all the books, did not wish to translate them into their own language. But again I soon answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever be so careless, and that learning would so decay; through that desire they abstained from it, and they wished that the wisdom in this land might increase with our knowledge of languages." Then I remembered how the law was first known in Hebrew, and again, when the Greeks had learnt it, they translated the whole of it into their own language, and all other books besides. And again the Romans, when they had learnt it, they translated the whole of it through learned interpreters into their own language. And also all other Christian nations translated a part of them into their own language. Therefore it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for men to know into the language which we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough, that is that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until that they are well

able to read English writing; and let those be afterward taught in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank.

When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin Pastoralis, and in English Shepherd's Book, sometimes word by word and sometimes according to the sense, as I learnt it from Plegmund my archbishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbold my mass-priest, and John my mass-priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus. And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book or the book from the minster: it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their place, unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one make a copy from them.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE

677. In this year the star (called) comet appeared in August, and shone for three months every morning like a sunbeam. And Bishop Wilfrith was driven from his bishopric by King Ecgferth; and two bishops were hallowed in his stead: Bosa to Deira, and Eata to Bernicia. And Eadhed was hallowed bishop by the people of Lindsey; he was the first of the bishops of Lindsey.

690. In this year Archbishop Theodore died. He was bishop twenty-two winters, and he was buried at Canter-

bury; and Beorhtwald succeeded to the bishopric. Previously the bishops had been Romans; since then they were English.

699. In this year the Picts slew Beorht the alderman.

722. In this year Queen Æthelburh destroyed Taunton, which Ine had previously built. And Ealdbriht the exile withdrew into Surrey and Sussex; and Ine fought against the South Saxons.

871. (abridged) About four days afterward, King Ethelred and his brother Alfred led a large force to Reading, and fought against the army; and there was great slaughter on both sides. Earl Ethelwulf was slain, and the Danes held possession of the field. And about four days after this, Ethelred and Alfred fought against the whole army at Ashdown. And the Danes were in two divisions: in one were Bagsecg and Halfdene the heathen kings; and in the other were the earls. King Ethelred fought against the division of the kings, and there was King Bagsecg slain; and his brother Alfred against the division of the earls. And both divisions were put to flight, and many thousands slain. And afterward, about Easter, King Ethelred died; and he reigned five years, and his body lies at Wimborne. Then Alfred, son of Ethelwulf, succeeded to the kingdom of the West Saxons. And about a month after, King Alfred, with a small force, fought against the whole army at Wilton, and put them to flight.

MIDDLE ENGLISH ROMANCE

The Arming of Gawain

(*From* **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight**)

He dwelt there all that day, and on the morn he arose and asked betimes for his armor; and they brought it unto him on this wise. First, a rich carpet was stretched on the

floor (and brightly did the gold gear glitter upon it), then the knight stepped upon it, and handled the steel; clad he was in a doublet of silk, with a close hood, lined fairly throughout. Then they set the steel shoes upon his feet, and wrapped his legs with greaves, with polished kneecaps, fastened with knots of gold. Then they cased his thighs in cuisses closed with thongs, and brought him the byrnie of bright steel rings sewn upon a fair stuff. Well burnished braces they set on each arm with good elbow-pieces, and gloves of mail, and all the goodly gear that should shield him in his need. And they cast over all a rich surcoat, and set the golden spurs on his heels, and girt him with a trusty sword fastened with a silken bawdrick. When he was thus clad, his harness was costly, for the least loop or latchet gleamed with gold. So armed as he was he hearkened Mass and made his offering at the high altar. Then he came to the king, and the knights of his court, and courteously took leave of lords and ladies, and they kissed him, and commended him to Christ.

Gawain Keeps His Pledge

(*From* **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight**)

"Thou art welcome, Gawain," quoth the green warrior, "to my place. Thou hast timed thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us: at this time twelve months agone thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. We are in this valley, verily alone, here are no knights to sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow."

"Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready

for the blow and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt."

With that he bent his head and showed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought afraid.

Then the Green Knight made him ready, and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him: had it fallen as straight as he aimed, he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the axe came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many proud words:

"Thou art not Gawain," he said, "who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but thou shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did *I* flinch from thy blow, nor make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight."

Quoth Gawain, "I shrank once, but so will I no more; though if my head fall on the stones I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand; for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine axe have hit me — my troth on it."

"Have at thee, then," quoth the other, and heaved aloft the axe with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withholding his hand ere it might strike him.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but stood still as a stone or a stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gaily the man in green, "So now thou hast thine heart whole it behooves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again."

Then Gawain said angrily, "Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee."

"For sooth," quoth the other, "so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward." Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow, 'twas no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the axe lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly, it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly (never since he was born was he half so blithe), "Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows. I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, therefore."

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his axe, setting the shaft on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly — at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, and said to the knight, "Bold sir, be not so fierce; no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant, as we made at Arthur's court. I promised thee a blow and thou hast it — hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims."

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH

Arthur's Bravery

(*From* History of British Kings, Book IX, Chap. IV)

When he had done speaking, St. Dubricius, archbishop of Legions, going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice, "You that have the honour to profess the Christian faith, keep fixed in your minds the love which you owe to your country and fellow subjects, whose sufferings by the treachery of the pagans will be an everlasting reproach to you, if you do not courageously defend them. It is your country which you fight for, and for which you should, when required, voluntarily suffer death; for that itself is victory and the cure of the soul. For he that shall die for his brethren, offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example, who condescended to lay down his life for his brethren. If therefore any of you shall be killed in this war, that death itself, which is suffered in so glorious a cause, shall be to him for penance and absolution of all his sins."

At these words, all of them, encouraged with the benediction of the holy prelate, instantly armed themselves, and prepared to obey his orders. Also Arthur himself, having put on a coat of mail suitable to the grandeur of so great a king, placed a golden helmet upon his head, on which was engraven the figure of a dragon; and on his shoulders his shield called Priwen; upon which the picture of the blessed Mary, mother of God, was painted, in order to put him frequently in mind of her. Then girding on his Caliburn, which was an excellent sword made in the isle of Avallon, he graced his right hand with his lance, named Ron, which was hard, broad, and fit for slaughter.

After this, having placed his men in order, he boldly attacked the Saxons, who were drawn out in the shape of a wedge, as their manner was. And they, notwithstanding

that the Britons fought with great eagerness, made a noble defence all that day; but at length, towards sunsetting, climbed up the next mountain, which served them for a camp: for they desired no larger extent of ground, since they confided very much in their numbers. The next morning Arthur, with his army, went up the mountain, but lost many of his men in the ascent, by the advantage which the Saxons had in their station on the top, from whence they could pour down upon him with much greater speed than he was able to advance against them. Notwithstanding, after a very hard struggle, the Britons gained the summit of the hill, and quickly came to a close engagement with the enemy, who again gave them a warm reception, and made a vigorous defence.

In this manner was a great part of that day also spent; whereupon Arthur, provoked to see the little advantage he had yet gained, and that victory still continued in suspense, drew out his Caliburn, and calling upon the name of the blessed Virgin, rushed forward with great fury into the thickest of the enemy's ranks; of whom (such was the merit of his prayers) not one escaped alive that felt the fury of his sword; neither did he give over the fury of his assault until he had with his Caliburn alone killed four hundred and seventy men. The Britons seeing this followed their leader in great multitudes, and made slaughter on all sides; so that Colgrin, and Bardulph his brother, and many thousands more, fell before them. But Cheldric, in this imminent danger of his men, betook himself to flight.

JOHN WICLIF

The Beatitudes

1. Jhesus forsothe, seynge cumpanyes, wente up in to an hill; and when he hadde sete, his disciplis camen nize to hym.

2. And he, openynge his mouthe, tauȝte to hem, sayinge,

3. Blessid *be* the pore in spirit, for the kingdam in hevenes is heren.

4. Blessid *be* mylde *men*, for thei shuln welde the eerthe.

5. Blessid *be* thei that mournen, for thei shuln be comfortid.

6. Blessid *be* thei that hungren and thristen riȝtwisnesse, for thei shuln be fulfillid.

7. Blessid *be* mercyful *men*, for thei shuln gete mercye.

8. Blessid *be* thei that ben of clene herte, for thei shuln see God.

9. Blessid *be* pesible *men*, for thei shuln be clepid the sonys of God.

10. Blessid *be* thei that suffren persecucioun for riȝtwisnesse, for the kingdam of hevenes is herun.

11. ȝee shulen be blessid, when men shulen curse ȝou, and shulen pursue ȝou, and shulen say al yvel aȝeins ȝou leeȝing, for me.

12. Joye ȝee with yn forth, and glade ȝee with out forth, for ȝoure meede is plenteuouse in hevenes; forsothe so thei han pursued the prophetis that weren before ȝou.

WILLIAM LANGLAND

The Vision of the Field Full of Folk

(*From* **The Vision of Piers the Plowman**)

In a summer season, when soft was the sun,
In rough cloth I clad me, as if I were a shepherd,
In habit like a hermit in his works unholy,
And through the wide world I went, wonders to hear.
But on a May morning, on Malvern Hills,
A marvel befell me, from fairyland it seemed.
I was weary from wandering, so I went to rest

On a broad bank by the side of a brook;
And as I lay and leaned and looked into the waters,
I slumbered in a sleeping, it sounded so merry.
And I dreamed a marvelous dream.
I was in a wilderness, wist I not where;
And as eastward I looked, toward the sun,
I saw a tower on a hill, fairly fashioned,
Beneath it a dale, and in the dale a dungeon,
With a deep ditch, dark and dreadful to see.
A fair field of folk found I there between,
All manner of men, the rich and the poor,
Working and wandering as the world demandeth.
Some were for plowing, and played full seldom,
Setting seed and sowing they labored hard,
To win what wasters with gluttony destroy.
Some were for pride, appareled themselves accordingly,
In fashion of their clothing they came strangely dressed.
Many to prayers and penance devoted themselves,
For love of our Lord they lived very strictly,
In hope of bliss in the kingdom of heaven;
As nuns and hermits that held themselves in their cells,
And desire not in the country to wander about
With dainty living their body to please.
Some were for trade; they throve the better,
As it seems to our sight that thrive they do.
And some were amusers, as minstrels can be,
And get gold with their glee, guiltless, I believe.
Barons and burgesses, bondmen also,
I saw in that assembly, as ye shall hear later,
Bakers and butchers and brewers many,
Woolen weavers and weavers of linen,
Tailors, tanners, and tuckers too,
Masons, miners, and other crafts many,
Ditchers and delvers, that do their work ill,
And spend the whole day with, "God save you, Dame Emma."
Cooks and their men cry out, "Hot pies, hot!
Good geese and pigs! Come and dine, come and dine!"

Taverners to them told the same tale,
With wine from Alsatia, from Gascony too,
From the Rhine, from Rochelle, the roast to digest.
All this I saw sleeping, and seven times more.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

The Land of Prester John

(*From* **Travels, Chap. XXX**)

In the land of Prester John be many diverse things and many precious stones, so great and so large, that men make of them vessels, as platters, dishes, and cups. And many other marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put it in scripture of books; but of the principal isles and of his estate and of his law, I shall tell you some part.

This Emperor Prester John is Christian, and a great part of his country also. But yet, they have not all the articles of our faith as we have. They believe well in the Father, in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. And they be full devout and right true one to another. And they set not by no barretts, nor by cautels, nor of no deceits.

And he hath under him seventy-two provinces, and in every province is a king. And these kings have kings under them, and all be tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his lordships many great marvels.

For in his country is the sea that men clepe the Gravelly Sea, that is all gravel and sand, without any drop of water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great waves as other seas do, and it is never still nor in peace, in no manner season. And no man may pass that sea by navy, nor by no manner of craft, and therefore may no man know what land is beyond that sea. And albeit that it have no water, yet men find therein and on the banks full good fish of other manner of

kind and shape, than men find in any other sea, and they be of right good taste and delicious to man's meat.

And a three journeys long from that sea be great mountains, out of which goeth out a great flood that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious stones, without any drop of water, and it runneth through the desert on that one side, so that it maketh the sea gravelly; and it beareth into that sea, and there it endeth. And that flome runneth, also, three days in the week, and bringeth with him great stones and the rocks also therewith, and that great plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those three days that that river runneth, no man dare enter into it; but in the other days men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that flome, more upward to the deserts, is a great plain all gravelly, between the mountains. And in that plain, every day at the sun-rising, begin to grow small trees, and they grow till mid-day, bearing fruit; but no man dare take of that fruit, for it is a thing of faerie. And after mid-day, they decrease and enter again into the earth, so that at the going down of the sun they appear no more. And so they do, every day. And that is a great marvel.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Prologue

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages);
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

When April with its sweet showers hath pierced the dryness of March to the root, and hath bathed every vein in the sort of moisture by virtue of which flowers grow; when Zephyr also with its sweet breath hath quickened the tender shoots in every wood and heath, and the young sun hath run his half-course in the Ram, and little birds make melody, that sleep all night with open eye (nature so stirs them in their hearts): then people long to go on pilgrimages (and palmers to seek strange shores) to distant shrines, known in sundry lands; and especially, from the end of every county of England to Canterbury they go, to seek the holy blessed martyr, who hath helped them when they were sick.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun

It happened one day in that season, while I was lodging at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, ready to go on my pilgrimage with devout heart, that at night there came into that hostelry just twenty-nine sundry folk in a company, by chance come together, who were going to ride to Canterbury. The chambers and the stables were large, and we were entertained in the best fashion. And shortly, when the sun had gone down, I had spoken with them every one, so that I was of their fellowship right away; and we made an agreement to rise early to take our way, as I shall describe to you.

But nevertheless, while I have time and space, before I proceed further in my story, methinks it is reasonable to tell you the condition of each of them, as it appeared to me, and what

Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne.

. . . . . .

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sëynt Loy,
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.

---

sort of men they were, of what rank, and how they were dressed.

There was a nun, a Prioress, who was very simple and quiet in her smiling; her greatest oath was only by Saint Loy, and she was called Madame Eglentyne. Very well she sang the divine service, intoned in her nose in a very seemly manner; and French she spoke well, excellently, according to the school of Stratford-at-Bowe, for Parisian French was unknown to her. She had been well taught how to eat; she let not a morsel fall from her lips, nor did she wet her fingers in her deep sauce. She could lift and hold a morsel so skilfully that not a drop fell upon her breast. Great pleasure she took in matters of breeding. Her upper

Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And full plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to been holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;

---

lip she wiped so clean that not a particle of grease was seen in her cup when she had drunk her draught. Very gracefully she reached for her food, and certainly she was very genial, and pleasant, and attractive in behavior, and took pains to imitate courtly manners, and be dignified, and to be held worthy of reverence. But to speak of her tenderness, she was so charitable and full of pity — she would weep if she saw a mouse caught in a trap, if it were dead or bleeding. Some little dogs she had, that she fed with cooked meat, or milk and fine bread. But much she wept if one of them died, or if anybody struck one sharply with a stick; and she was all sympathy and tender heart. Very becomingly was her wimple gathered; her nose was shapely; her eyes were gray as glass; her mouth rather small, as well as soft and red.

Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

. . . . . .

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;
For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,

Truly she had a fine forehead — it was almost a span broad, I guess; for surely she was not undergrown. Her cloak was very handsome, as I was aware. Upon her arm she carried a pair of beads, made of small corals, with green gauds; and upon it hung a brooch of bright gold, on which was inscribed a capital A, and under that, *Amor vincit omnia.*

There was also a scholar from Oxford, who had long devoted himself to the study of logic. His horse was as lean as a rake; and he himself was not very fat, I must say; but looked hollow, and sad besides. His coat was quite threadbare; for he had as yet secured no church preferment, and he was not so worldly as to accept a secular position. For he would rather have at his bed's head twenty books bound

Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.
Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

. . . . . .

A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.

---

in black or red, of Aristotle and his philosophy, than fine clothes, or a fiddle, or a gay psaltery. But although he was a philosopher, he had little money in his coffer; but all that he could get from his friends, he spent on books and learning, and diligently prayed for the souls of those who gave him the wherewithal to pursue his studies. He gave most care and most thought to study. He spoke not a word more than was necessary, and what he did speak was said in good form and reverently, and briefly, and full of meaning. His speech tended to moral virtue, and he was glad both to learn and to teach.

A Cook they had with them for the occasion, to boil the chickens with the marrow-bones, and sweet roots and spices. He knew well how to distinguish a draught of London ale.

He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and frye,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shine a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the beste.

. . . . . .

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.

He could roast, and boil, and broil, and fry, make soups, and bake pies well. But it was great pity, as it seemed to me, that he had a bad sore on his shin; he made minced chicken as well as the best.

There was a thoroughly religious man, a parish priest, who was rich in holy thought and work. He was, moreover, a learned man, a scholar, who wished to preach Christ's gospel truly, and devoutly to teach his parishioners. He was benignant and exceedingly diligent, and very patient in adversity; and such he was proved many times. He was very loath to excommunicate any for failure to pay their tithes; he would rather give to his poor parishioners part of their voluntary contributions and of his own regular income. A very little was a sufficiency for him. His parish

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A spotted shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold live.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, un-to sëynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,

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was large, and the houses were far apart; but neither for rain nor for thunder did he leave off visiting, when they were sick or in trouble, the furthest in his parish, the great and the lowly, going on foot, with a staff in his hand. This noble example to his sheep he gave, that first he did things and then he taught. The words he picked up in the gospel; and this figure of speech he added to it, that if gold rust, what shall iron do? For if a priest be wicked, in whom we trust, it is no wonder if an ignorant man go astray. It is a shame, too, if a priest think of it, to find a filthy shepherd and a clean sheep. A priest ought indeed to give example by his cleanness how his sheep should live. He did not leave his parish duties to be performed by a hireling, and his sheep encumbered in the mire, while he ran off to Saint Paul's in London to get an endowed position for himself, or to

Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his bisinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A bettre preest I trowe that nowher noon is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.

. . . . . .

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become a member of a brotherhood. But he dwelt at home, and took good care of the fold, so that the wolf never made trouble in it; he was a shepherd and not a hireling. Although he himself was holy and virtuous, he was not harsh with sinful men, nor in his speech forbidding or too dignified; but in his teaching discreet and considerate. To draw people to heaven by fair living and by good example — this was his business; but if any one was obstinate, whoever he was, of high or low estate, that one he would reprove sharply. A better priest I do not believe there is anywhere. He did not look for display or honor, and he did not work up an overscrupulous conscience; but the teaching of Christ and his twelve apostles he taught, first following it himself.

The Miller was a stout carl, for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade.
Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a janglere and a goliardeys,
And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.
Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.

The Miller was a stout fellow, I assure you, big in muscle and in bones. That was well proved; for everywhere he went, he always won the prize in wrestling. He had a short upper arm; he was broad, a muscular fellow: there was no door that he couldn't lift off the hinges or break it by butting into it with his head. His beard was as red as a sow or fox, and besides that it was broad, like a spade. Right on the top of his nose he had a wart, and on it there was a tuft of hairs, red as the bristles of a sow's ears; his nostrils were large and black. He carried at his side a sword and buckler; his mouth was as big as a big furnace. He talked loud and told coarse jokes, mostly wicked and scurrilous. He knew how to steal grain, and take his toll thrice; and yet he had, certainly, a thumb of gold. He wore a white coat and a blue hood. He could

A baggepype wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

. . . . . .

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncival, his freend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
Ful loude he song, "Com hider, love, to me."
This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And ther-with he his shuldres over-spradde;
But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and oon;
But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet.
Him thoughte, he rood al of the newe jet;
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.

---

play a bagpipe well, and with its music he brought us out of town.

With the Summoner rode a gentle Pardoner from Rouncival, his friend and his comrade, who had come straight from the court of Rome. Loudly he sang, "Come hither, love, to me." The Summoner sang a good bass to him — never a trumpet was half so loud. This pardoner had hair as yellow as wax, which hung smooth, like a hank of flax. In bunches his locks hung, overspreading his shoulders; but it lay in thin clusters separately. For greater comfort he wore no hood, for it was packed in his wallet. He thought he was altogether in the latest fashion. He rode with head bare, except for his cap, and with his hair hanging loose. He had glaring eyes like a hare. A veronica he had sewed

A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe.
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;
But of his craft, fro Berwik unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl:
He seyde, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That sëynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person got in monthes tweye.
And thus with feyned flaterye and japes,
He made the person and the peple his apes.

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on his cap; and in front of him, on his lap, lay his wallet, brimful of pardons all hot from Rome. A voice he had as small as a goat. He had no beard, and was never going to have one; it was as smooth as if it had just been shaved. But in his profession — there was never such another pardoner from Berwick to Ware. In his wallet he had a pillow-case, which he said was Our Lady's veil; he said he had a piece of the sail that Saint Peter had when he went on the sea, and Jesus Christ caught hold of him. He had a metal cross set full of precious stones, and in a bottle he had pig's bones. With these relics, whenever he found a poor person living in the country, in a single day he got more money than the parish priest got in two months. Thus, with flattery and tricks, he made the priest and the people his dupes.

But trewely to tellen, atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

. . . . . .

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Th' estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this companye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle;

But to tell the whole truth, he was a noble ecclesiast in the church. He could read a lesson or a story admirably, but best of all was his singing of the offertory; for he knew well that, when the song was sung, he had to preach and soften his tongue to gain silver as he very well could; therefore he sang so merrily and loud.

Now have I told you shortly, in a word or two, the condition, the dress, the number, and also the reason why this company was gathered in Southwark at this pleasant hostelry called the Tabard, near the Bell. Now it is time to tell you how we conducted ourselves the night we alighted in the inn; and afterwards I will tell of our journey, and all the rest of our pilgrimage.

Our host was in all respects fitted to be a marshal of a hall.

A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges othere thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges;
And seyde thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
At ones in this herberwe as is now.
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.
And of a mirthe, I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.
Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir quyte yow your mede.
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;

A large man, with bright eyes, there is not a finer citizen in all Cheapside, bold in speech, sensible, well taught, and lacking absolutely nothing of manhood. Besides he was a jolly fellow; and after supper he began to make merry; and after we had paid our bills, he spoke jovially, among other things, and said: "Now, sirs, you are welcome to me with all my heart; for by my troth, I have not seen this year so merry a company in this inn at one time as now. I would gladly give you some pleasure if I knew how; and I have just now thought of a good plan to amuse you, and it shall cost you nothing.

"You are going to Canterbury; God speed you! the blessed martyr give you your reward! Now I know well that, as you travel, you plan to tell stories and jokes; for surely there

For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
Hold up your hond, withouten more speche."
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,
And graunted him with-outen more avys,
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.
"Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth for the beste;
But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,

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is neither comfort nor pleasure in riding along dumb as a stone, and therefore will I make a diversion for you, as I said before, and give you some entertainment. And if it shall please you all to accept unanimously my decision and do as I say, to-morrow when you ride, — now by the soul of my dead father, unless you are merry I will give you my head! Hold up your hands, without more ado."

It did not take long to get our opinion. It seemed to us not worth while to make it a matter for deliberation, and we granted his wish without hesitation, and bade him give his verdict as it pleased him.

"Sirs," said he, "now harken, but don't, I pray you, disdain it: this is the point, to speak briefly and plainly, that each of you, to make the time pass quickly, shall tell on this journey two tales on the way to Canterbury, and on the

To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whylom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal han a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my jugement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me therfore."
This thing was graunted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,

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way home he shall tell two others, of adventures that happened some time or other. And the one who conducts himself best of all, that is to say, who tells under this plan tales best suited for instruction and amusement, shall have a supper at the expense of us all, here in this place, sitting by this post, when we return from Canterbury. In order to make you more merry, I will myself gladly ride with you, all at my own expense, and be your guide. And whoever disputes my judgment shall pay all that we spend on the road. If you agree, tell me at once, without more words, and I will quickly get ready."

The thing was granted, and we took our oaths with glad heart, and prayed him also that he would vouchsafe to do so, and that he would be our governor and the judge and

And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wold reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his jugement.
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon,
With-outen any lenger taryinge.
A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,
Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; "Lordinges, herkneth if yow leste.
Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my jugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.

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reporter of our tales, and that he would set a supper at a fixed price; we would be ruled by his opinion under all circumstances, and so we unanimously agreed to his judgment. Thereupon the wine was fetched right away; we drank, and each one went to rest without longer tarrying.

In the morning at daybreak, up rose our host and was cock of us all, and gathered us all together in a flock, and we rode forth at a little more than a foot-pace to the Watering of Saint Thomas. There our host stopped his horse and said: "Sirs, listen, please. You know your agreement, and I recall it to your memory. If evening song and morning song agree, let's see now who shall tell the first tale. As surely as I hope to drink wine or ale, whoever rebels against my judgment shall pay for all that is spent on the road.

Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twinne;
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
Sire knight," quod he, "my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prioresse;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man."
Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every wight;
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: "Sin I shal beginne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye."

Now draw lots before we go further, and whoever has the shortest shall begin. Sir Knight," said he, "my master and my lord, now draw, for that is my judgment. Come nearer," said he, "my lady Prioress; and you, Sir Clerk, put aside your modesty, don't wait at all; come up everybody."

Immediately every one began to draw, and to tell it briefly, whether it was by luck, or lot, or chance, the truth is this — the lot fell to the Knight, at which everybody was pleased; and he had to tell his tale, as was right, according to agreement, as you have heard; what's the use of saying more? When this good man saw that it was so, like one who was sensible and obedient to keep an agreement made by his free will, he said: "Since I am to begin the game, why! welcome be the lot, in God's name! Now let us ride; and hear what I say."

The Pardoner's Tale

(*From* **The Canterbury Tales**)

In Flaundres whylom was a companye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,
A ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes,
Where-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They daunce and pleye at dees both day and night,
And ete also and drinken over hir might,
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacrifyse
With-in that develes temple, in cursed wyse,
By superfluitee abhominable;
Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable,
That it is grisly for to here hem swere;
Our blissed lordes body they to-tere;
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght y-nough;
And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.
Thise ryotoures three, of whiche I telle,
Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,
Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke;
And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke

Once upon a time there was in Flanders a company of young people who followed after foolishness — as riotous living, gambling, brothels, and taverns, where with harps, lutes, and guitars they dance and play at dice both day and night, and also eat and drink beyond their capacity, by which they do sacrifice to the devil in that devil's temple in scandalous fashion, by outrageous excess. Their oaths are so many and so dreadful that it is terrible to hear them swear. Our blessed Lord's body they do tear to pieces — it seemed to them Jews tore him not enough; and each of them laughed at the others' sins.

These three rioters of whom I tell, long before any bell struck nine, had gone into a tavern to drink; and as they sat, they heard a bell ringing before a corpse that was being

Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave;
That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,
"Go bet," quod he, "and axe redily,
What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
And look that thou reporte his name wel."
"Sir," quod the boy, "it nedeth never-a-del.
It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres;
He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres;
And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,
For-dronke, as he sat on his bench upright;
Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth Deeth,
That in this contree al the peple sleeth,
And with his spere he smoot his herte a-two,
And wente his way with-outen wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
Me thinketh that it were necessarie
For to be war of swich an adversarie:
Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
Thus taughte me my dame, I sey na-more."

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carried to the grave. One of them called to his page, "Go quickly," said he, "and ask at once whose body is passing by; and be sure you report his name correctly."

"Sir," said this boy, "that's not at all necessary. It was told me two hours before you came here; he was, in faith, an old companion of yours, and he was suddenly slain to-night, dead drunk, as he sat straight up on his bench. There came a secret thief, whom men call Death, who slays all the people in this country; and with his spear he broke his heart in two, and went his way without more words. He hath slain a thousand during this plague; and master, before you come into his presence, it seems to me necessary that you be cautious of such an adversary; be always ready to meet him. So my mother taught me; that's all I have to say."

"By seinte Marie," said this taverner,
"The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn this yeer,
Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village,
Both man and womman, child and hyne, and page.
I trowe his habitacioun be there;
To been avysed greet wisdom it were,
Er that he dide a man a dishonour."
"Ye, goddes armes," quod this ryotour,
"Is it swich peril with him for to mete?
I shal him seke by wey and eke by strete,
I make avow to Goddes digne bones!
Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones;
Lat ech of us hold up his hond til other,
And ech of us bicomen otheres brother,
And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;
He shal be slayn, which that so many sleeth,
By Goddes dignitee, er it be night."
Togidres han thise three her trouthes plight,
To live and dyen ech of hem, for other,
As though he were his owene y-boren brother.

"By Saint Mary," said this taverner, "the child speaks truth; for he hath slain this year, in a large village about a mile hence, both man and woman, child and servant, and page. I believe his habitation is there; it would be great wisdom to be well advised before he caused a man trouble."

"By God's arms," said this rioter, "is it so perilous to meet him? I shall seek him in the highways and the byways, I hereby vow to God's noble bones! Listen, comrades, we three are all of one mind; let each of us hold up his hand to the other, and each of us become the other's brother, and we will slay this false traitor Death, he who slays so many shall himself be slain, by God's dignity, before night."

These three pledged their words to live and die for each other as though he were his own blood brother. They started

And up they sterte al dronken, in this rage,
And forth they goon towardes that village,
Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,
And many a grisly ooth than han they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rente —
"Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him hente."
Whan they han goon nat fully half a myle,
Right as they wolde han troden over a style,
An old man and a povre with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And seyde thus, "Now lordes, God you see!"
The proudest of thise ryotoures three
Answerde agayn, "What? carl, with sory grace,
Why artow al forwrapped save thy face?
Why livestow so longe in so greet age?"
This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And seyde thus, "For I ne can nat finde
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,
Neither in citee nor in no village,
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn age;

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up all drunk in this rage, and went forth towards the village of which the taverner spoke before; and they swore many a terrible oath, and tore Christ's blessed body to pieces — "Death shall be dead if they can catch him."

When they had gone not quite a mile, just as they were going to get over a stile, a poor old man met them. This old man greeted them very meekly, and said, "God save you, sirs!"

The proudest of these rioters answered, — "You churl — curse you! why are you all wrapped up except your face? why do you live so long at so great an age?"

This old man looked in his face, and said, "Because even if I walk to India I can not find in city or village a man who is willing to exchange his youth for my old age; and therefore

And therefore moot I han myn age stille,
As longe time as it is Goddes wille.
"Ne deeth, allas! ne wol nat han my lyf;
Thus walk I, lyk a restelees caityf,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
And seye, 'Leve moder, leet me in!
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin!
Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?
Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my cheste,
That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!'
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.
"But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye
To speken to an old man vileinye,
But he trespasse in worde, or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,
'Agayns an old man, hoor upon his heed,
Ye sholde aryse;' wherfor I yeve yow reed,

I must keep my age as long as it is God's will.

"Even death, alas! will not have my life; so I keep going, like a restless wretch, and on the ground, which is my mother's gate, I knock with my staff early and late, saying, 'Dear mother [Earth], let me in! Lo, how I waste away, — flesh, and blood, and skin! Alas! when shall my bones be at rest? Mother, I'd like to exchange the chest that hath been a long time in my chamber for a hairy shroud to wrap me in!' But yet she will not do me that favor, because of which my face is very pale and withered.

"But, sirs, it is not courteous of you to speak rudely to an old man, unless he do you wrong in word or deed. In Holy Writ you yourselves may read, 'In the presence of an old man, hoary-headed, you should rise;' wherefore I counsel you, do no harm to an old man now, any more than you would

Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm now,
Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow
In age, if that ye so longe abyde;
And God be with yow, wher ye go or ryde.
I moot go thider as I have to go."
"Nay, olde cherl, by God, thou shalt nat so,"
Seyde this other hasardour anon;
"Thou partest nat so lightly, by Seint John!
Thou spak right now of thilke traitour Deeth,
That in this contree alle our frendes sleeth.
Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his aspye,
Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abye,
By God, and by the holy sacrament!
For soothly thou art oon of his assent,
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!"
"Now, sirs," quod he, "if that yow be so leef
To finde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,
For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,
Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;
Nat for your boost he wol hym no-thing hyde.

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that men do to you in old age, if you linger so long; and God be with you, wherever you go. I must be going."

"Nay, old churl, by God, thou shalt not do so," said the second gambler; "thou shalt not go so easily, by Saint John! thou didst speak just now of that traitor Death, who slays all our friends in this country. Have here my true word: as thou art his spy, tell me where he is, or thou shalt pay dearly for it, by God, and by the holy sacrament! For truly thou art one of his conspiracy to slay us young people, thou false thief!"

"Now, sirs," quoth he, "if you are so anxious to find Death, turn up this crooked road; for upon my word, I left him under a tree in that grove, and there he is going to stay; he will not hide anything because of your boasting. See

See ye that ook? right ther ye shal him finde.
God save yow, that boghte agayn mankinde,
And yow amende!" — Thus seyde this olde man.
And everich of thise ryotoures ran,
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde
Of florins fyne of golde y-coined rounde
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
For that the florins been so faire and brighte,
That doun they sette hem by this precious hord.
The worste of hem he spake the firste word.
"Brethren," quod he, "tak kepe what I seye;
My wit is greet, though that I bourde and pleye.
This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,
In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
Ey! Goddes precious dignitee! who wende
To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?
But mighte this gold be caried fro this place

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that oak? right there will you find him. May God, who redeemed mankind, preserve you and reform you!" — Thus spoke the old man. So each of these rioters ran till he came to the tree; and there they found nearly eight bushels, as they guessed, of fine, round gold florins. No longer did they seek Death, but each of them was so glad at the sight (for each of the florins was so bright and beautiful) that they sat down by the precious hoard. The worst of them spoke first.

"Brethren," said he, "take heed of what I say; I have a lot of sense, although I jest and trifle. Fortune hath given us this treasure in order that we may live a jolly, mirthful life; and let us spend it as freely as it has come. Eh! God's precious dignity! who would have thought this morning that we should be so lucky? But if this gold could be carried

Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youres —
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures —
Than were we in heigh felicitee.
But trewely, by daye it may nat be;
Men wolde seyn that we were theves stronge,
And for our owene tresor doon us honge.
This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte
As wysly and as slyly as it mighte.
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut with herte blythe
Shal renne to the toune, and that full swythe,
And bring us breed and wyn ful prively.
And two of us shal kepen subtilly
This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresor carie
By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best."
That oon of hem the cut broughte in his fest,
And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol falle;
And it fil on the yongeste of hem alle;

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from here to my house, or else to yours — for you know well that all this gold is ours — then we should be in great felicity. But truly, it can't be done by day; people would say that we were highwaymen, and would have us hanged because of our own treasure. It must be carried off at night, with as much thought and care as possible. Therefore I suggest that we all draw lots, and let us see where the lot will fall; and the one to whom the lot falls shall go blithely and quickly to town, and bring us bread and wine secretly. And two of us will take good care of the treasure; and if the other does not waste time, we will take the gold to-night by agreement wherever seems best." One of them held the straws in his hand, and bade them draw, and see how it would come out; and it fell to the youngest of them.

And forth toward the toun he wente anon.
And al-so sone as that he was gon,
That oon of hem spak thus un-to that other,
"Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne brother,
Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
And heer is gold, and that ful greet plentee,
That shal departed been among us three.
But natheles, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?"
That other answerde, "I noot how that may be;
He woot how that the gold is with us tweye,
What shal we doon, what shal we to him seye?"
"Shal it be conseil?" seyde the firste shrewe,
"And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
What we shal doon, and bring it wel aboute."
"I graunte," quod that other, "out of doute,

And immediately he set out for town.

As soon as he was gone, one said to the other: "Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother; I am going to tell thee something now for thy profit. Thou knowest well that our companion is gone, and here is plenty of gold that is to be divided among us three. Nevertheless if I can manage it so that it be divided between us two, would I be doing thee a friend's turn?"

The other answered, "I don't know how that can be done; he knows that we two have the gold; what shall we do, what shall we say to him?"

"May it be a secret?" said the first scoundrel. "If so, I will tell you in a few words what we shall do, and I will bring it about."

"I agree," said the other, "without hesitation, that, on my

That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat biwreye."
"Now," quod the firste, "thou woost wel we be tweye,
And two of us shul strenger be than oon.
Look whan that he is set, and right anoon
Arys, as though thou woldest with him pleye;
And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes tweye
Whyl that thou strogelest with him as in game;
And with thy dagger look thou do the same;
And than shal al this gold departed be,
My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;
Than may we both our lustes al fulfille,
And pleye at dees right at our owene wille."
And thus acorded been thise shrewes tweye
To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.
This yongest, which that wente un-to the toun,
Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of thise florins newe and brighte.
"O lord!" quod he, "if so were that I mighte
Have al this tresor to my-self allone,
Ther is no man that liveth under the trone

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word, I won't betray you."

"Now," said the first, "thou knowest that we are two, and two are stronger than one. As soon as he sits down, get up, as if thou wouldst fool with him; then I will thrust my dagger through his sides while thou strugglest with him as if in fun, and do thou the same with thy dagger. Then, my dear friend, all this gold shall be divided between thee and me; then may we satisfy all our desires, and play at dice whenever we choose." Thus these two villains agreed, as you have heard, to slay the third.

The youngest, the one who went to town, often he ponders the beauty of the bright new florins. "Oh, Lord," said he, "if only I might have all this treasure to myself alone, no man living under the throne of God would live as merrily

Of God, that sholde live so mery as I!"
And atte laste the feend, our enemy,
Putte in his thought that he shold poyson beye,
With which he mighte sleen his felawes tweye;
For-why the feend fond him in swich lyvinge,
That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,
For this was outrely his fulle entente
To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he tarie,
Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,
And preyed him, that he him wolde selle
Some poyson, that he mighte his rattes quelle;
And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,
That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde y-slawe,
And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he mighte,
On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.
The pothecarie answerde, "And thou shalt have
A thing that, al-so God my soule save,
In al this world ther nis no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture
Noght but the mountance of a corn of whete,
That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;

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as I!" By and by the fiend, our enemy, put it into his thought to buy poison, with which he might slay his two companions; because the fiend found him leading such a life that he had permission to bring him to sorrow, for his settled intention was to slay them both and never to repent. Forth he went — he would wait no longer — to an apothecary in the town, and asked for some poison with which he might kill his rats, and also there was a polecat in his yard that, as he said, had slain his capons, and he wanted vengeance, if possible, on vermin that destroyed his property by night.

The apothecary answered: "Thou shalt have a mixture that, as I hope God may save my soul, in all the world no creature may eat or drink of it — even a bit as large as a grain of wheat — without losing his life right away. Yes,

Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lasse whyle
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a myle;
This poyson is so strong and violent."
This cursed man hath in his hond y-hent
This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man,
And borwed of him large botels three;
And in the two his poyson poured he;
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke.
For al the night he shoop him for to swinke
In caryinge of the gold out of that place.
And whan this ryotour, with sory grace,
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,
To his felawes agayn repaireth he.
What nedeth it to sermone of it more?
For right as they had cast his deeth bifore,
Right so they han him slayn, and that anon.
And whan that this was doon, thus spak that oon,
"Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make us merie,
And afterward we wol his body berie."
And with that word it happed him, par cas,
To take the botel ther the poyson was,

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he will die in less time than thou canst travel a mile at a foot-pace, the poison is so strong and violent."

The cursed man took the box of poison, and ran to a man in the next street, and borrowed three large bottles from him; in two he poured his poison, the third he kept clean for his own use. He planned to spend the whole night in carrying the gold out of the place. Now when this rioter (the villain!) had filled his three large bottles with wine, he again repaired to his comrades.

What's the use of preaching any more? For just as they planned, they slew him right away. When this was done, one said: "Now let us sit down and drink and make merry, and then we will bury his body." With that word he happened by chance to take up the bottle containing poison,

And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,
For which anon they storven bothe two.
But, certes, I suppose that Avicen
Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning
Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir ending.
Thus ended been thise homicydes two,
And eek the false empoysoner also.

Chaucers Wordes unto Adam, His Owne Scriveyn

Adam scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle
Boece or Troilus to wryten newe,
Under thy lokkes thou most have the scalle,
But after my making thou wryte trewe.
So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe,
Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
And al is thorow thy negligence and rape.

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and drank, and gave it to his companion to drink, as a result of which both died.

But certainly I suppose that Avicenna never wrote in any book or in any chapter more notable symptoms of poisoning than these wretches had before their ending. Thus died these two murderers, and also the false poisoner.

Adam my scribe, if it befall thee to copy again Boethius or Troilus, under thy locks thou oughtest to have the scab, unless thou copy accurately according to my composition. So often I have to go over thy work, to correct and rub and scratch it; and all is through thy negligence and haste.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

Sir Patrick Spens

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchèd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Bonnie George Campbell

Hie upon Hielands
And low upon Tay
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame came his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

Lord Randal

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swelld and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poisond; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain wald lie down."

Kemp Owyne

Her mother died when she was young,
  Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
  That ever lived in Christendom.

She servèd her with foot and hand,
  In every thing that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
  She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three
Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be!"

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she.

These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast lookd he.

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;

And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi;
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial

When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound."
Hey, down a down a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

WILLIAM CAXTON

Preface to Translation of Æneid

After divers work made, translated, and achieved, having no work in hand, I sitting in my study where as lay many divers pamphlets and books, happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which lately was translated out of Latin by some noble clerk of France, which book is named *Æneidos*, made in Latin by that noble poet and great clerk, Virgil. Which book I saw over, and read therein how, after the general destruction of the great Troy, Aeneas departed, bearing his old father Anchises upon his shoulders, his little son Iulus on his hand, his wife with much other people following, and how he shipped and departed, with all the history of his adventures that he had ere he came to the achievement of his conquest of Italy, as all along shall be showed in this present book. In which book I had great pleasure because of the fair and honest terms and words in French; which I never saw before like, nor none so pleasant nor so well ordered; which book as it seemed to me should be much requisite to noble men to see, as well for the eloquence as the histories.

How well that many hundred years past was the said book of *Æneidos*, with other works, made and learned daily in schools, especially in Italy and other places; which history

the said Virgil made in metre. And when I had advised me in this said book, I deliberated and concluded to translate it into English; and forthwith took a pen and ink and wrote a leaf or twain, which I oversaw again to correct it. And when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying that in my translations I had over curious terms, which could not be understood of common people, and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations.

And fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do took an old book and read therein, and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did lately show me certain documents written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used. And certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English, I could not reduce nor bring it to be understood. And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen are born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast but ever wavering, waxing one season and waning and decreasing another season.

And that common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another, insomuch that in my days happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Thames for to have sailed over the sea into Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Foreland, and went to land for to refresh them. And one of them named Sheffield, a mercer, came into a house and asked for meat, and especially he asked after eggs; and the goodwife answered that she could speak no French, and the merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French, but would have had eggs, and she understood him not. And then at last another said, that he would have "eyren"; then the goodwife said that she understood him well.

Lo, what should a man in these days now write, eggs or eyren? Certainly it is hard to please every man because of diversity and change of language. For in these days every man that is in any reputation in his country will utter his communication and matters in such manners and terms that few men shall understand them. And some honest and great clerks have been with me and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find; and thus between plain, rude, and curious I stand abashed. But in my judgment the common terms that are daily used are lighter to be understood than the old and ancient English. And forasmuch as this present book is not for a rude uplandish man to labour therein nor read it, but only for a clerk and a noble gentleman that feeleth and understandeth in feats of arms, in love, and in noble chivalry, therefore in a mean between both I have reduced and translated this said book into our English, not over-rude nor curious, but in such terms as shall be understood, by God's grace, according to my copy.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

How Arthur was Chosen King

(*From* **Morte Darthur, Book I**)

So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass were done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone; and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: — "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all

England." Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop.

"I command," said the Archbishop, "that ye keep you within your church and pray unto God still, that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done." So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture some assayed, such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. "He is not here," said the Archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel," said the Archbishop, "that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword." So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. "I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting.

Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a

sword this day." So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting. And so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said:

"Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land." When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "for God will have it so; for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be right-wise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery," said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone; wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

"Now assay," said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might; but it would not be.
"Now shall ye essay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.
"I will well," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay.

. . . . . .

And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

How the Lover Perisheth in his Delight, as the Fly in the Fire

Some fowls there be that have so perfect sight
Against the sun their eyes for to defend;
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Never appear but in the dark or night.
Other rejoice, to see the fire so bright,
And ween to play in it, as they pretend,
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas! of that sort may I be by right;
For to withstand her look I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swollen, and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me lead:
And yet I know I run into the glead.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

Description of Spring

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repairèd scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings.
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

The Death of Priam

(*From translation of the* **Aeneid**, **Book II**)

Amid the court, under the heaven, all bare,
A great altar there stood, by which there grew
An old laurel tree, bowing thereunto,
Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.
Here Hecuba, with her young daughters all
About the altar swarmed were in vain;
Like doves, that flock together in the storm,
The statues of the gods embracing fast.
But when she saw Priam had taken there
His armour, like as though he had been young:
"What furious thought my wretched spouse," quod she,
"Did move thee now such weapons for to wield?
Why hastest thou? This time doth not require
Such succour, ne yet such defenders now:
No, though Hector my son were here again.
Come hither; this altar shall save us all:
Or we shall die together." Thus she said.
Wherewith she drew him back to her, and set
The aged man down in the holy seat.
But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes,
Searching, all wounded, the long galleries

And the void courts; whom Pyrrhus all in rage
Followed fast to reach a mortal wound;
And now in hand, well near strikes with his spear,
Who fleeing forth till he came now in sight
Of his parents, before their face fell down
Yielding the ghost with flowing streams of blood.
Priamus then, although he were half dead,
Might not keep in his wrath, nor yet his words;
But crieth out: "For this thy wicked work,
And boldness eke such thing to enterprise,
If in the heavens any justice be,
That of such things takes any care or keep,
According thanks the gods may yield to thee;
And send thee eke thy just deserved hire,
That made me see the slaughter of my child,
And with his blood defile the father's face.
But he, by whom thou feign'st thyself begot,
Achilles, was to Priam not so stern.
For, lo! he tend'ring my most humble suit,
The right, and faith, my Hector's bloodless corpse
Render'd, for to be laid in sepulture;
And sent me to my kingdom home again."
  Thus said the aged man, and therewithal,
Forceless he cast his weak unwieldy dart:
Which repuls'd from the brass where it gave dint,
Without sound, hung vainly in the shield's boss.
Quod Pyrrhus: "Then thou shalt this thing report:
On message to Pelide my father go;
Shew unto him my cruel deed, and how
Neoptolem is swerved out of kind.
Now thou shalt die," quod he. And with that word
At the altar him trembling 'gan he draw
Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son:
And his left hand all clasped in his hair,
With his right arm drew forth his shining sword,
Which in his side he thrust up to the hilts.

WILLIAM TYNDALE

The Beatitudes

1. When he sawe the people, he went up into a mountayne; and when he was set, his diciples cam unto hym.

2. And he openned his mought, and taught them, saynge,

3. Blessed are the poore in sprete, for theirs is the kyngdome off heven.

4. Blessed are they that morne, for they shalbe comforted.

5. Blessed are the meke, for they shall inheret the erth.

6. Blessed are they which honger and thurst for rightewesnes, for they shalbe filled.

7. Blessed are the mercifull, for they shall obteyne mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in herte, for they shall se God.

9. Blessed are the maynteyners of peace, for they shalbe called the chyldren of God.

10. Blessed are they which suffre persecucion for rightewesnes sake, for theirs ys the kyngdome off heven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revyle you, and persecute you, and shall falsly say all manner of yvell saynges agaynst you ffor my sake.

12. Reioyce, and be glad, for greate is youre rewarde in heven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before youre dayes.

JOHN LYLY

Queen Elizabeth

(*From* **Euphues and His England**)

This queen being deceased, Elizabeth, being of the age of twenty-two years, of more beauty than honor, and yet of more honor than any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown, from the fear of losing her head, to be supreme head.

. . . . . .

Touching the beauty of this prince, her countenance, her personage, her majesty, I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marveled at; so that I am constrained to say as Praxitiles did, when he began to paint Venus and her son, who doubted whether the world could afford colors good enough for two such fair faces, and I, whether our tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine; which seeing it is so, I must do like those that want a clear sight, who, being not able to discern the sun in the sky, are enforced to behold it in the water. Zeuxis, having before him fifty fair virgins of Sparta whereby to draw one amiable Venus, said that fifty more fairer than those could not minister sufficient beauty to show the goddess of beauty; therefore, being in despair either by art to shadow her, or by imagination to comprehend her, he drew in a table a fair temple, the gates open, and Venus going in so as nothing could be perceived but her back, wherein he used such cunning that Apelles himself, seeing this work, wished that Venus would turn her face, saying that if it were in all parts agreeable to the back, he would become apprentice to Zeuxis, and slave to Venus.

In the like manner fareth it with me, for having all the ladies in Italy, more than fifty hundred, whereby to color Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis that as many more will not suffice, and therefore in as great an agony paint her court with her back towards you, for that I cannot by art portray her beauty, wherein, though I want the skill to do it as Zeuxis did, yet viewing it narrowly, and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if her face be answerable to her back, you will like my handicraft and become her handmaids. In the mean season, I leave you gazing until she turn her face, imagining her to be such a one as nature framed, to that end that no art should imitate, wherein she hath proved herself to be exquisite, and painters to be apes.

This beautiful mold when I beheld to be indued with chastity, temperance, mildness, and all other good gifts of nature (as hereafter shall appear), when I saw her to surpass all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excell all in piety, and yet a prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body, and yet superior to every one in all gifts of the mind, I began thus to pray, that as she hath lived forty years a virgin in great majesty, so she may live four score years a mother with great joy, that as with her we have long time had peace and plenty, so by her we may ever have quietness and abundance, wishing this even from the bottom of a heart that wisheth well to England, though feareth ill, that either the world may end before she die, or she live to see her children's children in the world; otherwise how tickle their state is that now triumph, upon what a twist they hang that now are in honor, they that live shall see, which I to think on, sigh! But God for his mercy's sake, Christ for his merit's sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake, grant to that realm comfort without any ill chance, and the prince they have without any other change, that the longer she liveth the sweeter she may smell, like the bird Ibis, that she may be triumphant in victories like the palm tree, fruitful in her age like the vine, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious, in all places glorious, so that there be no end of her praise until the end of all flesh.

Thus did I often talk with myself, and wish with mine whole soul.

. . . . . .

But whither do I wade, ladies, as one forgetting himself; thinking to sound the depth of her virtues with a few fathoms, when there is no bottom; for I know not how it cometh to pass that, being in this labyrinth, I may sooner lose myself than find the end.

Behold, ladies, in this glass a queen, a woman, a virgin,

in all gifts of the body, in all graces of the mind, in all perfection of either, so far to excel all men, that I know not whether I may think the place too bad for her to dwell among men.

To talk of other things in that court were to bring eggs after apples, or after the setting out of the sun, to tell a tale of a shadow.

Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sonnets

(*From* **Astrophel and Stella**)

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain, —
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain, —
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburned brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write!"

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness?

Description of Arcadia

(*From* **Arcadia, Book I, Chap. II**)

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he

should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country — for many houses came under their eye — they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

"I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, "what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?"

"The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil — though in itself not passing fertile — as by a civil war, which, being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants — by them named Helots — hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospitall as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken.

"But this country, where now you set your foot, is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you: this country being thus decked with peace and the child of peace, good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much."

EDMUND SPENSER

Una and the Lion

(*From* **The Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto III**)

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay,
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,

Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lov'd and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

IX

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Sonnets

(*From* **Amoretti**)

XXXIV

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;

So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me placed.
Yet hope I well, that when this storm is past,
My Helicé, the lodestar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief;
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

LXXIX

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me:
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

(*From* **Prothalamion**)

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case:
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes to tell,
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Greet Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare.
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie,
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fayre,
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,

Beseeming well the bower of anie queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright.
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Received those two faire brides, their loves delight,
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde,
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

FRANCIS BACON

Essays

V. — OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that *the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. Bona rerum secundarum optabilia; adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), *It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God. Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that *Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus* (by whom human nature is represented), *sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher;* lively describing Christian resolution, that

saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world.

But to speak in a mean. The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

VIII. — OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there

are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges.

Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, *Such a one is a great rich man*, and another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge of children;* as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty; especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, *vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.* Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are

young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? *A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.* It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

XXIII. — OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory.

That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet

it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes sine rivali*, are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

XLII. — OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of

old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years; as it was with Julius Cæsar, and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam.* And yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth. As it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Fois, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly, it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while

men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, *Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams*, inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes.

These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.* The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant.*

L. — OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the

humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he

must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

A Boast of Tamburlaine

(*From* **Tamburlaine the Great, Part I; Act IV, Scene II**)

Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile stars, that reigned at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of your neighbour lamps!
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspect,
But fixèd now in the meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and the Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,
That almost burnt the axle-tree of heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors:
Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

Songs from the Plays

(*From* **Two Gentlemen of Verona**)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

(*From* **A Midsummer Night's Dream**)

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

(*From* **As You Like It**)

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

(*From* **Twelfth Night**)

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

(*From* **Cymbeline**)

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

(*From* **The Tempest**)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;

On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,

Sonnets

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

BEN JONSON

Song to Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

To the Memory of My Beloved, Master William Shakespeare

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin. Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,

As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou; look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

ROBERT HERRICK

Corinna's Going A-Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since: yet you not dressed;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

How Roses Came Red

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree,
Whether my Sapho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquished quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

Cherry-Ripe

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

To Phillis

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine over-spread:
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleeces' purest down.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat;
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread
With cream of cowslips butterèd:
Thy feasting-table shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffodils;
Where thou shalt sit, and Red-breast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holydays, when virgins meet
To dance the heys with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The Queen of Roses for that year.
And having danced ('bove all the best)
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker-baskets maids shall bring

To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shame-faced plum, all simp'ring there.
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Be-prank'd with ribbands, to this end,
This, this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep, than me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine;
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.
Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

THOMAS CAREW

In Praise of His Mistress

You that will a wonder know,
Go with me;
Two suns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be, —
All they fire that do but eye them,
Yet the snow's unmelted by them.

Leaves of crimson tulips met
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set,
As white as day;
When they part themselves asunder
She breathes oracles of wonder.

All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as to miss
Breeds endless pains, —
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

Disdain Returned

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

Song

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down, or air,
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white;

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;

Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruisèd nard, or what's more worth;

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste;
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done!

RICHARD LOVELACE

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
  Loved I not Honour more.

To Althea, from Prison

When Love with unconfinèd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,

Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood.
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

The Constant Lover

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Why so Pale and Wan?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

JOHN MILTON

L'Allegro

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs', and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told

The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;

And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

Lycidas

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly dream,
"Had ye been there" — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They know not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
  Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
  Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Truth and Conformity

(*From* **Areopagitica**)

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversal faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for

light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements.

What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument — for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?

She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound; but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet it is not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What

but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross? what great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another. I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all.

We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood and hay and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms. Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones. It is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind (as who looks they should be?) this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian, that many be tolerated, rather than all compelled.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Heaven and Hell

(*From* Religio Medici)

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil's walk and purlieu is about it: men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in: I feel sometimes a hell within my self; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast, Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells, as Anaxagoras conceited worlds. There was more than one hell in Magdalene, when there were seven devils, for every devil is a hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him: and thus a distracted conscience here, is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter. Who can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? the devil, were it in his power, would do the like; which being impossible, his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible, his immortality.

I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other: to

be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of Him: his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation; a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven; they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell; other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves, of the Almighty.

Charity

(*From* **Religio Medici**)

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavored to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity. And if I hold the true anatomy of my self, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard, as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander: at the sight of a toad or viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to

destroy them. I find not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others: those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honor, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest.

In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil; or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition. I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable.

There are infirmities not only of the body, but of soul, and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours: it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my self a scholar), I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but

for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than my self, but pity them that know less.

I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head than beget and propagate it in his: and in the midst of all my endeavors there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with my self, nor can be legacied among my honored friends. I cannot fall out or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject.

SAMUEL PEPYS

Shakspere's The Tempest

(*From* Diary)

Nov. 7, 1667. Up, and at the office hard all the morning, and at noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves. The House mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the

former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.

Nove. 13, 1667. Thence home to dinner, and as soon as dinner done I and my wife and Willet to the Duke of York's house, and there saw the Tempest again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious.

Dec. 12, 1667. After dinner I all alone to the Duke of York's house, and saw "The Tempest," which, as often as I have seen it, I do like very well, and the house very full.

Feb. 3, 1668. At noon home to dinner, and thence after dinner to the Duke of York's house, to the play, "The Tempest," which we have often seen, but yet I was pleased again, and shall be again to see it, it is so full of variety, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of the seaman's dance, which I have much desired to be perfect in, and have made myself so.

April 30, 1668. Thence I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there I saw "The Tempest," which still pleases me mightily.

May 11, 1668. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Tempest," and between two acts, I went out to Mr. Harris, and got him to repeat to me the words of the Echo, while I writ them down, having tried in the play to have wrote them; but, when I had done it, having done it without looking upon my paper, I find I could not read the blacklead. But now I have got the words clear, and, in going in thither, had the pleasure to see the actors in their several dresses, especially the seamen and monster, which were very droll: so into the play again.

The Great Fire of London

(*From* **Diary**)

Sept. 2, 1666 (Lord's day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire.

Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging

into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City, and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to Whitehall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to Whitehall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York did bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall.

I walked along Watling Street, as well as I could; every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he

cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that for himself, he must go and refresh him self, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home. Soon as dined, I and Moore away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses, and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another.

Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, — three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the

fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart.

Farewell!

(*From* **Diary**)

May 31, 1669. Thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be any thing, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the God prepare me! S. P.

JOHN DRYDEN

Preface to Dryden and Davenant's "The Tempest"

The writing of prefaces to plays was probably invented by some very ambitious poet, who never thought he had enough; perhaps by some ape of the French eloquence, which uses to make a business of a letter of gallantry an examen of a farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that nation, and ought

not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing and flourishes of the pen with which they do adorn the borders of their plays, and which are indeed no more than good landscapes to a very indifferent picture. I must proceed no further in this argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, reader, that I do it not to set a value on anything I have written in this play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespear's, a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The play itself had formerly been acted with great success in the Blackfriars; and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakespear's *Tempest:* the storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only poet who made use of Shakespear's plot: Sir John Suckling, a professed admirer of our author, has followed his footsteps in his *Goblins;* his Rogmella being an open imitation of Shakespear's Miranda, and his spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel.

But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespear of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought; and therefore to put the last hand to it, he designed the counterpart to Shakespear's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman;

that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleased me, that I never writ anything with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty as the rest which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The comical part of the sailors were also of his invention and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the style.

In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him. I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious; and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing which he used in invention.

It had perhaps been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due, in the writing of this play, and to have passed by his name with silence in the publication of it with the same ingratitude which others have used to him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole scenes together, which may as easily be distinguished from the rest as true gold from coun-

terfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfied I could never have received so much honour, in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear and Sir William Davenant.

Mac Flecknoe

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse, was owned without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.

. . . . . .

This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humors to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou art but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite;
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land.
There thou mayest wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.

Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterreanean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part
With double portion of his father's art.

Under Milton's Picture

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

JOHN BUNYAN

The Trial of Christian and Faithful

(*From* **The Pilgrim's Progress**)

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies, and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hate-good. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were this: —

"That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And said he, "As for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better.

And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: "My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench, that he is" —

JUDGE. Hold! Give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said: "My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them."

Then did the Judge say to him, "Hast thou any more to say?"

ENVY. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him.

So he was bid stand by.

[The substance of Superstition's and Pickthank's testimony is sufficiently indicated by Faithful's answer later,

and their manner of testifying is much the same as Envy's.]

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, "Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?"

FAITHFUL. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE. Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us see what thou hast to say.

FAITHFUL. 1. I say then in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of mine error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God: therefore whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by an human faith, which faith will not be profit to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say, (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like) that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country: and so, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe): "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town: you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him: also you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang

him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

"There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzear the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne) but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

"For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death."

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, "I see clearly that this man is an heretic." Then said Mr. No-good, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." "Ay," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very looks of him." Then said Mr. Love-lust, "I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. Live-loose, "for he would always be condemning my way." "Hang him, hang him," said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub,"

said Mr. High-mind. "My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let us dispatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death." And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space: but he that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

JONATHAN SWIFT

The Spider and the Bee

(*From* The Battle of the Books)

Upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay

scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation.

Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight), A plague split you, said he; is it

you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—d? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you? — Good words, friend, said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll), I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more: I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. — Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners. — I pray have patience, said the bee, or you will spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house. — Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your better. — By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics)

is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of mine own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed of me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect from thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both 'tis too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below: and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which feeding and engendering on itself turns all into venom, producing nothing at all, but fly bane and a cobweb; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined; for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had tore off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*.

It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee hath learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and

himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer: that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails, the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got hath been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that instead of dirt and poison we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are *sweetness* and *light.*

An Argument to prove that THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniences, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby

(Written in the year 1708)

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the Union even before it was confirmed by Parliament, because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity: at a juncture when all parties seem so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the Attorney-General, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This may perhaps appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

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However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to shew what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shews the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced:

yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed, indeed, that to break an English free-born officer, only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

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Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is, the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; beside the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into playhouses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-

houses? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know, how it can be pretended, that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business, where more bargains driven of all sorts, and where so many conveniences or enticements to sleep?

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It is likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently, along with it, those grievous prejudices of education, which, under the names of *virtue, conscience, honour, justice,* and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated, by right reason, or freethinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first I observe, how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would, some way or other, contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God, or a future state, Heaven, Hell, and the like: and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the

young gentlemen who are now on the scene seem to have not the least tincture left of those infusions, or string of those weeds: and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those, who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now: for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England, to be as freethinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power, to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement, in a tedious winter night.

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Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their

talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? what wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius by continual practice has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! we are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left? who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand, to provide them with materials? what other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? it is the wise choice of the subject, that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For, had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

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Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of church and state that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace; and not venture in this conjuncture to disoblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If upon being rejected by them we are to trust an alliance with

the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived: for, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity than our Christian neighbours. For the Turks are not only strict observers of religious worship, but, what is worse, believe a God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend, that in six months' time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East India stock may fall at least one per cent. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture, for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of destroying it.

DANIEL DEFOE

The Education of Women

(*From* **An Essay upon Projects**)

To such whose genius would lead them to it I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing in general is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that, their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers indeed may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp. I believe I may be allowed to say generally so, for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often

be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive; and without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of His singular regard to man, His darling creature, to whom He gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; her person is angelic and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus: —

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy. Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative. Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous. And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clangorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil.

Methinks mankind for their own sakes — since, say what we will of the women, we all think fit at one time or other to be concerned with them — should take some care to breed

them up to be suitable and serviceable, if they expected no such thing as delight from them. Bless us! what care do we take to breed up a good horse and to break him well! and what a value do we put upon him when it is done, and all because he should be fit for our use! and why not a woman? Since all her ornaments and beauty without suitable behavior is a cheat in nature, like the false tradesman, who puts the best of his goods uppermost, that the buyer may think the rest are of the same goodness.

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But to come closer to the business, the great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education, and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost; to say, the *weakness of the sex* as to judgment, would be nonsense, for ignorance and folly would be no more found among women than men. I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman; she had wit and capacity

enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and, for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of woman's affairs; and when she came to converse in the world, her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself: — "I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice; 'tis a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing, and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

Author's Preface

(*From* **Robinson Crusoe**)

If ever the story of any private man's adventures in the world were worth making public, and were acceptable when published, the Editor of this account thinks this will be so.

The wonders of this man's life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the life of one man being scarce capable of greater variety.

The story is told with modesty, with seriousness, and with a religious application of events to the uses to which wise men always apply them, viz., to the instruction of others by this example, and to justify and honour the wisdom of Providence in all the variety of our circumstances, let them happen how they will.

The Editor believes the thing to be a just history of fact; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it; and, however,

thinks, because all such things are despatched, that the improvement of it, as well to the diversion as to the instruction of the reader, will be the same. And as such, he thinks, without farther compliment to the world, he does them a great service in the publication.

Crusoe's Situation in Life

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but by the usual corruption of words in England we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe, and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards; what became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father and mother did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house-education and a country free school generally goes, and designed me for the law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands, of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends,

that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

Crusoe's Landing on the Desert Island

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*. In a word, it took us in such a fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible: my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well nigh been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then

fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave; and I do not wonder now at that custom, viz., that when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him — I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood that very moment they tell him of it, that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart, and overwhelm him:

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

How Crusoe Baked Bread

The baking part was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for, first, I had no yeast. As to that part, as there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it; but for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this: I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep, that is to say, about two feet diameter, and not above nine inches deep; these I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles, of my own making and burning also; but I should not call them square.

When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot; then sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf, or loaves, and whelming down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat. And thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became, in little time, a mere pastry-cook into the bargain; for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings; indeed, I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them, supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

Friday

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight, strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect,

but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half-an-hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it;

and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

RICHARD STEELE

Prospectus

(The Tatler, No. 1. Tuesday, April 12, 1709)

Though the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post.

I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved

upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend

(The Tatler, No. 95. November 17, 1709.)

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance.

After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would

make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal.

After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek, as he spoke, which moved me not a little.

But, to turn the discourse, I said, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, 'she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in.' You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen."

"Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in really being beloved! It is impossible, that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that

excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her doll, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, "she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was." Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for a second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and school-fellows are here with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him in this morning from going out open-breasted."

My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical pre-

ferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables; but he frankly declared to me his mind, "that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true;" for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Belianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life.

He would tell you the mismanagement of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when his mother told me, that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. "Betty," said she, "deals chiefly with fairies and sprites; and sometimes in a winternight will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, con-

sidering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

The Editor's Troubles

(The Tatler, No. 164. Thursday, April 27, 1710.)

I have lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain, as well as from foreign countries, since my entering upon the office of Censor; and indeed am very much surprised to see so great a number of them, and pleased to think that I have so far increased the revenue of the post-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper indorsements on each particular letter; it being my design, when I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, to erect *a paper office*, and give it to the public.

I could not but make several observations upon reading over the letters of my correspondents. As first of all, on the different tastes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find, by the approbations which are given me, that I am seldom famous on the same days on both sides of Temple-bar; and that when I am in greatest repute within the liberties, I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time; but, for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I

am awake: others advise me to sit all night upon the stars, and be more frequent in my astrological observations; for that a vision is not properly a lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the living. For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my several papers under distinct heads, according as their principal design was to benefit and instruct the different capacities of my readers; and to follow the example of some very great authors, by writing at the head of each discourse, *Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam, Ad Populum, Ad Clerum.*

There is no particular in which my correspondents of all ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, universally agree, except only in their thirst after scandal. It is impossible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abused by several unknown hands, for not publishing the secret histories that I have received from almost every street in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praises and eulogiums, which come post to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands, scurrilities, and reproaches: which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though it often costs them two-pence or a groat before they can convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with "You old doting scoundrel! — Are not you a sad dog? — Sirrah, you deserve to have your nose slit;" and the like ingenious con-

ceits. These little mortifications are necessary to suppress that pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind of a *received* author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the same reason, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of several little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed for being a man in some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my life, but also into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery. Nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milkmaid into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap, however, many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends or relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and to carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person; giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and at the same time I must confess, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was a cadet in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon such terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war, but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal, being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the Thursday, and was to be executed on the Friday; but, considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she should read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the style of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

"Dear Wife,

"Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing: this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was *hanged, drawn, and quartered.* I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children. Yours, until death,

W. B."

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

JOSEPH ADDISON

Marlborough

(*From* **The Campaign**)

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved.
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;

In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Hymn

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Frozen Words

(The Tatler, No. 254. Thursday, November 23, 1710.)

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits, with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairyland.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of "Hudibras" alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when,

speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

"Like words congealed in northern air."

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language, is as follows:

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain.

"We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that

occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' 'When shall I see my Sue again!' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over,

though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

"At about half-a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon enquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half-an-hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error, into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved

in breath: but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer; 'for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time was employed in dancing in order to dissipate our chagrin, and *tuer le temps.*'"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Mr. Spectator

(The Spectator, No. 1. Thursday, March 1, 1711.)

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded

by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family that my mother dreamed that her son was destined to be a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable

thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theaters both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a

father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment

of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

The Vision of Mirzah

(The Spectator, No. 159. Saturday, September 1, 1711.)

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled The Visions of Mirzah, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to

my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the

passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of object, I observed some with scymetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'what mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormo-

rants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'Man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate), I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

"I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death

that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.'

"I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ALEXANDER POPE

Memorable Couplets from his Poems

(*From* **Essay on Criticism**)

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Good Nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

(*From* **Essay on Man**)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

(*From* **Moral Essays**)

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

JAMES THOMSON

Winter

(*From* **The Seasons**)

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train —
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I lived,

And sung of Nature with unceasing joy, —
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brewed,
In the grim evening sky.

. . . . . .

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'T is brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,

Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Spring

(*From* The Seasons)

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

. . . . . .

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulfed
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,

Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs, and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work and sidelong lays the glebe.
White, through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step; and liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield

FEBRUARY 7, 1755.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to

wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less;

for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

Letter to James Macpherson

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

SAM JOHNSON.

A Dissertation on the Art of Flying

(*From* **Rasselas, Chap. VI**)

Among the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labor for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed

to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves appropriated to the ladies was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that ran through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

The artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable on a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honors. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned to him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth." "So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can

swim needs not despair to fly: to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent; and wings will be of no great use unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labor of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls; but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendant spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! To survey with equal serenity the marts of trade and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired, but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told, that

respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall; therefore I suspect that, from any height where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many

ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and to unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished, and on a morning appointed the maker appeared, furnished for flight, on a little promontory; he waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

JAMES BOSWELL

First Meeting with Johnson

(*From* **Life of Johnson**)

At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's backparlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, — he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost: "Look, my Lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prej-

udice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." — "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this a slight pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately,

however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

Character of Goldsmith

(*From* **Life of Johnson**)

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavor to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them." He afterwards studied physic at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent: and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and of "The Citizen

of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself."

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary con-

sequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham, a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield.* But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir (said he), a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller;* and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the *Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to

me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Johnson's Manner of Talking

(*From* **Life of Johnson**)

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigor and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther*, I could with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Village Preacher

(*From* **The Deserted Village**)

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

. . . . . .

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The Schoolmaster

(*From* **The Deserted Village**)

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Edmund Burke

(*From* **The Retaliation**)

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short, —
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran, —
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad, —
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
  The wondering people ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite;
  The dog it was that died.

EDMUND BURKE

The Proper Attitude toward America

(*From* **Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol**)

I think I know America. If I do not, my ignorance is incurable, for I have spared no pains to understand it: and I do most solemnly assure those of my constituents who put any sort of confidence in my industry and integrity, that every thing that has been done there has arisen from a total misconception of the object; that our means of originally holding America, that our means of reconciling with it after quarrel, of recovering it after separation, of keeping it after victory, did depend, and must depend in their several stages and periods, upon a total renunciation of that unconditional submission, which has taken such possession of the minds of violent men. The whole of those maxims, upon which

we have made and continued this war, must be abandoned. Nothing indeed (for I would not deceive you) can place us in our former situation. That hope must be laid aside. But there is a difference between bad and the worst of all. Terms relative to the cause of the war ought to be offered by the authority of parliament. An arrangement at home promising some security for them ought to be made. By doing this, without the least impairing of our strength, we add to the credit of our moderation, which, in itself, is always strength more or less.

I know many have been taught to think, that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason; and that all arguments for it are sufficiently answered by railing at rebels and rebellion, and by charging all the present or future miseries, which we may suffer, on the resistance of our brethren. But I would wish them, in this grave matter, and if peace is not wholly removed from their hearts, to consider seriously, first, that to criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation, in any difference amongst men. In the next place, it would be right to reflect, that the American English (whom they may abuse, if they think it honourable to revile the absent) can, as things now stand, neither be provoked at our railing, nor bettered by our instruction. All communication is cut off between us, but this we know with certainty, that, though we cannot reclaim them, we may reform ourselves. If measures of peace are necessary, they must begin somewhere; and a conciliatory temper must precede and prepare every plan of reconciliation. Nor do I conceive that we suffer anything by thus regulating our own minds. We are not disarmed by being disencumbered of our passions. Declaiming on rebellion never added a bayonet, or a charge of powder, to your military force; but I am afraid that it has been the means of taking up many muskets against you.

This outrageous language, which has been encouraged and kept alive by every art, has already done incredible mischief. For a long time, even amidst the desolations of war and the insults of hostile laws daily accumulated on one another, the American leaders seem to have had the greatest difficulty in bringing up their people to a declaration of total independence. But the court gazette accomplished what the abettors of independence had attempted in vain. When that disingenuous compilation, and strange medley of railing and flattery, was adduced as a proof of the united sentiments of the people of Great Britain, there was a great change throughout all America. The tide of popular affection, which had still set towards the parent country, begun immediately to turn, and to flow with great rapidity in a contrary course. Far from concealing these wild declarations of enmity, the author of the celebrated pamphlet, which prepared the minds of the people for independence, insists largely on the multitude and the spirit of these addresses; and he draws an argument from them, which (if the fact was as he supposes) must be irresistible. For I never knew a writer on the theory of government so partial to authority as not to allow, that the hostile mind of the rulers to their people did fully justify a change of government; nor can any reason whatever be given, why one people should voluntarily yield any degree of preëminence to another, but on a supposition of great affection and benevolence towards them. Unfortunately your rulers, trusting to other things, took no notice of this great principle of connexion. From the beginning of this affair, they have done all they could to alienate your minds from your own kindred; and if they could excite hatred enough in one of the parties towards the other, they seemed to be of opinion that they had gone half the way towards reconciling the quarrel.

Tribute to the Memory of his Son

(*From* **Letter to a Noble Lord**)

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. HE would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to

it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

WILLIAM COLLINS

Ode

(Written in the beginning of the year 1746)

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Ode to Evening

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!

THOMAS GRAY

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(*There they alike in trembling hope repose*)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

WILLIAM COWPER

On Human Slavery

(*From* **The Task, Book II**)

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush

And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home: then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things!
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth, with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book,
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou ownest that praise, I spare thee mine.

ROBERT BURNS

To a Mouse

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'rin pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

To a Mountain Daisy

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm
Scarce reared above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High shelt'ring woods an' wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,

By human pride or cunning driv'n
To misery's brink;
Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He ruined sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

Tam O' Shanter

A TALE

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this buke.

— GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reamin swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' secret favors, sweet and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride, —
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg, —
A better never lifted leg, —
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze:
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —

Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape —
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! —

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie;
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore:

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
An' perished mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's Mare.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

Chorus. — For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to see:
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Chorus. — We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
An' mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

A Man's a Man for A' That

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

The Banks o' Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth's Object in His Poetry

(*From* **Preface** *to* **Lyrical Ballads**)

The first volume of these poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how far,

by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

. . . . . .

The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is orig-

inally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion is erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply.

Passages Dealing with Poetry in General

(From the Same)

What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? — He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them.

Poetry is the image of man and nature.

The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge — it is as immortal as the heart of man.

Poets do not write for poets alone, but for men.

An *accurate* taste in poetry and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition.

Expostulation and Reply

"Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

"Where are your books? — that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye — it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

The Tables Turned

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things: —
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

She Was a Phantom of Delight

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Character of the Happy Warrior

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors, or for worldly state;

Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,

And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

Influence of a Mountain-peak

(*From* **The Prelude**, **Book I**)

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark, —
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colors of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

London, 1802

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

"Nuns Fret Not"

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

"The World is too Much with Us"

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

"Scorn not the Sonnet"

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Chaucer

(*From* **Table Talk**)

I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!

Othello

(*From* **Table Talk**)

Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall: — "But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! — O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honor was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honor was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed.

He deliberately determines to die, and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

An Observation on Patriotism

(*From* **Table Talk**)

The free class in a slave state is always, in one sense, the most patriotic class of people in an empire; for their patriotism is not simply the patriotism of other people, but an aggregate of lust of power, and distinction, and supremacy.

On Style

(*From* **Lectures**)

In order to form a good style, the primary rule and condition is, not to attempt to express ourselves in language before we thoroughly know our own meaning: when a man perfectly understands himself, appropriate diction will generally be at his command either in writing or speaking. In such cases the thoughts and the words are associated. In the next place preciseness in the use of terms is required, and the test is whether you can translate the phrase adequately into simpler terms, regard being had to the feeling of the whole passage. Try this upon Shakspeare or Milton, and see if you can substitute other simpler words in any given passage without a violation of the meaning or tone. The source of bad writing is the desire to be something more than a man of sense, — the straining to be thought a genius; and it is just the same in speech-making. If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be! Another rule is to avoid converting mere abstractions into persons. I believe you will very rarely find, in any great writer before the Revolution,

the possessive case of an inanimate noun used in prose instead of the dependent case; as "the watch's hand," for "the hand of the watch." The possessive or Saxon genitive was confined to persons, or at least to animated subjects.

And I cannot conclude this lecture without insisting on the importance of accuracy of style, as being near akin to veracity and truthful habits of mind. He who thinks loosely will write loosely; and, perhaps, there is some moral inconvenience in the common forms of our grammars, which give our children so many obscure terms for material distinctions. Let me also exhort you to careful examination of what you read, if it be worth any perusal at all: such an examination will be a safeguard from fanaticism, the universal origin of which is in the contemplation of phenomena without investigation into their causes.

Kubla Khan: or, a Vision in a Dream

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there, —
And all should cry, Beware! Beware! —
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON

Lachin y Gair

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy wind gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar:
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

Wordsworth

(*From* English Bards and Scotch Reviewers)

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double";
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy",
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

The Bull-Fight

(*From* **Childe Harold, Canto I**)

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moonstruck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues — on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed —
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way —

Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye — 'tis past — he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops — he starts — disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated car appears — on high
The corse is piled — sweet sight for vulgar eyes —
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.

Waterloo

(*From* **Childe Harold, Canto III**)

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet. —
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is! — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear,
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips —"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

To Thomas Moore

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Stanzas

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom whenever you can,
And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

Epigram

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

On my Thirty-third Birthday, January 22, 1821

Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing — except thirty-three.

Stanzas from "Don Juan"

But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression —
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression;
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session,
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

. . . . . .

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes, when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer, when hurled from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

. . . . . .

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is, that I have nothing planned
Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder, —
It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills;
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
It ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus Hymenæal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

JOHN KEATS

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On the Grasshopper and the Cricket

The Poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury — he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never;
On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
  What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
    Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu:
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
  Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
    Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens over-wrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The Eve of St. Agnes

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,

On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright:
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;

And as she muttered "Well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing, —
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." — Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer

The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the agèd gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,

As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;

Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone: —
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream

By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called, "La belle dame sans merci,"
Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturbed she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing; —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunèd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassailers will never heed: —
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand avès told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

CHARLES LAMB

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig

(*From* **Essays of Elia**)

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one

of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devour-

ing? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord," — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in

a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town.

Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century

or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. —

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbydehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars —

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation — from these sins he is happily snatched away —

> "Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care" —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the

censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity,

school-boy-like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present — and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, sup-

posing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

Dream-Children; A Reverie

(*From* **Essays of Elia**)

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman: so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because

she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the

water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings, — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; — and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry

or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name" — and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

A Meeting with Lamb

(*From* London Reminiscences)

I was to come so early as to drink tea with Lamb; and the hour was seven. He lived in the Temple; and I, who was not then, as afterwards I became, a student and member of "the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple," did not know much of the localities. However, I found out his abode, not greatly beyond my time: nobody had been asked to meet me, — which a little surprised me, but I was glad of it: for, besides Lamb, there was present his sister, Miss Lamb, of whom, and whose talents and sweetness of disposition, I had heard. I turned the conversation, upon the first opening which offered, to the subject of Coleridge; and many of my questions were answered satisfactorily, because seriously, by Miss Lamb. But Lamb took a pleasure in baffling me, or in throwing ridicule upon the subject.

Out of this grew the matter of our affray. We were speaking of "The Ancient Mariner." Now, to explain what followed, and a little to excuse myself, I must beg the reader to understand that I was under twenty years of age, and that my admiration for Coleridge (as, in perhaps a still greater degree, for Wordsworth) was literally in no respect short of a religious feeling: it had, indeed, all the sanctity of religion, and all the tenderness of a human veneration. Then, also, to imagine the strength which it would derive from circumstances that do not exist now, but did then, let the reader further suppose a case — not such as he may have known since that era about Sir Walter Scotts and Lord Byrons, where every man you could possibly fall foul of, early or late, night or day, summer or winter, was in perfect readiness to feel and express his sympathy with the admirer — but when no man, beyond one or two in each ten thousand, had so

much as heard of either Coleridge or Wordsworth, and that one, or those two, knew them only to scorn them, trample on them, spit upon them. Men so abject in public estimation, I maintain, as that Coleridge and that Wordsworth, had not existed before, have not existed since, will not exist again.

We have heard in old times of donkeys insulting effete or dying lions by kicking them; but in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth it was effete donkeys that kicked living lions. They, Coleridge and Wordsworth, were the Pariahs of literature in those days: as much scorned wherever they were known; but escaping that scorn only because they were as little known as Pariahs, and even more obscure.

Well, after this bravura, by way of conveying my sense of the real position then occupied by these two authors — a position which thirty and odd years have altered, by a revolution more astonishing and total than ever before happened in literature or in life — let the reader figure to himself the sensitive horror with which a young person, carrying his devotion about with him, of necessity, as the profoundest of secrets, like a primitive Christian amongst a nation of Pagans, or a Roman Catholic convert amongst the bloody idolaters of Japan — in Oxford, above all places, hoping for no sympathy, and feeling a daily grief, almost a shame, in harboring this devotion to that which, nevertheless, had done more for the expansion and sustenance of his own inner mind than all literature besides — let the reader figure, I say, to himself, the shock with which such a person must recoil from hearing the very friend and associate of these authors utter what seemed at that time a burning ridicule of all which belonged to them — their books, their thoughts, their places, their persons. This had gone on for some time before we came upon the ground of "The Ancient Mariner"; I had been grieved, perplexed, astonished; and how else

could I have felt reasonably, knowing of Lamb's propensity to mystify a stranger; he, on the other hand, knowing nothing of the depth of my feelings on these subjects, and that they were not so much mere literary preferences as something that went deeper than life or household affections?

At length, when he had given utterance to some ferocious canon of judgment, which seemed to question the entire value of the poem, I said, perspiring (I dare say) in this detestable crisis — "But, Mr. Lamb, good heavens! how is it possible you can allow yourself in such opinions? What instance could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?" "Instances?" said Lamb: "oh, I'll instance you, if you come to that. Instance, indeed! Pray, what do you say to this —

'The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie'?

So beautiful, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch, and chewing tobacco; and the old gentleman himself — what do you call him? — the bright-eyed fellow?" What more might follow I never heard; for, at this point, in a perfect rapture of horror, I raised my hands — both hands — to both ears; and, without stopping to think or to apologize, I endeavoured to restore equanimity to my disturbed sensibilities by shutting out all further knowledge of Lamb's impieties.

At length he seemed to have finished; so I, on my part, thought I might venture to take off the embargo: and in fact he *had* ceased: but no sooner did he find me restored to my hearing than he said with a most sarcastic smile — which he could assume upon occasion — "If you please, sir, we'll say grace before we begin." I know not whether Lamb were really piqued or not at the mode by which I had expressed

my disturbance: Miss Lamb certainly was not; her goodness led her to pardon me, and to treat me — in whatever light she might really view my almost involuntary rudeness — as the party who had suffered wrong; and, for the rest of the evening, she was so pointedly kind and conciliatory in her manner that I felt greatly ashamed of my boyish failure in self-command. Yet, after all, Lamb necessarily appeared so much worse, in my eyes, as a traitor is worse than an open enemy.

Lamb, after this one visit — not knowing at that time any particular reason for continuing to seek his acquaintance — I did not trouble with my calls for some years. At length, however, about the year 1808, and for the six or seven following years, in my evening visits to Coleridge, I used to meet him again; not often, but sufficiently to correct the altogether very false impression I had received of his character and manners.

Apostrophe to Opium

(*From* **Confessions of an English Opium-Eater**)

Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man a brief oblivion for

"Wrongs unredress'd and insults unavenged;"

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges: — thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of

the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles — beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatompylos: and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

Incident of the Malay

(*From the* Confessions)

I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a seaport about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master, and doubtless giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones, came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by

accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done.

In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay — his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words — the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's "Mithridates," which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one.

He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in

what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar: and the expression of his face convinced me that it was.

Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and, in the schoolboy phrase, bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it: — he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious: but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay, partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days, fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck" at me, and led me into a world of troubles.

From Pleasure to Pain

(*From the* Confessions)

But now farewell — a long farewell to happiness — winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! for more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these: I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record

THE PAINS OF OPIUM

"—— as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

A Digression on Reading Aloud

(*From the* Confessions)

I shall now enter *in medias res*, and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acme*, an account of their palsying effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because reading is an *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess: and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: John Kemble reads vilely: and Mrs. Siddons, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any

passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by anything in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in "Paradise Regained," when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us: at her request and M[argaret]'s I now and then read Wordsworth's poems to them. (Wordsworth, by and by, is the only poet I ever met who could read his own verses: often indeed he reads admirably.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT

First Meeting of Edgar and Lucy

(*From* **The Bride of Lammermoor, Chap. V**)

Lucy had scarcely replied to her father in the words we have mentioned, and he was just about to rebuke her supposed timidity, when a bull, stimulated either by the scarlet colour of Miss Ashton's mantle, or by one of those fits of capricious ferocity to which their dispositions are liable, detached himself suddenly from the group which was feeding at the upper extremity of a grassy glade, that seemed to lose itself among the crossing and entangled boughs. The animal approached the intruders on his pasture ground, at first slowly, pawing the ground with his hoof, bellowing from time to time, and tearing up the sand with his horns, as if to lash himself up to rage and violence.

The Lord Keeper, who observed the animal's demeanour, was aware that he was about to become mischievous, and, drawing his daughter's arm under his own, began to walk fast along the avenue, in hopes to get out of his sight and his reach. This was the most injudicious course he could have adopted, for, encouraged by the appearance of flight, the bull began to pursue them at full speed. Assailed by a

danger so imminent, firmer courage than that of the Lord Keeper might have given way. But paternal tenderness, "love strong as death," sustained him. He continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until, her fears altogether depriving her of the power of flight, she sunk down by his side; and when he could no longer assist her to escape, he turned round and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, which advancing in full career, its brutal fury enhanced by the rapidity of the pursuit, was now within a few yards of them. The Lord Keeper had no weapons; his age and gravity dispensed even with the usual appendage of a walking sword, — could such appendage have availed him anything.

It seemed inevitable that the father or daughter, or both, should have fallen victims to the impending danger, when a shot from the neighbouring thicket arrested the progress of the animal. He was so truly struck between the junction of the spine with the skull, that the wound, which in any other part of his body might scarce have impeded his career, proved instantly fatal. Stumbling forward with a hideous bellow, the progressive force of his previous motion, rather than any operation of his limbs, carried him up to within three yards of the astonished Lord Keeper, where he rolled on the ground, his limbs darkened with the black death-sweat, and quivering with the last convulsions of muscular motion.

Lucy lay senseless on the ground, insensible of the wonderful deliverance which she had experienced. Her father was almost equally stupefied, so rapid and unexpected had been the transition from the horrid death which seemed inevitable, to perfect security. He gazed on the animal, terrible even in death, with a species of mute and confused astonishment, which did not permit him distinctly to understand what had taken place; and so inaccurate was his consciousness of what had passed, that he might have supposed the bull had been

arrested in its career by a thunderbolt, had he not observed among the branches of the thicket the figure of a man, with a short gun or musquetoon in his hand.

This instantly recalled him to a sense of their situation — a glance at his daughter reminded him of the necessity of procuring her assistance. He called to the man, whom he concluded to be one of his foresters, to give immediate attention to Miss Ashton, while he himself hastened to call assistance. The huntsman approached them accordingly, and the Lord Keeper saw he was a stranger, but was too much agitated to make any farther remarks. In a few hurried words, he directed the shooter, as stronger and more active than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighbouring fountain, while he went back to Alice's hut to procure more aid.

The man to whose timely interference they had been so much indebted, did not seem inclined to leave his good work half finished. He raised Lucy from the ground in his arms, and conveying her through the glades of the forest by paths with which he seemed well acquainted, stopped not until he laid her in safety by the side of a plentiful and pellucid fountain, which had been once covered in, screened, and decorated with architectural ornaments of a Gothic character. But now the vault which had covered it being broken down and riven, and the Gothic font ruined and demolished, the stream burst forth from the recess of the earth in open day, and winded its way among the broken sculpture and moss-grown stones which lay in confusion around its source.

[Three paragraphs omitted here tell a "legendary tale" of the meeting by this fountain of a Ravenswood long since dead, and a beautiful nymph. They met once a week, and the nymph insisted that they must part with the ringing of the vesper bell. Once the bell was delayed, the nymph plunged into the fountain, and was seen no more. The

spot was thereafter regarded as fatal to the Ravenswood family.]

It was on this ominous spot that Lucy Ashton first drew breath after her long and almost deadly swoon. Beautiful and pale as the fabulous Naiad in the last agony of separation from her lover, she was seated so as to rest with her back against a part of the ruined wall, while her mantle, dripping with the water which her protecter had used profusely to recall her senses, clung to her slender and beautifully proportioned form.

The first moment of recollection brought to her mind the danger which had overpowered her senses — the next called to remembrance that of her father. She looked around — he was nowhere to be seen — "My father — my father!" was all that she could ejaculate.

"Sir William is safe," answered the voice of a stranger — "perfectly safe, and will be with you instantly."

"Are you sure of that?" exclaimed Lucy — "the bull was close by us — do not stop me — I must go to seek my father!"

And she arose with that purpose; but her strength was so much exhausted, that, far from possessing the power to execute her purpose, she must have fallen against the stone on which she had leant, probably not without sustaining serious injury.

The stranger was so near to her, that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger. It seemed as if her weight, slight as it was, proved too heavy for her young and athletic assistant, for, without feeling the temptation of detaining her in his arms even for a single instant, he again placed her on the stone from which she had risen, and retreating a few steps, repeated hastily, "Sir

William Ashton is perfectly safe, and will be here instantly. Do not make yourself anxious on his account — Fate has singularly preserved him. You, madam, are exhausted, and must not think of rising until you have some assistance more suitable than mine."

Lucy, whose senses were by this time more effectually collected, was naturally led to look at the stranger with attention. There was nothing in his appearance which should have rendered him unwilling to offer his arm to a young lady who required support, or which could have induced her to refuse his assistance; and she could not help thinking, even in that moment, that he seemed cold and reluctant to offer it. A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose cloak of a dark brown colour. A Montero cap and a black feather drooped over the wearer's brow, and partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic, though somewhat sullen, expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both; and it was not easy to gaze on the stranger without a secret impression either of pity or awe, or at least of doubt and curiosity allied to both.

The impression which we have necessarily been long in describing, Lucy felt in the glance of a moment, and had no sooner encountered the keen black eyes of the stranger, than her own were bent on the ground with a mixture of bashful embarrassment and fear. Yet there was a necessity to speak, or at least she thought so, and in a fluttered accent she began to mention her wonderful escape, in which she was sure that the stranger must, under Heaven, have been her father's protector, and her own.

He seemed to shrink from her expressions of gratitude,

while he replied abruptly, "I leave you, madam," — the deep melody of his voice rendered powerful, but not harsh, by something like a severity of tone — "I leave you to the protection of those to whom it is possible you may have this day been a guardian angel."

Lucy was surprised at the ambiguity of his language, and, with a feeling of artless and unaffected gratitude, began to deprecate the idea of having intended to give her deliverer any offence, as if such a thing had been possible. "I have been unfortunate," she said, "in endeavouring to express my thanks — I am sure it must be so, though I cannot recollect what I said — but would you but stay till my father — till the Lord Keeper comes — would you only permit him to pay you his thanks, and to enquire your name?"

"My name is unnecessary," answered the stranger; "your father — I would rather say Sir William Ashton — will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him."

"You mistake him," said Lucy earnestly; "he will be grateful for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has already fallen a victim to the fury of that animal."

When she had caught this idea, she started from the ground, and endeavoured to press towards the avenue in which the accident had taken place, while the stranger, though he seemed to hesitate between the desire to assist and the wish to leave her, was obliged, in common humanity, to oppose her both by entreaty and action.

"On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth; your father is in perfect safety; you will expose yourself to injury if you venture back where the herd of wild cattle grazed. — If you will go" — for, having once adopted the idea that her father was still in danger, she pressed forward

in spite of him —"If you *will* go, accept my arm, though I am not perhaps the person who can with most propriety offer you support."

But, without heeding this intimation, Lucy took him at his word. "O if you be a man," she said, — "If you be a gentleman, assist me to find my father! You shall not leave me — you must go with me — he is dying perhaps while we are talking here!"

Then, without listening to excuse or apology, and holding fast by the stranger's arm, though unconscious of any thing save the support which it gave, and without which she could not have moved, mixed with a vague feeling of preventing his escape from her, she was urging, and almost dragging him forward, when Sir William Ashton came up, followed by the female attendant of blind Alice, and by two wood-cutters, whom he had summoned from their occupation to his assistance. His joy at seeing his daughter safe, overcame the surprise with which he would at another time have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger, as she might have done upon his own.

"Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe? — are you well?" were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her in ecstasy.

"I am well, sir, thank God! and still more that I see you so; — but this gentleman," she said, quitting his arm, and shrinking from him, "What must he think of me?" and her eloquent blood, flushing over neck and brow, spoke how much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had craved, and even compelled his assistance.

"This gentleman," said Sir William Ashton, "will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the gratitude of the Lord Keeper for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another — for the life of my child — for my own life, which he has saved by his

bravery and presence of mind. He will, I am sure, permit us to request" —

"Request nothing of *me*, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone; "I am the Master of Ravenswood."

There was a dead pause of surprise, not unmixed with less pleasant feelings. The Master wrapt himself in his cloak, made a haughty inclination towards Lucy, muttering a few words of courtesy, as indistinctly heard as they seemed to be reluctantly uttered, and, turning from them, was immediately lost in the thicket.

Soldier, Rest!

(*From* **The Lady of the Lake, Canto I**)

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
  While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
  Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
  Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
  How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

Here's a Health to King Charles

(*From* **Woodstock**, **Chap. XX**)

Bring the bowl which you boast,
  Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
  And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up,
  And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
  Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
  Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
  Estranged from his own;
Though 'tis under our breath,
  Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
  And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!

The Escape of Marmion

(*From* **Marmion, Canto VI**)

XIII

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide;
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown." —
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

XIV

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, — "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall." —

Lord Marmion turn'd, — well was his need,
And dash'd the rowel in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume.

XV

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

JANE AUSTEN

Elizabeth has a Distinguished Visitor

(*From* **Pride and Prejudice, Chap. LVI**)

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining-room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window, by the sound of a carriage; and they perceived a chaise-and-four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their neighbours. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it, were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open, and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised; but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence, she said, very stiffly to Elizabeth —

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And *that*, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine. "She is my youngest girl but one, my youngest of all is lately married; and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison of Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but, I assure you, it is much larger than Sir William Lucas's."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting-room for the evening in summer: the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner, and then added —

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet, with great civility, begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then rising up, said to Elizabeth —

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favour me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and shew her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed, and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining-parlour and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting-woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel-walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner: —

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed, you are mistaken, madam. I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But, however insincere *you* may choose to be, you shall not find *me* so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew — my own nephew — Mr. Darcy. Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood — though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family," said Elizabeth coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And can you likewise declare, that there is no *foundation* for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions, which *I* shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But *your* arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know *mine;* nor will such behaviour as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place. No, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this: that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated for a moment, and then replied —

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy, they have been intended for each other. It was the favourite wish of *his* mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles, we planned the union: and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends — to his tacit engagement with Miss de Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes, and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss de Bourgh. You both did as much as you could, in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honour nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may I not accept him?"

"Because honour, decorum, prudence — nay, interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest; for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends if you wilfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance

will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes," replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation, that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score?

"Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"*That* will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on *me*."

"I will not be interrupted! Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the fathers', from respectable, honourable, and ancient, though untitled families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? The upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune. Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter: so far we are equal."

"True. You *are* a gentleman's daughter. But who was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to *you*."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation, "I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished. I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly *never* shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise make *their* marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would *my* refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in *his* affairs I cannot tell; but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please. I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged, I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your

youngest sister's infamous elopement. I know it all; that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business, at the expense of your father and uncle. And is *such* a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is *her* husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth — of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can *now* have nothing farther to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honour and credit of my nephew! Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to *you*, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me. You refuse to obey the claims of duty, honour, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honour, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family or the indignation of the world, if the former *were* excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern — and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well. I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable; but, depend upon it, I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on, till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added —

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer, and, without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

James Boswell

(*From essay on* **Boswell's Life of Johnson**)

That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. Goldsmith was very justly described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot, and by another as a being,

"Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

La Fontaine was in society a mere simpleton. His blunders would not come in amiss among the stories of Hierocles. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest

and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He was a slave proud of his servitude, a Paul Pry, convinced that his own curiosity and garrulity were virtues, an unsafe companion who never scrupled to repay the most liberal hospitality by the basest violation of confidence, a man without delicacy, without shame, without sense enough to know when he was hurting the feelings of others or when he was exposing himself to derision; and because he was all this, he has, in an important department of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.

Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. There is not in all his books a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society, which is not either commonplace or absurd. His dissertations on hereditary gentility, on the slave-trade, and on the entailing of landed estates, may serve as examples. To say that these passages are sophistical would be to pay them an extravagant compliment. They have no pretence to argument, or even to meaning. He has reported innumerable observations made by himself in the course of conversation. Of those observations we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal.

Scene at the Trial of Warren Hastings

(*From essay on* **Warren Hastings**)

On the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage

which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet.

The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the

age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

London Coffee-Houses

(*From* **History of England, Chap. III**)

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might, indeed, at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the

time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state.

An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar.

Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are worn by

the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassels which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else.

Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate,

and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast.

There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

The Battle of Ivry

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance;
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears;
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye!
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smil'd on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout: "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS CARLYLE

James Boswell

(*From essay on* **Boswell's Life of Johnson**)

We have next a word to say of James Boswell. Boswell has already been much commented upon; but rather in the way of censure and vituperation than of true recognition. He was a man that brought himself much before the world; confessed that he eagerly coveted fame, or, if that were not possible, notoriety; of which latter as he gained far more than seemed his due, the public were incited, not only by their natural love of scandal, but by a special ground of envy, to say whatever ill of him could be said. Out of the fifteen millions that then lived, and had bed and board, in the British Islands, this man has provided us a greater *pleasure* than any other individual at whose cost we now enjoy ourselves; perhaps has done us a greater *service* than can be specially attributed to more than two or three: yet, ungrateful that we are, no written or spoken eulogy of James Boswell anywhere exists; his recompense in solid pudding (so far as copyright went) was not excessive; and as for the empty praise, it has altogether been denied him. Men are unwiser than children; they do *not* know the hand that feeds them.

Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the Time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled; not recognizable therefore by every one; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable

enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the Tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakespeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted "CORSICA BOSWELL," round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude: all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. The very look of Boswell seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff-up the smell of coming pleasure, and scent it from afar; in those bag-cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that coarsely protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dewlapped chin; in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough; much that could not have been ornamental in the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotch name *flunky*), though it had been more natural there? The under part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. That Boswell was a hunter after spiritual Notabilities, that he loved such, and longed, and even crept and crawled, to be near them; that he first (in old Touchwood Auchinleck's phraseology) "took on with Paoli"; and then being off with "the Corsican lanlouper," took on with a schoolmaster, "ane that keeped a schule, and ca'd it an academy": that he did all this, and could not help doing it, we account a very singular merit. The man, once for all, had an "open sense," an open loving heart, which so few have: where Excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and (let the old sulphur-brand of a Laird say what he liked)

could not but walk with it, — if not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey; better so than not at all.

If we reflect now that this love of Excellence had not only such an evil *nature* to triumph over; but also what an *education* and social position withstood it and weighed it down, its innate strength, victorious over all these things, may astonish us. Consider what an inward impulse there must have been, how many mountains of impediment hurled aside, before the Scottish Laird could, as humble servant, embrace the knees (the bosom was not permitted him) of the English Dominie! "Your Scottish Laird," says an English naturalist of these days, "may be defined as the hungriest and vainest of all bipeds yet known." Boswell too was a Tory; of quite peculiarly feudal, genealogical, pragmatical temper; had been nurtured in an atmosphere of Heraldry, at the feet of a very Gamaliel in that kind; within bare walls, adorned only with pedigrees; amid serving-men in threadbare livery: all things teaching him, from birth upwards, to remember that a Laird was a Laird. Perhaps there was a special vanity in his very blood: old Auchinleck had, if not the gay, tail-spreading, peacock vanity of his son, no little of the slow-stalking, contentious, hissing vanity of the gander; a still more fatal species. Scottish Advocates will yet tell you how the ancient man, having chanced to be the first sheriff appointed (after the abolition of "hereditary jurisdiction") by royal authority, was wont, in dull-snuffing, pompous tone, to preface many a deliverance from the bench with these words: "I, the first King's Sheriff in Scotland, —"

And now behold the worthy Bozzy, so prepossessed and held back by nature and by art, fly nevertheless like iron to its magnet, whither his better genius called! You may surround the iron and the magnet with what enclosures and encumbrances you please, — with wood, with rubbish, with brass: it matters not, the two fell each other, they struggle

restlessly towards each other, they *will* be together. The iron may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity and "gigmanity;"[1] the magnet an English plebeian, and moving rag-and-dust mountain, coarse, proud, irascible, imperious: nevertheless, behold how they embrace, and inseparably cleave to one another! It is one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of Discipleship (such as brought men from far countries, with rich gifts and prostrate soul, to the feet of the Prophets) had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does), perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart, — James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognizing world.

It has been commonly said, "The man's vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him." Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask yourself: Whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him therein; whether this was the true essence and moving principle of the phenomenon, or not rather its outward vesture, and the accidental environment (and defacement) in which it came to light? The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself?

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[1] Q. "What do you mean by 'respectable'? — A. He always kept a gig." (*Thurtell's Trial.*) — "Thus," it has been said, "does society naturally divide itself into four classes: Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigmen, and Men." [*Carlyle's note.*]

At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated "scholar," dwelling in Temple-lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentle men, the glass of fashion; honor-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; renowned fire-eaters, swordsmen, gownsmen; Quacks and Realities of all hues, — any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself; and sat there, the envy of surrounding lickspittles; pocketing now solid emolument, swallowing now well-cooked viands and wines of rich vintage; in each case, also, shone-on by some glittering reflex of Renown or Notoriety, so as to be the observed of innumerable observers. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtierships were his paid drudgery, or leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted, yet enthusiastic man, doffing his Advocate's-wig, regularly take post, and hurry up to London, for the sake of his Sage chiefly; as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the Sabbath of his whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court, to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour-tempered blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger); and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson.

Mr. Croker says, Johnson was to the last little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honor, as from its fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have

been laughed at than envied: his officious, whisking, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden, but only leaden opinions. His devout Discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean Spanielship, in the general eye. His mighty "constellation," or sun, round whom he, as satellite, observantly gyrated, was, for the mass of men, but a huge ill-snuffed tallow-light, and he a weak night-moth, circling foolishly, dangerously about it, not knowing what he wanted. If he enjoyed Highland dinners and toasts, as henchman to a new sort of chieftain, Henry Erskine, in the domestic "Outer-House," could hand him a shilling "for the sight of his Bear." Doubtless the man was laughed at, and often heard himself laughed at for his Johnsonism. To be envied is the grand and sole aim of vulgar vanity; to be filled with good things is that of sensuality: for Johnson perhaps no man living *envied* poor Bozzy; and of good things (except himself paid for them) there was no vestige in that acquaintanceship. Had nothing other or better than vanity and sensuality been there, Johnson and Boswell had never come together, or had soon and finally separated again.

Robert Burns

(*From* **Heroes and Hero-Worship**: "**The Hero as Man of Letters**")

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity, — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship, — Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshiper. Rousseau had worshipers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful, doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied. "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshipers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital well-being or illbeing to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate? — And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado, — with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Uni-

verse, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed. —

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history, — his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanor there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a plowman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jeweled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea-stamp;" that the celebrity is but the candle-light which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag, — inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body"; worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-

hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone; — solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it!

A Definition of History

(*From essay on* **History**)

Under a limited, and the only practicable shape, History proper, that part of History which treats of remarkable action, has, in all modern as well as ancient times, ranked among the highest arts; and perhaps never stood higher than in these times of ours. For whereas, of old, the charm of History lay chiefly in gratifying our common appetite for the wonderful, for the unknown, and her office was but as that of a Minstrel and Storyteller, she has now farther become a Schoolmistress, and professes to instruct in gratifying. Whether, with the stateliness of that venerable character, she may not have taken up something of its austerity and frigidity; whether, in the logical terseness of a Hume or Robertson, the graceful ease and gay pictorial heartiness of a Herodotus or Froissart may not be wanting, is not the question for us here. Enough that all learners, all inquiring minds of every order, are gathered round her footstool, and reverently pondering her lessons, as the true basis of Wisdom. Poetry, Divinity, Politics, Physics, have each

their adherents and adversaries; each little guild supporting a defensive and offensive war for its own special domain; while the domain of History is as a Free Emporium, where all these belligerents peaceably meet and furnish themselves; and Sentimentalist and Utilitarian, Sceptic and Theologian, with one voice advise us: Examine History, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."

Far be it from us to disparage such teaching, the very attempt at which must be precious. Neither shall we too rigidly inquire: How much it has hitherto profited? Whether most of what little practical wisdom men have, has come from study of professed History, or from other less boasted sources; whereby, as matters now stand, a Marlborough may become great in the world's business, with no History save what he derives from Shakspear's Plays? Nay, whether in that same teaching by Experience, historical Philosophy has yet properly deciphered the first element of all science in this kind: What the aim and significance of that wondrous changeful Life it investigates and paints may be? Whence the course of man's destinies in this Earth originated, and whither they are tending? Or, indeed, if they have any course and tendency, are really guided forward by an unseen mysterious Wisdom, or only circle in blind mazes without recognizable guidance? Which questions, altogether fundamental, one might think, in any Philosophy of History, have, since the era when Monkish Annalists were wont to answer them by the long-ago extinguished light of their Missal and Breviary, been by most philosophical Historians only glanced at dubiously and from afar; by many, not so much as glanced at.

The truth is, two difficulties, never wholly surmountable, lie in the way. Before Philosophy can teach by Experience, the Philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded. Now, overlooking

the former consideration, and with regard only to the latter, let any one who has examined the current of human affairs, and how intricate, perplexed, unfathomable, even when seen into with our own eyes, are their thousandfold blending movements, say whether the true representing of it is easy or impossible. Social Life is the aggregate of all the individual men's Lives who constitute society; *History is the essence of innumerable Biographies.* But if one Biography, nay, our own Biography, study and recapitulate it as we may, remains in so many points unintelligible to us, how much more must these million; the very facts of which, to say nothing of the purport of them, we know not, and cannot know!

CHARLES DICKENS

Preface to "Oliver Twist"

Once upon a time it was held to be a coarse and shocking circumstance, that some of the characters in these pages are chosen from the most criminal and degraded of London's population.

As I saw no reason, when I wrote this book, why the dregs of life (so long as their speech did not offend the ear) should not serve the purpose of a moral, as well as its froth and cream, I made bold to believe that this same Once upon a time would not prove to be All-time or even a long time. I saw many strong reasons for pursuing my course. I had read of thieves by scores; seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horse-flesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, pack of cards or dice-box, and fit companions for the bravest. But I had never met (except in *Hogarth*) with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really

did exist; to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid misery of their lives; to show them as they really were, for ever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great black ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn them where they might; it appeared to me that to do this, would be to attempt a something which was needed, and which would be a service to society. And I did it as I best could.

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What manner of life is that which is described in these pages, as the everyday existence of a Thief? What charms has it for the young and ill-disposed, what allurements for the most jolter-headed of juveniles? Here are no canterings on moonlit heaths, no merrymakings in the snuggest of all possible caverns, none of the attractions of dress, no embroidery, no lace, no jack-boots, no crimson coats and ruffles, none of the dash and freedom with which "the road" has been time out of mind invested. The cold wet shelterless midnight streets of London; the foul and frowsy dens, where vice is closely packed and lacks the room to turn; the haunts of hunger and disease; the shabby rags that scarcely hold together; where are the attractions of these things?

There are people, however, of so refined and delicate a nature, that they cannot bear the contemplation of such horrors. Not that they turn instinctively from crime; but that criminal characters, to suit them, must be, like their meat, in delicate disguise. A Massaroni in green velvet is an enchanting creature; but a Sikes in fustian is insupportable. A Mrs. Massaroni, being a lady in short petticoats and a fancy dress, is a thing to imitate in tableaux and have in lithograph on pretty songs; but a Nancy, being a creature in a cotton gown and cheap shawl, is not

to be thought of. It is wonderful how Virtue turns from dirty stockings; and how Vice, married to ribbons and a little gay attire, changes her name, as wedded ladies do, and becomes Romance.

But as the stern truth, even in the dress of this (in novels) much exalted race, was a part of the purpose of this book, I did not, for these readers, abate one hole in the Dodger's coat, or one scrap of curl-paper in Nancy's dishevelled hair. I had no faith in the delicacy which could not bear to look upon them. I had no desire to make proselytes among such people. I had no respect for their opinion, good or bad; did not covet their approval; and did not write for their amusement.

It has been observed of Nancy that her devotion to the brutal house-breaker does not seem natural. And it has been objected to Sikes in the same breath — with some inconsistency, as I venture to think — that he is surely overdrawn, because in him there would appear to be none of those redeeming traits which are objected to as unnatural in his mistress. Of the latter objection I will merely remark, that I fear there are in the world some insensible and callous natures, that do become utterly and incurably bad. Whether this be so or not, of one thing I am certain: that there are such men as Sikes, who, being closely followed through the same space of time and through the same current of circumstances, would not give, by the action of a moment, the faintest indication of a better nature. Whether every gentler human feeling is dead within such bosoms, or the proper chord to strike has rusted and is hard to find, I do not pretend to know; but that the fact is as I state it, I am sure.

It is useless to discuss whether the conduct and character of the girl seems natural or unnatural, probable or improbable, right or wrong. IT IS TRUE. Every man who has

watched these melancholy shades of life, must know it to be so. From the first introduction of that poor wretch, to her laying her bloodstained head upon the robber's breast, there is not a word exaggerated or overwrought. It is emphatically God's truth, for it is the truth He leaves in such depraved and miserable breasts; the hope yet lingering there; the last fair drop of water at the bottom of the weed-choked well. It involves the best and worst shades of our nature; much of its ugliest hues, and something of its most beautiful; it is a contradiction, an anomaly, an apparent impossibility; but it is a truth. I am glad to have had it doubted, for in that circumstance I should find a sufficient assurance (if I wanted any) that it needed to be told.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty, it was publicly declared in London by an amazing Alderman, that Jacob's Island did not exist, and never had existed. Jacob's Island continues to exist (like an ill-bred place as it is) in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, though improved and much changed.

Mr. Micawber

(*From* **David Copperfield, Chaps. XI, XII**)

The counting-house clock was at half-past twelve, and there was general preparation for going to dinner, when Mr. Quinion tapped at the counting-house window, and beckoned to me to go in. I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung

outside his coat, — for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

"This," said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, "is he."

"This," said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, "is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?"

I said I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life, so I said I was very well, and hoped he was.

"I am," said the stranger, "thank Heaven, quite well. I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied — and is, in short, to be let as a — in short," said the stranger, with a smile, and in a burst of confidence, "as a bedroom — the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to —" and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar.

"This is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

"Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion, "is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger."

"My address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I — in short," said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence — "I live there."

I made him a bow.

"Under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your

peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road — in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself — I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

I thanked him with all my heart, for it was friendly in him to offer to take that trouble.

"At what hour," said Mr. Micawber, "shall I —"

"At about eight," said Mr. Quinion.

"At about eight," said Mr. Micawber. "I beg to wish you good day, Mr. Quinion. I will intrude no longer."

So he put on his hat, and went out with his cane under his arm: very upright, and humming a tune when he was clear of the counting-house.

. . . . . .

Mr. Micawber's difficulties were an addition to the distressed state of my mind. In my forlorn state I became quite attached to the family, and used to walk about, busy with Mrs. Micawber's calculations of ways and means, and heavy with the weight of Mr. Micawber's debts. On a Saturday night, which was my grand treat, — partly because it was a great thing to walk home with six or seven shillings in my pocket, looking into the shops and thinking what such a sum would buy, and partly because I went home early, — Mrs. Micawber would make the most heart-rending confidences to me; also on a Sunday morning, when I mixed the portion of tea or coffee I had bought over-night, in a little shaving-pot, and sat late at my breakfast. It was nothing at all unusual for Mr. Micawber to sob violently at the beginning of one of these Saturday night conversations, and sing about Jack's delight being his lovely Nan,

towards the end of it. I have known him come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail; and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bow-windows to the house, "in case anything turned up," which was his favourite expression. And Mrs. Micawber was just the same.

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"I shall never, Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, "revert to the period when Mr. Micawber was in difficulties, without thinking of you. Your conduct has always been of the most delicate and obliging description. You have never been a lodger. You have been a friend."

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber; "Copperfield," for so he had been accustomed to call me of late, "has a heart to feel for the distresses of his fellow-creatures when they are behind a cloud, and a head to plan, and a hand to — in short, a general ability to dispose of such available property as could be made away with."

I expressed my sense of this commendation, and said I was very sorry we were going to lose one another.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Micawber, "I am older than you; a man of some experience in life, and — and of some experience, in short, in difficulties, generally speaking. At present, and until something turns up (which I am, I may say, hourly expecting), I have nothing to bestow but advice. Still my advice is so far worth taking that — in short, that I have never taken it myself, and am the" — here Mr. Micawber, who had been beaming and smiling, all over his head and face, up to the present moment, checked himself and frowned — "the miserable wretch you behold."

"My dear Micawber!" urged his wife.

"I say," returned Mr. Micawber, quite forgetting himself, and smiling again, "the miserable wretch you behold. My

advice is, never do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Procrastination is the thief of time. Collar him!"

"My poor papa's maxim," Mrs. Micawber observed.

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, "your papa was very well in his way, and Heaven forbid that I should disparage him. Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall — in short, make the acquaintance, probably, of anybody else possessing at his time of life, the same legs for gaiters, and able to read the same description of print, without spectacles. But he applied that maxim to our marriage, my dear; and that was so far prematurely entered into, in consequence, that I never recovered the expense."

Mr. Micawber looked aside at Mrs. Micawber, and added: "Not that I am sorry for it. Quite the contrary, my love." After which he was grave for a minute or so.

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and — in short, you are for ever floored. As I am!"

To make his example the more impressive, Mr. Micawber drank a glass of punch with an air of great enjoyment and satisfaction, and whistled the College Hornpipe.

I did not fail to assure him that I would store these precepts in my mind, though indeed I had no need to do so, for, at the time, they affected me visibly. Next morning I met the whole family at the coach-office, and saw them, with a desolate heart, take their places outside, at the back.

"Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, "God bless you! I never can forget all that, you know, and I never would if I could."

"Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "farewell! Every happiness and prosperity! If, in the progress of revolving years, I could persuade myself that my blighted destiny had been a warning to you, I should feel that I had not occupied another man's place in existence altogether in vain. In case of anything turning up (of which I am rather confident), I shall be extremely happy if it should be in my power to improve your prospects."

Uriah Heep

(*From* **David Copperfield, Chaps. XV, XVI**)

When the pony-chaise stopped at the door, and my eyes were intent upon the house, I saw a cadaverous face appear at a small window on the ground floor (in a little round tower that formed one side of the house), and quickly disappear. The low arched door then opened, and the face came out. It was quite as cadaverous as it had looked in the window, though in the grain of it there was that tinge of red which is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red-haired people. It belonged to a red-haired person — a youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older — whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eye-lashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony: dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neckcloth: buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention, as he stood at the pony's head, rubbing his chin with it, and looking up at us in the chaise.

"Is Mr. Wickfield at home, Uriah Heep?" said my aunt.

"Mr. Wickfield's at home, ma'am," said Uriah Heep,

"if you'll please to walk in there:" pointing with his long hand to the room he meant.

We got out; and leaving him to hold the pony, went into a long low parlour looking towards the street, from the window of which I caught a glimpse, as I went in, of Uriah Heep breathing into the pony's nostrils, and immediately covering them with his hand, as if he were putting some spell upon him.

. . . . . .

As I came back, I saw Uriah Heep shutting up the office; and, feeling friendly towards everybody, went in and spoke to him, and at parting, gave him my hand. But oh, what a clammy hand his was! as ghostly to the touch as to the sight! I rubbed mine afterwards, to warm it, *and to rub his off*.

It was such an uncomfortable hand, that, when I went to my room, it was still cold and wet upon my memory. Leaning out of window, and seeing one of the faces on the beam-ends looking at me sideways, I fancied it was Uriah Heep got up there somehow, and shut him out in a hurry.

. . . . . .

Seeing a light in the little round office, and immediately feeling myself attracted towards Uriah Heep, who had a sort of fascination for me, I went in there instead. I found Uriah reading a great fat book, with such demonstrative attention, that his lank forefinger followed up every line as he read, and made clammy tracks along the page (or so I fully believed) like a snail.

"You are working late to-night, Uriah," says I.

"Yes, Master Copperfield," says Uriah.

As I was getting on the stool opposite, to talk to him more conveniently, I observed that he had not such a thing as a smile about him, and that he could only widen his mouth and make two hard creases down his cheeks, one on each side, to stand for one.

"I am not doing office-work, Master Copperfield," said Uriah.

"What work, then?" I asked.

"I am improving my legal knowledge, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "I am going through Tidd's Practice. Oh, what a writer Mr. Tidd is, Master Copperfield!"

My stool was such a tower of observation, that as I watched him reading on again, after this rapturous exclamation, and following up the lines with his forefinger, I observed that his nostrils, which were thin and pointed, with sharp dints in them, had a singular and most uncomfortable way of expanding and contracting themselves; that they seemed to twinkle instead of his eyes, which hardly ever twinkled at all.

"I suppose you are quite a great lawyer?" I said, after looking at him for some time.

"Me, Master Copperfield?" said Uriah. "Oh, no! I'm a very umble person."

It was no fancy of mine about his hands, I observed; for he frequently ground the palms against each other as if to squeeze them dry and warm, besides often wiping them, in a stealthy way, on his pocket-handkerchief.

"I am well aware that I am the umblest person going," said Uriah Heep, modestly; "let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very umble person. We live in a numble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was umble. He was a sexton."

"What is he now?" I asked.

"He is a partaker of glory at present, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep. "But we have much to be thankful for. How much have I to be thankful for in living with Mr. Wickfield!"

I asked Uriah if he had been with Mr. Wickfield long?

"I have been with him going on four year, Master Copper-

field," said Uriah: shutting up his book, after carefully marking the place where he had left off. "Since a year after my father's death. How much have I to be thankful for, in that! How much have I to be thankful for, in Mr. Wickfield's kind intention to give me my articles, which would otherwise not lay within the umble means of mother and self!"

"Then, when your articled time is over, you'll be a regular lawyer, I suppose?" said I.

"With the blessing of Providence, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah.

"Perhaps you'll be a partner in Mr. Wickfield's business, one of these days," I said, to make myself agreeable; "and it will be Wickfield and Heep, or Heep late Wickfield."

"Oh, no, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah, shaking his head, "I am much too umble for that!"

He certainly did look uncommonly like the carved face on the beam outside my window, as he sat, in his humility, eyeing me sideways, with his mouth widened, and the creases in his cheeks.

"Mr. Wickfield is a most excellent man, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "If you have known him long, you know it, I am sure, much better than I can inform you."

I replied that I was certain he was; but that I had not known him long myself, though he was a friend of my aunt's.

"Oh, indeed, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "Your aunt is a sweet lady, Master Copperfield!"

He had a way of writhing when he wanted to express enthusiasm, which was very ugly; and which diverted my attention from the compliment he had paid my relation, to the snaky twistings of his throat and body.

"A sweet lady, Master Copperfield!" said Uriah Heep. "She has a great admiration for Miss Agnes, Master Copperfield, I believe?"

I said "Yes," boldly; not that I knew anything about it, Heaven forgive me!

"I hope you have, too, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "But I am sure you must have."

"Everybody must have," I returned.

"Oh, thank you, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep, "for that remark! It is so true! Umble as I am, I know it is *so* true! Oh, thank you, Master Copperfield!"

He writhed himself quite off his stool in the excitement of his feelings, and, being off, began to make arrangements for going home.

"Mother will be expecting me," he said, referring to a pale, inexpressive-faced watch in his pocket, "and getting uneasy; for though we are very umble, Master Copperfield, we are much attached to one another. If you would come and see us, any afternoon, and take a cup of tea at our lowly dwelling, mother would be as proud of your company as I should be."

I said I should be glad to come.

"Thank you, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah, putting his book away upon the shelf. — "I suppose you stop here, some time, Master Copperfield?"

I said I was going to be brought up there, I believed, as long as I remained at school.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Uriah. "I should think *you* would come into the business at last, Master Copperfield!"

I protested that I had no views of that sort, and that no such scheme was entertained in my behalf by anybody; but Uriah insisted on blandly replying to all my assurances, "Oh, yes, Master Copperfield, I should think you would, indeed!" and, "Oh, indeed, Master Copperfield, I should think you would, certainly!" over and over again. Being, at last, ready to leave the office for the night, he asked me if it would suit my convenience to have the light put out;

and on my answering "Yes," instantly extinguished it. After shaking hands with me — his hand felt like a fish, in the dark — he opened the door into the street a very little, and crept out, and shut it, leaving me to grope my way back into the house: which cost me some trouble and a fall over his stool. This was the proximate cause, I suppose, of my dreaming about him, for what appeared to me to be half the night.

GEORGE ELIOT

Maggie Behaves Worse than she Expected

(*From* **The Mill on the Floss, Book I, Chap. X**)

The startling object which thus made an epoch for uncle Pullet was no other than little Lucy, with one side of her person, from her small foot to her bonnet-crown, wet and discoloured with mud, holding out two tiny blackened hands, and making a very piteous face. To account for this unprecedented apparition in aunt Pullet's parlour, we must return to the moment when the three children went to play out of doors, and the small demons who had taken possession of Maggie's soul at an early period of the day had returned in all the greater force after a temporary absence. All the disagreeable recollections of the morning were thick upon her, when Tom, whose displeasure towards her had been considerably refreshed by her foolish trick of causing him to upset his cowslip wine, said, "Here, Lucy, you come along with me," and walked off to the area where the toads were, as if there were not Maggie in existence. Seeing this, Maggie lingered at a distance, looking like a small Medusa with her snakes cropped. Lucy was naturally pleased that cousin Tom was so good to her, and it was very amusing to see him tickling a fat toad with a piece of string

when the toad was safe down the area, with an iron grating over him. Still Lucy wished Maggie to enjoy the spectacle also, especially as she would doubtless find a name for the toad; and say what had been his past history; for Lucy had a delighted semi-belief in Maggie's stories about the live things they came upon by accident — how Mrs. Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor. Tom had a profound contempt for this nonsense of Maggie's, smashing the earwig at once as a superfluous yet easy means of proving the entire unreality of such a story; but Lucy, for the life of her, could not help fancying there was something in it, and at all events thought it was very pretty make-believe. So now the desire to know the history of a very portly toad, added to her habitual affectionateness, made her run back to Maggie and say, "Oh, there is such a big, funny toad, Maggie! Do come and see."

Maggie said nothing, but turned away from her with a deeper frown. As long as Tom seemed to prefer Lucy to her, Lucy made part of his unkindness. Maggie would have thought a little while ago that she could never be cross with pretty little Lucy, any more than she could be cruel to a little white mouse; but then, Tom had always been quite indifferent to Lucy before, and it had been left to Maggie to pet and make much of her. As it was, she was actually beginning to think that she should like to make Lucy cry, by slapping or pinching her, especially as it might vex Tom, whom it was of no use to slap, even if she dared, because he didn't mind it. And if Lucy hadn't been there, Maggie was sure he would have got friends with her sooner.

Tickling a fat toad who is not highly sensitive is an amusement that it is possible to exhaust, and Tom by and by began to look round for some other mode of passing the time.

But in so prim a garden, where they were not to go off the paved walks, there was not a great choice of sport. The only great pleasure such a restriction allowed was the pleasure of breaking it, and Tom began to meditate an insurrectionary visit to the pond, about a field's length beyond the garden.

"I say, Lucy," he began, nodding his head up and down with great significance, as he coiled up his string again, "what do you think I mean to do?"

"What, Tom?" said Lucy, with curiosity.

"I mean to go to the pond, and look at the pike. You may go with me if you like," said the young sultan.

"Oh, Tom, *dare* you?" said Lucy. "Aunt said we mustn't go out of the garden."

"Oh, I shall go out at the other end of the garden," said Tom. "Nobody 'ull see us. Besides, I don't care if they do — I'll run off home."

"But I couldn't run," said Lucy, who had never before been exposed to such severe temptation.

"Oh, never mind — they won't be cross with *you*," said Tom. "You say I took you."

Tom walked along, and Lucy trotted by his side, timidly enjoying the rare treat of doing something naughty — excited also by the mention of that celebrity, the pike, about which she was quite uncertain whether it was a fish or a fowl. Maggie saw them leaving the garden, and could not resist the impulse to follow. Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love, and that Tom and Lucy should do or see anything of which she was ignorant would have been an intolerable idea to Maggie. So she kept a few yards behind them, unobserved by Tom, who was presently absorbed in watching for the pike — a highly interesting monster; he was said to be so very old, so very large, and to have such a remarkable appetite. The pike, like other celebrities, did not show when he was watched

for, but Tom caught sight of something in rapid movement in the water, which attracted him to another spot on the brink of the pond.

"Here, Lucy!" he said in a loud whisper, "come here! take care! keep on the grass — don't step where the cows have been!" he added, pointing to a peninsula of dry grass, with trodden mud on each side of it; for Tom's contemptuous conception of a girl included the attribute of being unfit to walk in dirty places.

Lucy came carefully as she was bidden, and bent down to look at what seemed a golden arrow-head darting through the water. It was a water-snake, Tom told her, and Lucy at last could see the serpentine wave of its body, very much wondering that a snake could swim. Maggie had drawn nearer and nearer — she *must* see it too, though it was bitter to her like everything else, since Tom did not care about her seeing it. At last, she was close by Lucy, and Tom, who had been aware of her approach, but would not notice it till he was obliged, turned round and said —

"Now, get away, Maggie. There's no room for you on the grass here. Nobody asked *you* to come."

There were passions at war in Maggie at that moment to have made a tragedy, if tragedies were made by passion only, but the essential τι μέγεθος which was present in the passion was wanting to the action; the utmost Maggie could do, with a fierce thrust of her small brown arm, was to push poor little pink-and-white Lucy into the cow-trodden mud.

Then Tom could not restrain himself, and gave Maggie two smart slaps on the arm as he ran to pick up Lucy, who lay crying helplessly. Maggie retreated to the roots of a tree a few yards off, and looked on impenitently. Usually her repentance came quickly after one rash deed, but now Tom and Lucy had made her so miserable, she was glad to

spoil their happiness — glad to make everybody uncomfortable. Why should she be sorry? Tom was very slow to forgive *her*, however sorry she might have been.

"I shall tell mother, you know, Miss Mag," said Tom, loudly and emphatically, as soon as Lucy was up and ready to walk away. It was not Tom's practice to "tell," but here justice clearly demanded that Maggie should be visited with the utmost punishment: not that Tom had learnt to put his views in that abstract form; he never mentioned "justice," and had no idea that his desire to punish might be called by that fine name. Lucy was too entirely absorbed by the evil that had befallen her — the spoiling of her pretty best clothes, and the discomfort of being wet and dirty — to think much of the cause, which was entirely mysterious to her. She could never have guessed what she had done to make Maggie angry with her; but she felt that Maggie was very unkind and disagreeable, and made no magnanimous entreaties to Tom that he would not "tell," only running along by his side and crying piteously, while Maggie sat on the roots of the tree and looked after them with her small Medusa face.

"Sally," said Tom, when they reached the kitchen door, and Sally looked at them in speechless amaze, with a piece of bread-and-butter in her mouth and a toasting-fork in her hand — "Sally, tell mother it was Maggie pushed Lucy into the mud."

"But Lors ha' massy, how did you get near such mud as that?" said Sally, making a wry face, as she stooped down and examined the *corpus delicti*.

Tom's imagination had not been rapid and capacious enough to include this question among the foreseen consequences, but it was no sooner put than he foresaw whither it tended, and that Maggie would not be considered the only culprit in the case. He walked quietly away from the

kitchen door, leaving Sally to that pleasure of guessing which active minds notoriously prefer to ready-made knowledge.

Sally, as you are aware, lost no time in presenting Lucy at the parlour door, for to have so dirty an object introduced into the house at Garum Firs was too great a weight to be sustained by a single mind.

"Goodness gracious!" aunt Pullet exclaimed, after preluding by an inarticulate scream; "keep her at the door, Sally! Don't bring her off the oilcloth, whatever you do."

"Why she's tumbled into some nasty mud," said Mrs. Tulliver, going up to Lucy to examine into the amount of damage to clothes for which she felt herself responsible to her sister Deane.

"If you please, 'um, it was Miss Maggie as pushed her in," said Sally; "Master Tom's been and said so, and they must ha' been to the pond, for it's only there they could ha' got into such dirt."

"There it is, Bessy; it's what I've been telling you," said Mrs. Pullet, in a tone of prophetic sadness; "it's your children — there's no knowing what they'll come to."

Mrs. Tulliver was mute, feeling herself a truly wretched mother. As usual, the thought pressed upon her that people would think that she had done something wicked to deserve her maternal troubles, while Mrs. Pullet began to give elaborate directions to Sally how to guard the premises from serious injury in the course of removing the dirt. Meantime tea was to be brought in by the cook, and the two naughty children were to have theirs in an ignominous manner in the kitchen. Mrs. Tulliver went out to speak to these naughty children, supposing them to be close at hand; but it was not until after some search that she found Tom leaning with rather a hardened careless air against the white paling of the poultry-yard, and lowering his piece of

string on the other side as a means of exasperating the turkey-cock.

"Tom, you naughty boy, where's your sister?" said Mrs. Tulliver in a distressed voice.

"I don't know," said Tom; his eagerness for justice on Maggie had diminished since he had seen clearly that it could hardly be brought about without the injustice of some blame on his own conduct.

"Why, where did you leave her?" said his mother, looking round.

"Sitting under the tree, against the pond," said Tom, apparently indifferent to everything but the string and the turkey-cock.

"Then go and fetch her in this minute, you naughty boy. And how could you think o' going to the pond, and taking your sister where there was dirt? You know she'll do mischief, if there's mischief to be done."

It was Mrs. Tulliver's way, if she blamed Tom, to refer his misdemeanour, somehow or other, to Maggie.

The idea of Maggie sitting alone by the pond roused an habitual fear in Mrs. Tulliver's mind, and she mounted the horse-block to satisfy herself by a sight of that fatal child, while Tom walked — not very quickly — on his way towards her.

"They're such children for the water, mine are," she said aloud, without reflecting that there was no one to hear her; "they'll be brought in dead and drownded some day. I wish that river was far enough."

But when she not only failed to discern Maggie, but presently saw Tom returning from the pool alone, this hovering fear entered and took complete possession of her, and she hurried to meet him.

"Maggie's nowhere about the pond, mother," said Tom; "she's gone away."

You may conceive the terrified search for Maggie, and the difficulty of convincing her mother that she was not in the pond. Mrs. Pullet observed that the child might come to a worse end if she lived — there was no knowing; and Mr. Pullet, confused and overwhelmed by this revolutionary aspect of things — the tea deferred and the poultry alarmed by the unusual running to and fro — took up his spud as an instrument of search, and reached down a key to unlock the goose-pen, as a likely place for Maggie to lie concealed in.

Tom, after a while, started the idea that Maggie was gone home (without thinking it necessary to state that it was what he should have done himself under the circumstances), and the suggestion was seized as a comfort by his mother.

"Sister, for goodness' sake, let 'em put the horse in the carriage and take me home — we shall perhaps find her on the road. Lucy can't walk in her dirty clothes," she said, looking at that innocent victim, who was wrapped up in a shawl, and sitting with naked feet on the sofa.

Aunt Pullet was quite willing to take the shortest means of restoring her premises to order and quiet, and it was not long before Mrs. Tulliver was in the chaise, looking anxiously at the most distant point before her. What the father would say if Maggie was lost? was a question that predominated over every other.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Mrs. Crawley, the Colonel, and Little Rawdy

(*From* **Vanity Fair, Chap. XXXVII**)

About the little Rawdon, if nothing has been said all this while, it is because he is hidden upstairs in a garret somewhere or has crawled below into the kitchen for com-

panionship. His mother scarcely ever took notice of him. He passed the days with his French *bonne* as long as that domestic remained in Mr. Crawley's family, and when the Frenchwoman went away, the little fellow, howling in the loneliness of the night, had compassion taken on him by the housemaid, who took him out of his solitary nursery into her bed in the garret hard by, and comforted him.

Rebecca, my Lord Steyne, and one or two more were in the drawing-room taking tea after the Opera, when this shouting was heard overhead. "It's my cherub crying for his nurse," she said. She did not offer to move to go and see the child. "Don't agitate your feelings by going to look for him," said Lord Steyne, sardonically. "Bah!" replied the other, with a sort of blush, "he'll cry himself to sleep;" and they fell to talking about the Opera.

Rawdon had stolen off though, to look after his son and heir; and came back to the company when he found that honest Dolly was consoling the child. The Colonel's dressing-room was in those upper regions. He used to see the boy there in private. They had interviews together every morning when he shaved; Rawdon minor sitting on a box by his father's side, and watching the operation with never-ceasing pleasure. He and the sire were great friends. The father would bring him sweetmeats from the dessert, and hide them in a certain old epaulet box, where the child went to see them, and laughed with joy on discovering the treasure; laughed, but not too loud; for mamma was below asleep and must not be disturbed. She did not go to rest till very late, and seldom rose till after noon.

Rawdon bought the boy plenty of picture-books, and crammed his nursery with toys. Its walls were covered with pictures pasted up by the father's own hand, and purchased by him for ready-money. When he was off duty with Mrs. Rawdon in the Park, he would sit up here,

passing hours with the boy; who rode on his chest, who pulled his great mustachios as if they were driving-reins, and spent days with him in indefatigable gambols. The room was a low room, and once, when the child was not five years old, his father, who was tossing him wildly up in his arms, hit the poor little chap's skull so violently against the ceiling that he almost dropped the child, so terrified was he at the disaster. Rawdon minor had made up his face for a tremendous howl — the severity of the blow indeed authorised that indulgence; but just as he was going to begin, the father interposed.

"For God's sake, Rawdy, don't wake mamma," he cried. And the child looking in a very hard and piteous way at his father, bit his lips, clenched his hands, and didn't cry a bit. Rawdon told that story at the clubs, at the mess, to everybody in town. "By Gad, sir," he explained to the public in general, "what a good plucked one that boy of mine is — what a trump he is! I half sent his head through the ceiling, by Gad, and he wouldn't cry for fear of disturbing his mother."

Sometimes — once or twice in a week — that lady visited the upper regions in which the child lived. She came like a vivified figure out of the *Magasin des Modes* — blandly smiling in the most beautiful new clothes and little gloves and boots. Wonderful scarfs, laces, and jewels glittered about her. She had always a new bonnet on, and flowers bloomed perpetually in it; or else magnificent curling ostrich feathers, soft and snowy as camellias. She nodded twice or thrice patronisingly to the little boy, who looked up from his dinner or from the pictures of soldiers he was painting. When she left the room, an odour of rose, or some other magical fragrance, lingered about the nursery. She was an unearthly being in his eyes, superior to his father — to all the world: to be worshipped and admired at a distance.

To drive with that lady in the carriage was an awful rite; he sat up in the back seat, and did not dare to speak; he gazed with all his eyes at the beautifully dressed princess opposite to him. Gentlemen on splendid prancing horses came up, and smiled and talked with her. How her eyes beamed on all of them! Her hand used to quiver and wave gracefully as they passed. When he went out with her he had his new red dress on. His old brown holland was good enough when he stayed at home. Sometimes when she was away, and Dolly his maid was making the bed, he came into his mother's room. It was as the abode of a fairy to him — a mystic chamber of splendour and delights. There in the wardrobe hung those wonderful robes — pink and blue, and many-tinted. There was the jewel-case, silver-clasped; and the wondrous bronze hand on the dressing-table, glistening all over with a hundred rings. There was the cheval-glass, that miracle of art, in which he could just see his own wondering head, and the reflection of Dolly (queerly distorted and as if up in the ceiling), plumping and patting the pillows of the bed. Oh, thou poor lonely little benighted boy! Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children; and here was one who was worshipping a stone!

Now Rawdon Crawley, rascal as the Colonel was, had certain manly tendencies of affection in his heart, and could love a child and a woman still. For Rawdon minor he had a great secret tenderness then, which did not escape Rebecca, though she did not talk about it to her husband. It did not annoy her; she was too good-natured. It only increased her scorn for him. He felt somehow ashamed at this paternal softness, and hid it from his wife — only indulging it when alone with the boy.

He used to take him out of mornings, when they would go to the stables together, and to the Park. Little Lord

Southdown, the best-natured of men, who would make you a present of the hat from his head, and whose main occupation in life was to buy nicknacks that he might give them away afterwards, bought the little chap a pony not much bigger than a large rat, the donor said, and on this little black Shetland pigmy young Rawdon's great father was pleased to mount the boy, and to walk by his side in the Park. It pleased him to see his old quarters, and his old fellow-guardsmen at Knightsbridge: he had begun to think of his bachelorhood with something like regret. The old troopers were glad to recognize their ancient officer, and dandle the little Colonel. Colonel Crawley found dining at mess and with his brother-officers very pleasant. "Hang it, I ain't clever enough for her — I know it. She won't miss me," he used to say; and he was right, his wife did not miss him.

Rebecca was fond of her husband. She was always perfectly good-humored and kind to him. She did not even show her scorn much for him; perhaps she liked him the better for being a fool. He was her upper servant and *maitre d'hotel*. He went on her errands; obeyed her orders without question; drove in the carriage in the ring with her without repining; took her to the Opera-box; solaced himself at his club during the performance, and came punctually back to fetch her when due. He would have liked her to be a little fonder of the boy; but even to that he reconciled himself. "Hang it, you know, she's so clever," he said, "and I'm not literary and that, you know." For, as we have said before, it requires no great wisdom to be able to win at cards and billiards, and Rawdon made no pretensions to any other sort of skill.

Washington Irving

(*From* **Roundabout Papers**: "**Nil Nisi Bonum**")

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them. Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.[1] Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their work. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men.

One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriae* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own?

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[1] Washington Irving died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died December 28, 1859. [Thackeray's note.]

His books are read by millions[1] of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame national rancours, which, at the time that he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, short-comings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior.

There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with re-

[1] See his *Life* in the most remarkable *Dictionary of Authors*, published lately at Philadelphia, by Mr. Allibone. [Thackeray's note.]

spect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinion of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,[1] and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.[2] I had seen many pictures of his house, and read

[1] At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Fillmore and General Pierce, the President and President Elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humoured smile. [Thackeray's note.]

[2] Mr. Irving described to me, with that humour and good humour which he always kept, how, amongst other visitors, a member of the British press who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country) came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of dozing afterwards, in a New York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing, "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation whilst the other miscreant took my portrait!" [Thackeray's note.]

descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died, and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told — I saw two of these ladies at his house — with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these

last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful, one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life; — I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

The Method of Scientific Investigation

(*From* **Darwiniana**: **"The Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature," III**)

The method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are

reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called natural laws, and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust, that you will take com-

fort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple, — you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it is sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is

what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms, — its major premiss, its minor premiss, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special particular case.

Well now, suppose, having got your conclusion of the law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend: you will say to him, "It is a very curious thing, — but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?" You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so." Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, "I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are, — that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at, — that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has

been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing; — the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature — that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

So much, then, by way of proof that the method of establishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question), and that is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the position of causes towards the others.

I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example.

I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning to the parlor of your house, finds that a tea-pot and some spoons which had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone, — the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of a hob-nailed shoe on the gravel outside. All these phenomena have struck your attention instantly, and before two seconds have passed you say, "Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room, and run off with the spoons and the tea-pot!" That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. And you will probably add, "I know there has; I am quite sure of it!" You mean to say exactly what you know; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an hypothesis. You do not *know* it at all; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in your own mind. And it is an hypothesis founded on a long train of inductions and deductions.

What are those inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed in the first place, that the window is open, but by a train of reasoning involving many inductions and deductions, you have probably arrived long before at the general law — and a very good one it is — that windows do not open of themselves; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have arrived at in the same way is, that tea-pots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window-sill, and the shoe-marks outside, and you say that in all previous experience the former kind of a mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being; and the same experience shows that no other

animal but man at present wears shoes with hob-nails in them such as would produce the marks in the gravel. I do not know, even if we could discover any of those "missing links" that are talked about, that they would help us to any other conclusion! At any rate the law which states our present experience is strong enough for my present purpose.

You next reach the conclusion that, as these kind of marks have not been left by any other animal than man, or are liable to be formed in any other way than a man's hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law, founded on observation and experience, and that, too, is, I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one, — that some men are thieves; and you assume at once from all these premisses — and that is what constitutes your hypothesis — that the man who made the marks outside and on the window-sill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your tea-pot and spoons. You have now arrived at a *vera causa;* — you have assumed a cause which, it is plain, is competent to produce all the phenomena you have observed. You can explain all these phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have no absolute proof at all; it is only rendered highly probable by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings.

I suppose your first action, assuming that you are a man of ordinary common sense, and that you have established this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property. But just as you are starting with this object, some person comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How

do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons? It might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterwards." You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is contrary to all experience of the way tea-pots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of the good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you could not possibly have known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of Nature are not suspended during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one of which you cannot at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of Nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has you somewhat at a disadvantage. You will feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and the marks correspond to his hand and to his boots. Probably any jury would consider those facts a very good experimental verification of your

hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyse it carefully. All the operations I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a conclusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavouring to discover the origin and laws of the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be, the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace in their endeavours to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense, would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may be of little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but, in a scientific inquiry, a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous if not fatal results.

Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion, that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and

often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses, and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese: that is an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own earth is made up: and that is also only an hypothesis.

But I need not tell you that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty random guess is likely to have but little value. Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks, naturally enough, what process, what kind of operation known to occur in Nature applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis had been tested and verified. It is in these matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life: the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every possible kind of verification.

JOHN RUSKIN

On Some Lines of "Lycidas"

(*From* **Sesame and Lilies**)

You can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all; no English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas.

"Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.'"

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred?" "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too — is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" quite honestly.

Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three;

specially those three, and no more than those — "creep," and "intrude," and "climb;" no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "*creep*" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

Now go on: —

> "Of other care they little reckoning make,
> Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast.
> *Blind mouths* — "

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church — those of bishop and pastor.

A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed, — to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock.

The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out? — Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop, — he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street. What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces — you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said?"

"But that's not our idea of a bishop." Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading

either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

"But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit;" born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body.

We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath — the word which *he* calls spiritual, — is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore

His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work: — these are the true fog children — clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with — corrupt, and corrupting, — "Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and, of all who do so, it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight, — shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for

every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading;" watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus I thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance; — that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon: — in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matter; [1] — no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

A Definition of Culture

(*From* **Culture and Anarchy: Chap. I, "Sweetness and Light"**)

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself

[1] Modern "Education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them. [Ruskin's note.]

on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted in this; that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity, — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, — which is,

in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term curiosity stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, — motives eminently such as are called social, — come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and preëminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also for the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Estimate of Emerson

(*From* **Discourses in America**: "**Emerson**")

Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, — subtle, sweet, mournful! I seem to hear him still. Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings of a generation which had well-nigh forgotten them?

But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with

true, pathetic eloquence. A greater voice still, — the greatest voice of the century, — came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. The large, liberal view of human life in *Wilhelm Meister*, how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic, — a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in that distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and of Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves as imperishably in my mind as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the

genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of like strain, I have never lost out of my memory; I never *can* lose them.

. . . . . .

We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes, but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematise them would be less impressive then Emerson. They do very well as they now stand; like "boulders," as he says; in "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory.

. . . . . .

Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope; — that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness, — by this conviction and hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Very many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.[1] These

[1] I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the sole survivor, alas! of the famous literary generation of Boston, — Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus: —

"Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
Does he, the Buddha of the West belong?
He seems a wingèd Franklin, sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secret of the skies;
And which the nobler calling — if 'tis fair
Terrestrial with celestial to compare —
To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came
Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre?"

[Arnold's note.]

two are, I think, the most distinctively and honourably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable.

Shakespeare

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. — Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Memorial Verses

April, 1850

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to come;
The last poetic voice is dumb —
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw

Of passion with eternal law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life —
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth! — Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us — and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen — on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;

He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear —
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly —
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Requiescat

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

The Fall of Sohrab

(*From* **Sohrab and Rustum**)

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has towered in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash: the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield: an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in wintertime
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck

One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leaped from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand.
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —
"Thou strikest too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou sayst thou art not Rustum: be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too —
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"
He ceased: but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage: his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soiled

His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage: at last these words broke way: —
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor: try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes

And laboring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horse-hair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry; —
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, *Rustum!* — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed: back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair —
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began: —

"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."
And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied: —
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm —
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insultest my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear!
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

Dover Beach

The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; — on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Geist's Grave

Four years! — and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things —

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould —
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four! — and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart —
Would fix our favourite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that — thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road; —
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thy self, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say:

People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ulysses on Old Age

(*From* **Ulysses**)

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me, —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

(*From* **In Memoriam**)

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead

(*From* **The Princess**)

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Geraint's Strange Petition

(*From* **Idylls of the King**: "**The Marriage of Geraint**")

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint
Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd
For Enid, and when Yniol made report
Of that good mother making Enid gay
In such apparel as might well beseem
His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,
He answer'd: "Earl, entreat her by my love,

Albeit I give no reason for my wish,
That she ride with me in her faded silk."
Yniol with that hard message went; it fell
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn:
For Enid, all abash'd she knew not why,
Dare not to glance at her good mother's face,
But silently, in all obedience,
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,
Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,
And robed them in her ancient suit again,
And so descended. Never man rejoiced
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;
And glancing all at once as keenly at her
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied;
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said:

"O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved
At thy new son, for my petition to her.
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,
Made promise that, whatever bride I brought,
Herself would clothe her like the sun in heaven.
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall,
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
I vow'd that, could I gain her, our fair Queen,
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst
Sunlike from cloud — and likewise thought perhaps,
That service done so graciously would bind
The two together; fain I would the two
Should love each other: how can Enid find
A nobler friend? Another thought was mine:
I came among you here so suddenly
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,

I doubted whether daughter's tenderness,
Or easy nature, might not let itself
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal;
Or whether some false sense in her own self
Of my contrasting brightness overbore
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall;
And such a sense might make her long for court
And all its perilous glories: and I thought,
That could I someway prove such force in her
Link'd with such love for me that at a word,
No reason given her, she could cast aside
A splendor dear to women, new to her,
And therefore dearer; or if not so new,
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power
Of intermitted usage; then I felt
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,
A prophet certain of my prophecy,
That never shadow of mistrust can cross
Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts;
And for my strange petition I will make
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,
Who knows? another gift of the high God,
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks."

He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears,
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,
And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Gareth's Combat with the Noonday Sun

(*From* **Idylls of the King**: "**Gareth and Lynette**")

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,
Huge on a high red horse, and all in mail
Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun

Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower
That blows a globe of after arrowlets
Ten-thousand-fold had grown, flash'd the fierce shield,
All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
Before them when he turn'd from watching him.
He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd,
"What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?"
And she athwart the shallow shrill'd again,
"Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms."
"Ugh!" cried the Sun, and, vizoring up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,
Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford,
Whom Gareth met mid-stream; no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill; four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
So drew him home; but he that fought no more,
As being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
"Myself when I return will plead for thee.
Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"
"Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
His horse thereon stumbled — ay, for I saw it.

"'O sun' — not this strong fool whom thou, Sir Knave,
Hast overthrown thro' mere unhappiness —
'O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of love-song or of love?
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou were nobly born,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance, —

"'O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike,
To garnish meats with? hath not our good King
Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchendom,
A foolish love for flowers? what stick ye round
The pasty? wherewithal deck the boar's head?
Flowers? nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.

"'O birds that warble to the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,
Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth
May-music growing with the growing light,
Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare —
So runs thy fancy — these be for the spit,
Larding and basting. See thou have not now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and fly."

The Revenge

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God, I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below:
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame:

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife:
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava

October 25, 1854

I

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley — and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he call'd, "Left wheel into line!" and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he looked at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die —
"Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,

Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made —
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunder-bolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud, —
O, mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
"Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!"

IV

"Lost one and all" were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like victors and lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay —
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew

The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray —
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foemen surged, and waver'd and reel'd,
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

V

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

The Throstle

"Summer is coming, summer is coming!
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ROBERT BROWNING

Song from Pippa Passes

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.

We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Incident of the French Camp

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

My Last Duchess

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,

The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, — good! but thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Rabbi Ben Ezra

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!

Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks, —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what thou shalt do"?

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god, though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:

Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
A whisper from the west
Shoots — "Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;

All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I — to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Epilogue to Asolando

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned —
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so, —
— Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
— Being — who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, — fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

El Dorado [1]

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough foot-way where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure.

[1] From *Virginibus Puerisque*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience — would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the Decline and Fall, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have

new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study forever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a

variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

NOTES

These notes are intended to assist the student to such information only as is necessary to understanding the texts, and cannot readily be obtained by the student himself. Dates of composition and biographical details are not given, as a rule, because access to some history of literature is assumed. If no such history is in the student's hands, one or more of the standard works should be available for reference. Perhaps the best one-volume work is that by Saintsbury (Longmans). An excellent book for the field indicated by its title is Hinchman and Gummere's *Lives of Great English Writers* (Houghton). Larger works of great value, accessible in most public libraries, are the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan, 70 vols.); Garnett and Gosse's *Illustrated History of English Literature* (Macmillan, 4 vols.); the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (Putnams, 14 vols.).

Words are not explained here if satisfactory definitions are to be found easily in such dictionaries as Webster's *Secondary School Dictionary* (American Book Co.), the *Desk Standard* (Funk and Wagnalls), or the *Concise Oxford.*

Note on Variations in Spelling. In the texts the editor has aimed to follow the spelling of the particular authors; in commenting on passages in these notes he uses the spellings that in his opinion have the sanction of the best usage to-day. This, while it seems a sound method to the editor, gives rise to some apparent inconsistencies. It is well known that British usage favors the form *-our* for many words in which American usage favors *-or;* and it does not seem necessary to normalize to the extent of changing either set of forms here. In the writing of proper names the difference is even more noticeable. Ben Jonson, for example, appears to have written "Shakespeare" (see page 92); Coleridge, "Shakspeare" (page 247); Carlyle, "Shakspear" (page 342). The editor, following Kittredge, Wendell, Dowden, and the New Shakspere Society prefers "Shakspere." Tennyson writes *gray* in one poem and *grey* in another; *fixed* in one, *fixt* in another. Gray writes *even* in one line in the Elegy, *ev'n* in another. Throughout the volume effort has been made to reproduce faithfully the exact language of the authors.

Beowulf. — A brief account of this anonymous Anglo-Saxon hero-poem should be read in some history of English literature. Professor Gummere in his translation has used the old rhyme-scheme, in which the two half-lines were united by alliteration (initial rhyme). Note *spake . . . said, jewel . . . enjoy . . . jocund, Beowulf . . . battle-weeds;* in line 14 the alliteration is of vowels — *every . . . earl . . . other* — any vowel alliterating with itself or with any other vowel.

In the first selection Wealhtheow, wife of Hrothgar (line 22), king of the Danes, presents a jewel to Beowulf with a speech of gratitude to him for slaying the monster Grendel. 3. *battle-weeds* translates the Anglo-Saxon for "armor." Professor Gummere's word gives the alliteration, and is a compound of the kind favored by the old poets. Cf. *bench-boards* (25), *beer-carouser* (26); in the second selection *sword-hungry* (7), *bandy-of-battle* (29), *bone-rings* (37) — every one of which is a close rendering of a compound in the original. Anglo-Saxon had not such a stock of synonyms from various sources as Modern English has, and it made up for the lack by compounding freely. 5. *striplings*, the young Danes who were present. 16. *thanes*, nobles. 19. *Wyrd*, fate. 27. Literally, "ready to go [to death], and doomed." *Beer-carouser* is used with no thought of condemnation. The warrior so designated, Æschere, is elsewhere referred to as Hrothgar's chief councilor. 30. *athel-ing*, noble. 36. *sovran*, old — and etymologically more correct — spelling of "sovereign." It is a word worth investigation by the student.

The Fight. — During the night, after Wealhtheow's presentation of the jewel, the mother of Grendel came to the hall Heorot (see line 58), and made off with Æschere. Beowulf volunteered to seek vengeance upon her in her home beneath the water. 1. Beowulf's nation are called Geats, War-Geats, Sea-Geats, *Weder-Geats*, and sometimes Weders. The significance of this last term is unknown. 8. *guest* in the earlier days was used of a hostile, as well as of a friendly, visitor. It is a cognate of the Latin *hostis*, an enemy or stranger. 13. *sark*, a good Anglo-Saxon word, survives in modern Scotch. See Burns's *Tam O' Shanter*, line 150. 15. *hent*, seized. 16. *bairn*, her son Grendel. 20. *Ecgtheow's son*, Beowulf. *cg* is pronounced like *dg* in modern "edge." 23. *holy God*. The allusions to Christianity are due to a working-over of the poem in England. The original form of the story was purely pagan.

28. *Eotens*, giants, or monsters. No ordinary sword could defeat them because all such were under a spell, or "conjured." 33. The Danes were sometimes called *Scyldings*, because the ruling dynasty was descended from Scyld (pronounce "Shild"). 37. *bone-rings*, neck. 42. *heaven's candle* is a favorite metaphor in our older poetry for "sun." 44. *Hygelac* was king of the Geats. 58. *Heorot*, the name of Hrothgar's hall, means "hart" or "stag." The hall was so named "from decorations in the gables that resembled the antlers of a deer." (Gummere.)

Cædmon. — *The Paraphrase* derives its chief interest for modern readers from certain resemblances between it and *Paradise Lost*. In the opinion of some scholars, it is "not impossible" that Milton knew the old poem; in the opinion of others, it is "unlikely."

Cynewulf is the greatest single name in Anglo-Saxon Christian poetry, though probably much verse has been wrongly attributed to him. The second passage given in the text is of interest because of the rare internal rhyme of lines 6–10, retained in the translation.

Beda wrote his history in Latin, and it was translated by Alfred the Great or under his supervision. 2. *Ceolwulf* was king of Northumbria from 729 to 737. His chief claim to remembrance, says the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is that Beda dedicated this history to him.

Coming of the Angles. — 2. *Martianus* was emperor of Rome; Britain was at the time a Roman province. 5. *the aforesaid king* was the legendary Vortigern. 9. *the foe* were the Picts. 25. The *Old Saxons* lived in what is now Holstein. 29. *Angulus*, modern Schleswig. 51. *Chaldees . . . burned . . . Jerusalem;* see 2 *Kings*, XXV, 9–10.

Alfred the Great. — This *Preface* was a sort of circular letter sent to all bishops. Of all the manuscripts extant, only the one here followed has inserted the name of the bishop for whom it was intended. 16. *on this side of the Humber*, the south side, where Alfred had authority. 30. *very few of the virtues;* the old English might also mean "very few [loved] the virtues." 59. *ye*, all the bishops. 73. The title of Gregory's book is *Cura Pastoralis*. 81. A *mancus* had a value of about sixty cents; each clasp was worth, then, about thirty dollars. 83. *minster*, cathedral.

The Chronicle. — It is scarcely worth while to identify the persons and places mentioned in these selections from the *Chronicle.* The entries given will show how entirely without method the earlier chronicles were. The monasteries kept these records; and for any year the events recorded are merely those that happened to stick in the memory of the monk assigned to the task. To the *Chronicle,* however, all historians of England are greatly indebted.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight is one of the finest Middle English romances, most of which, including *Sir Gawain,* are anonymous. In the portion of the romance preceding our first selection a nameless huge knight, clad all in green, had come to Arthur's court on New Year's Day, and challenged any knight of the Round Table to give him a blow, and to promise a year later to seek the Green Knight and take a similar blow in return. Gawain accepts the challenge; and in the paragraph given Gawain is armed preparatory to setting out in search of his adversary. 10. *byrnie,* coat of mail. 16. *bawdrick,* spelled also "baldric," a belt or sash.

Gawain Keeps his Pledge. — The blow which the Green Knight took from Gawain at Arthur's court severed his head. The Green Knight then seized the head in his hand, mounted his horse; and urging Gawain to keep the appointment a year later, he rode away. Such marvelous incidents are common in the medieval romances; but ordinary mortals did not possess such powers, as is indicated when Gawain says (line 35): "If *my* head fall on the stones I cannot replace it." It may be noted that the Gawain of Tennyson's *Idylls* is a very different character from the Gawain of the medieval verse romances. In the latter he is one of the finest figures; the soul of courtesy, bravery, and honor.

Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History,* though accepted as true throughout the Middle Ages, is now understood to be in large measure fiction. Subsequent literature is largely indebted to Geoffrey for preserving many legends of Arthur, which have furnished inspiration for many poets.

2. *Legions* is the name given by the Romans to Caerleon upon Usk, in southern Wales, the seat of Arthur's court. 24. *Caliburn,* called by Tennyson "Excalibur," following the Celtic and French forms rather than the Latin. 25. *Avallon,* the "Land of the Blessed" in Celtic mythology, has been by some identified with Glastonbury in Somersetshire, Arthur's burial place. 53. *with his*

Caliburn alone. "Long time ago," or "Once upon a time," it was common for heroes to perform such deeds. 56. *Colgrin, Bardulph,* and *Cheldric* were the Saxon leaders.

Wiclif. — The passage from Wiclif (*Matthew* V, 1–12) is given in the original so that, the modern version being easily accessible, the student may get some idea of the language and manner of writing of the time. It should be compared with Tyndale's version (page 68), as well as with the King James and the American Revised versions. The symbol ȝ in this passage stands sometimes for *gh,* sometimes for *y.*

Langland. — A brief account of the *Vision* should be read in a history of English literature or an encyclopedia. The first 34 and the last 14 lines of the *Prologue* are given. 12. *wist,* knew. 42. "*God save you, Dame Emma.*" Probably a popular song of the day. Langland's use of the old alliterative rhyme (see *Beowulf* and notes) may be seen in many lines of the translation.

Mandeville's *Travels,* like Geoffrey's *History,* found general acceptance in the Middle Ages, though its extravagance is very manifest to-day. The "Christian" empire of *Prester John* was supposed to be somewhere in the interior of Asia. 5. *scripture,* writing. 12. *barrettes,* frauds. *cautels,* craftinesses. 20. *in no manner season,* at no time of year. 22. *navy,* ship. 27. *to man's meat,* for man's food. 28. *journeys,* days' travel. 33. *flome,* river. 44. *of faerie,* from fairyland.

Chaucer. — Since a translation into Modern English accompanies the original, these notes do not usually give meanings of individual words. Where the Middle English is idiomatic, and therefore does not admit of literal translation, the idiom is explained.

Suggestions for reading Chaucer. — As in Latin, every word has as many syllables as it has vowels and diphthongs, except when final *e* is elided before a following vowel. For example, *sote* (line 1) and *swete* (5) are two syllables each: *Aprille* (1) is three syllables; but *droghte* (2) is only one syllable, as is *veyne* (3).

a long (*Aprille,* 1; *bathed,* 3) is sounded as in modern *father.*

a short (*whan, that,* 1), the same sound less prolonged.

e long, also *ee* (*eek, swete,* 5) like *a* in *ate.*

e short (*hem,* 11) as in *get.*

i (or *y*) long (*Aprille,* 1; *melodye,* 9) as in *machine.*

i (or *y*) short (*with*, 1; *y-ronne*, 8) as in *in*.
o long, also *oo* (*sote*, 1; *goon*, 12) as in *vote*.
o short (*on*, 12) as in modern *on*.
u long (*nature*, 11) as in French *nature*, or German *grün*.
u short (*ful*, 22; *but*, 35) as in *full*, never as in modern *but*.
ai, *ay*, *ei*, *ey* (*veyne*, 3; *lay*, 20) as in *eight*.
au, *aw* (*straunge*, 13) like *ow* in *cow*.
ou, *ow* (*shoures*, 1; *yow*, 38) as in *you*.

All consonants are sounded. The only variations from modern English are *ch*, always as in *which;* and *h* (medial) and *gh*, like *ch* in German *nicht*.

Prologue. — 1. *Whan that.* As late as Shakspere's time "that" is often used after other conjunctions where the present idiom regards it as superfluous. Cf. lines 18, 41, 68, 149, etc. *his* is the possessive form of the neuter as well as the masculine pronoun regularly in English until the beginning of the seventeenth century. 5. *Zephirus*, the south wind. 7. The sun is called "young" in April because in Chaucer's time the year began with the vernal equinox. The adoption of January as the first month dates from the eighteenth century. 8. *Ram* (Aries) is the sign of the zodiac extending from about the middle of March to the middle of April. April covered half of the Ram and half of the Bull (Taurus). *y-ronne*. *y* is the sign of the past participle, found in Anglo-Saxon and modern German as *ge*. 9. *fowl* for "bird" is the Anglo-Saxon *fugol*, same as German *vogel*. 11. *hem* and *hir* are the old forms of "them" and "their." 15. The old *shire* is found in the names of counties in many states as well as in England — *e.g.*, *Hampshire*, *Wiltshire*. 17. *martir*, Thomas à Becket, murdered in Canterbury Cathedral. *for to seke*. The use of "for" with the infinitive is regular until the seventeenth century. Cf. the King James (or Authorized) Version of the Bible, *Matthew* XI, 8: "What went ye out for to see?" *seke* in this line is not, of course, the same word as *seke* in the next, though they are spelled the same in Middle English.

19. *Bifel*. Omission of impersonal subject will be found frequently. 20. A *tabard* was a sort of vest, or sleeveless coat. The inn was named from its sign, which contained such a coat. *Southwark*, on the south side of the Thames, is now a part of London. 29. *atte*, a common contraction of "at the." 33. The subject of *made* is "we," supplied (as the modern English idiom does not allow) from *our* in the next line.

42. A *Prioress* was head of a priory, ranking next to an Abbess. 44. As *Saint Loy*, or Eligius, was reputed not to swear at all, an oath by him was no oath at all. Swearing was so general in earlier times that even the failure of an eminently religious woman to do so was cause for remark. 48–50. These lines are no reflection on the Prioress's French. They mean merely that she had not the Parisian *accent*. 51 ff. The account of her table manners agrees with the rules of conduct set down in many books of the time, and is meant to indicate that her manners were good. It should be recalled that forks had not then been invented. 51. *with-alle* has no modern equivalent and does not need to be translated. "Withal" is a word very much overworked to-day, especially by students. 58. *ferthing;* literally, a "fourth" part (cf. "farthing," a fourth of an English penny, equivalent to half a cent). 70. *of smale houndes* is the French idiom. 73. *men*, one, any one. Same as German *man* and French *on*. 76. *eyen*, a survival of the Anglo-Saxon "weak" declension, which formed the plural in *-an*. The only modern survivals of it are "oxen" and the poetic "kine." "Children" and "brethren" are irregular formations. 83. "A pair of beads," *i.e.*, a rosary. After each ten beads of one material (here coral) there is a larger bead of different material or color, called a "gaud." 86. *Amor* (love), in the Prioress's vocabulary, was the sort mentioned in 1 *Corinthians* XIII ("charity" in the King James version is an inaccurate translation). 95. *him was lever;* literally, it was more pleasing to him. *lever* is the comparative of "leef," which survives in modern colloquial usage as "leave"—"I'd as leave go." 99. In medieval times "philosopher" meant "alchemist" as well as student of philosophy. The next line is a sly thrust at the alchemists, who sought to turn base metals into gold.

111. *for the nones;* literally, for that one time. The phrase is seldom used in its literal sense, and is indeed often best not translated. 117–8. These lines are a good instance of the poet's keen observation, as well as of his humorous mixture of incongruous things. *as it thoughte me;* an impersonal construction similar to the "methinks" occasionally heard to-day.

121. *Persoun* is modern "parson." 135. *ne . . . nat . . . ne;* a good example of the double negative, which was correct in the old language, but is forbidden by modern grammar. 137. *ferrest*, if still preserved, would be "farrest." 166. *for the nones*. Cf. the translation, and the note on line 111; also the translation of line 172.

175. The prize in such contests was usually a *ram*. Notice that Chaucer gives most space here to a description of the Miller's appearance. Contrast with the Clerk, where four lines are deemed sufficient. 181–3. Cf. line 118, and note. 184. The change of position of letters — *nosethirles* to "nostrils," called "metathesis," occurs in a number of English words. Chaucer's *brid* thus becomes "bird," his *crulle* becomes "curly." 189. The milling of grain was done on shares, and this miller managed to get his share three times. 190. Millers tested the grain with their thumbs; hence, one who did it well, and thus increased his profits, might be said to have a golden thumb. It may be, however, that Chaucer has in mind the proverb, "An honest miller has a thumb of gold"; in which case, since no miller has a thumb of gold, he is saying that there are no honest millers. *pardee*, from French *par dieu*, literally, "by God," but in Chaucer's time hardly more than an emphatic bit of slang.

194. A *Pardoner* had a license, sometimes forged, to sell pardons and indulgences. A full and most interesting account of them is found in Ambassador Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life*, pp. 308–337. 195. *Rouncival*, a hospital in London. 196. *court of Rome*, the Pope's. Court is used in the same sense as when we speak of a secular ruler's (king's or emperor's) court. 197. "*Com hider*," probably a popular song of the day. Cf. Langland, line 42, and note. 207. *him thoughte*. See note on line 117. 209. *eyen*. Cf. line 76, and note. 210. *vernicle*, a copy of the handkerchief in St. Peter's Cathedral upon which a picture of Christ was said to have been miraculously imprinted. According to the legend, St. Veronica wiped Christ's face with it on the way to Calvary. 216. Berwick and Ware are far apart. *fro Berwick unto Ware* means "from one end of England to the other." 219. *lady*. This word, in Middle English as in Anglo-Saxon, had no *-s* in the genitive. "Lady Day" (see dictionary) is a modern survival of the idiom. 228. *than that*. Cf. note on *whan that*, line 1. 231. *atte laste*. Cf. line 29, and note. 232. This line means that he performed well his part of the church service; particularly as indicated by the two lines following, though we learn that he was also a good preacher. 234. *alderbest*, best of all. *alder* is for *aller* (cf. line 321 below), genitive plural of *al*, all.

243. The Bell was another inn named from its sign. 249. *our hoste;* his name is given elsewhere as Harry Bailly. The picture of him in these closing lines of the Prologue is one of Chaucer's best,

and is more fully drawn in several links connecting the tales. 250. *for to.* Cf. note on line 17. *han*, contraction of *haven*, have. *marshal in a hall*, director of banquets. 252. *Chepe*, Cheapside, a district of London. 258. The host saw that the bills were paid before he became friendly with the company. 266. He also assumed that money was a first consideration with others.

271. *confort.* The change of *n* to *m* in modern English, called "partial assimilation," is for ease in pronunciation. 275. *if yow liketh;* another impersonal construction like those in lines 207 and 117. 282. *seche* is the form used in the Southern dialect, as *seke* (line 17) is that used in the Northern. A similar difference is seen in place-names derived from Latin *castra*, which became Lan*caster* in the North, but Win*chester* in the South. Chaucer wrote in the Midland dialect, which was naturally a sort of compromise; and he used besides forms taken from both geographical extremes. 298. Harry Bailly's eye for business is again evident. If the prize-winner is to have a supper at the expense of the rest, doubtless the rest will eat with him; and Harry uses very specific language to make sure that the feast will be at the Tabard.

321. *was our aller cok*, was cock of us all; *i.e.*, roused us, as the cock rouses people by crowing. 324. *the watering of Saint Thomas*, a place to water horses, was a few miles on the road to Canterbury. 328. "If evening song and morning song agree"; that is, if your decision this morning agrees with that of last night. 333. *ferrer.* Cf. note on line 137. 337. *neer* is comparative of "nigh"; "next" is the old superlative. Modern English has taken the old comparative for the positive, and on that has formed a regular comparative and superlative.

The Pardoner's Tale. — This tale forms the greater part of a sermon on the Pardoner's favorite text — *Radix malorum est cupiditas* (1 *Timothy* VI, 10 — "Avarice is the root of evils"). Nearly 200 lines omitted here (coming between our lines 14 and 15) give numerous examples from Biblical and secular history to show the evils resulting from "wine and drunkenness." The sermon has a prologue of 134 lines in which the Pardoner explains in detail to the Pilgrims his manner of preaching. He is for once in his life very honest, and shows that in the pulpit he attacks the very vice he uses — avarice. The Pardoner, portrayed in the general prologue, in the prologue to his own story, in the story itself, and in a dialogue with the host following it, is one of Chaucer's best-drawn

figures, and is wholly true to fact. Most pardoners were rascals of the worst kind, against whom the Pope's orders and the efforts of bishops were for a long time powerless.

12. Swearing by God's (that is, Christ's) eyes, nails, head, etc., was formerly common. The modern "zounds," still occasionally heard, is the only survival of this practice. It means "by God's wounds." Line 13 refers to the Crucifixion. 15. *three.* When the Pardoner, after a long digression on "wine and drunkenness," returns to his tale, it occurs to him that he can be more effective with a limited number of "rioters," instead of the indefinite "company" with which he began. 17. *for to drinke.* See note on *Prologue*, 17. 19. Note that the pronoun subject of the verb is omitted, an idiom often found as late as Shakspere. Modern English permits the omission only of the object pronoun. 20. *gan callen;* merely the past tense. If he had meant "began to call," he would have written "bigan to."

26. *pardee.* See note on Prologue, 190. 32. *mo* is not a cut form of "more." It is derived from Anglo-Saxon *ma*, while "more" is from *mara*, though both Anglo-Saxon words mean the same. "mo" and "more" are distinguished as late as Shakspere; the former is equivalent to our "more" (cf. *Macbeth*, 5. 3. 35: "Send out mo horses"), the latter to our "greater" (cf. *Macbeth*, 1. 7. 50):

> "then you were a man;
> And, to be *more* than what you were, you would
> Be so much more the man."

33. *this pestilence* is an allusion to the great plague that swept over England in the latter part of the fourteenth century. 46. *Goddes armes*, and *Goddes digne bones* (line 49) are illustrations of "tearing God's body to pieces." (See note on line 12.)

56. *Togidres* is an old genitive form used adverbially. Of many such in earlier days, "needs" ("I must needs go"), "else" (originally *elles*), and the time adverbs "once" (*ones*), "twice," "thrice" are survivals. 72. *artow*, art thou; and 73, *livestow*, livest thou, are spellings due to pronunciation. Note that although to-day we *write* "don't you," "can't you," etc., we almost habitually say "donchoo," "canchoo," etc.

74. *gan loke.* See note on line 20. 75. For the double negative, cf. *Prologue*, 135, and note. 88. The old man kept all his earthly possessions in a chest. 97–8. See *Leviticus* XIX, 32.

102. *wher ye go or ryde*, literally, wherever you walk or ride. 106. *partest*, departest. For the same use in a modern work see the first line of Gray's *Elegy:* "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

124. A gold *florin*, first coined in 1343, was of the value of six shillings. The modern English florin is silver, and of the value of two shillings. 170. *noot* = *ne woot*, do not know. 173. *shrew*. Note that this is now used only as feminine and with a very specialized meaning.

198. Cf. *Prologue*, 29 and 231, and notes on these lines. 202. Satan was once given permission to bring one of the faithful to sorrow. See *Job* I, 12; II, 6. 215. *nis* = *ne is*, is not. Cf. *noot*, line 170. 219. *sterve*, die, is the same word as the German *sterben*. In modern English its meaning has been specialized, and its spelling changed to "starve." With *sterve* and *sterben* may be compared English "knave" and German *knabe*, where besides the change of consonant the English word, as in the case of *sterve*, has been specialized. The student who cares to know of other similar changes of meaning will find an interesting chapter on the subject in Greenough and Kittredge's *Words and Their Ways in English Speech* (chap. XVII). 228. *shoop*, literally, shaped. The verb belonged to the "strong" conjugation in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. Cf. *storven*, line 242. 232. There are few tales with so skillful a conclusion as this. Chaucer gives abundant details in preparing for the climax; but when he comes to the tragic moment, he wastes no words in telling how they killed each other, contenting himself with saying that both sides carried out their plans.

Chaucers Wordes. — 2. *Boece*, Chaucer's translation of *The Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boethius, a Roman philosopher of the sixth century. *Troilus*, Chaucer's long poem, *Troilus and Cressida*.

Popular Ballads. — *Sir Patrick Spens.* — 1. *Dumferling*, for "Dunfermline," a town sixteen miles northwest of Edinburgh, the seat of a royal palace. Many Scottish kings are buried there. 6. (who) *sat*. See note on Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*, 19. Cf. line 12. 9. *has written*. Note how much narrative is omitted between lines 8 and 9. Cf. the omission between 20 and 21. The ballads are always notable for condensation and directness. *braid*, Scotch for "broad"; here in the sense of "open," "clear." 30. *shoon*, old form for "shoes." 32. *swam aboon*, floated on the

surface of the water. 38. *kems*, combs. For the form, cf. German *kamm*. 27–8. Another version of the ballad reads here:

> "It's a token, maister, or ye were born,
> It will be a deadly storm."

31. *or*, ere. In *or ere* (line 35) the *ere* is redundant. 41. *Aberdour* is doubtless for "Aberdeen," the form found in other versions of the ballad.

Bonnie George Campbell. — Other versions have "James" instead of George. Some editors have given this ballad a definite historical setting; but as Professor Child says: "Campbells enow were killed, in battle or feud . . . to forbid a guess as to an individual James or George grounded upon the slight data afforded by the ballad." 1. *Hielands*, the Scottish Highlands. 2. *Tay*, a river in the Lowlands. 10. *greeting fu' sair*, weeping very sorely. 12. *rivin'*, tearing. 15. *toom*, empty. *big*, build.

Lord Randal. — In addition to numerous British versions of this ballad, there are related ballads in nearly all European languages.

Kemp Owyne. — Disenchantment by a kiss is a widespread theme in folk-lore. See "The Enchanted Dragon," in *Fairy Tales of All Nations*. *dee*, do. 11. *Kemp*, champion. *Owyne*, found in medieval romances as "Owain," "Ywein," "Yvain," is modern "Owen." 12. *borrow*, set free, ransom. 51. *brand*, sword.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial. — The second and last lines of the first stanza are a meaningless refrain, a feature frequently found in primitive verse intended to be sung. Cf. the song in *As You Like It*, 5. 3:

> "It was a lover and his lass,
> *With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino.*"

10. The practice of "letting blood" was formerly common as a remedy for all sorts of diseases. 11. *Kirkly*, probably Kirkstall Abbey, in Yorkshire, the "Robin Hood country." 16. *ring*, the "knocker" which formerly served as the modern doorbell. 48. *dree*, endure. We should now say "run."

Caxton. — 5. *clerk*, scholar. 27. *doubted*, was apprehensive. 45. *that common English*, etc. Some idea of the differences in dialects of Caxton's day may be got by noting the modern equivalents of various old forms. "Church" and "kirk," for instance, are

merely different pronunciations of Anglo-Saxon *cirice*. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 282. 48. *Zealand*, a province of Holland. 49. *Foreland*, a headland near Dover. 56. In Middle English there were two forms for the plural of egg — the "weak" form *eyren* (see note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 76) and the "strong" *eggys* (modern "eggs"). The first of these disappeared in the first half of the sixteenth century. 68. *uplandish* first meant pertaining to uplands; later, pertaining to country districts. From the latter it came to mean "uncultured," "unrefined," the sense in Caxton.

Malory. — 2. *the French book* has not been identified. Malory obtained his material from various sources. 3. *estates*, classes of people; in England, the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the commons. *or*. See note on Sir Patrick Spens, line 31. 17. *scripture*. See note on Mandeville, line 5. 22. *let purvey*, cause to be provided. 33. *livelihood*, liveliness. 35. *nourished*, foster. 41. *the lady*, the queen, Guinevere.

Wyatt. — 1. *fowls*, birds. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 9. 5. *other*, others. 12. *eyen*. See note on Caxton, line 56. 14. *glead*, gleed, fire.

Surrey. — *Description of Spring.* — 1. *soote*, sweet. 2. *eke*, also. 4. *turtle*-dove. 5. *summer* is often used in the older poetry for "spring." *spray*, branch. 8. *flete*, float. 11. *mings*, mingles, mixes.

Death of Priam. — Surrey's translation of the *Æneid* is memorable as the first English use of blank verse, the meter of the Elizabethan drama, and of most of the long poems in English literature from *Paradise Lost* to *Idylls of the King*. 5. *Hecuba*, Priam's wife. 14. *ne*, nor. 15. *Hector* was the great champion of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles (see lines 41–4). 21. *Pyrrhus*, son of Achilles, called also (line 53) *Neoptolem*. 40. *thou*, Pyrrhus. 51. *Pelide*, Achilles. The name means "son of Peleus." 53. *swerved out of kind*, turned from his natural self.

Tyndale. — This selection, like the same passage from Wiclif's translation (see page 17), is printed with all its peculiarities of spelling as a specimen of early sixteenth century English.

Lyly. — *Queen Elizabeth.* — Lyly's absurd adulation of the Queen is typical of the attitude of the period toward her. She was a great

sovereign, and the development of the national life under her rule was most marked; but impartial historians do not see her as any such paragon as she is here presented. Lyly also set a fashion in writing, called from his romance "euphuism," the chief characteristics of which may be seen in the very first sentence — overworking of the balanced structure and antithesis, and frequent use of alliteration (*prisoner — prince, castle — crown*) and play on words (*head*).

1. *This queen*, Mary, who died in 1558. 4. Elizabeth was a prisoner during the early part of Mary's reign, but not at the time of Mary's death. Lyly could not resist the opportunity for antithesis and alliteration. 9. *Praxiteles*, Greek sculptor, fourth century B.C. 10. *her son*, Cupid. 16. *Zeuxis*, Greek painter, fifth century B.C. 23. *Apelles*, Greek painter, fourth century. 28. *color*, portray. 53. *tickle*, ticklish, uncertain. 54. *twist*, slender thread.

Cupid and Campaspe. — This charming little song is from one of Lyly's comedies, *Alexander and Campaspe.*

Sidney. — In the latter part of Elizabeth's reign a large number of sonnets were written. It was the fashion, too, for sonneteers to write series (or "sequences") of these little poems in honor of some real or pretended loved one. Sidney's sequence of 108 sonnets records an unhappy love affair.

Sonnet I sets forth an ideal in which many poets have expressed belief — that great poems come from the heart alone.

XXXI. 4. *archer*, Cupid. 5. On *that* following a conjunction, see note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 1.

Arcadia is a pastoral romance, somewhat like a novel. Sidney wrote it for his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and it was not published until after his death. 11. *withal*, at the same time. 16. *accompanable*, having the possibility of company. 18. *Musidorus*, *Claius* (22), and *Kalander* (34) are characters in the story, of whom no description is necessary to understand the selection. 20–21. "the one lacking no plenty, the other having no plenty but of things lacking." This is a good specimen of "euphuistic" writing. 29. *unhospitable*, inhospitable.

Spenser's spelling and vocabulary are not characteristic of the time, but intentionally archaic. The adding of superfluous letters (as in *hollownesse*, 1, *deare*, 2), and the omission of usual letters (as

in *brightnes*, 5), result in a queer looking page at first; but this sort of difficulty is only apparent. His archaic words make use of a large dictionary essential. — For *The Faerie Queene* he invented a stanza, since called the "Spenserian," the scheme of which (rhyme-order and length of lines) should be worked out by the student. Of other poems in this measure perhaps the most famous are Byron's *Childe Harold* and Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, both of which are represented in this volume.

3. *then*, than. 5. *her*, *i.e.*, beauty's. 8. *perst*, pierced. 9. *dy*, die. 11. Una is the personification of truth in an elaborate allegory running through the poem. 17. *her knight*, the Red Cross Knight, hero of Book I of *The Faerie Queene;* typifies Holiness. 8. *deryv'd*, diverted. 21. *preace*, press. 37. *fortuned*, chanced. 39. *salvage*, savage. 42. *attonce*, at once. *corse*, body. 43. *pray*, prey. *ny*, nigh. 45. *forse*, force. 48. *weet*, know. 53. *gan melt*. See note on Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*, 20.

Spenser's sonnet-sequence (see introductory note on Sidney), called *Amoretti*, consists of eighty-eight sonnets addressed to Elizabeth Boyle, afterwards his wife.

XXXIV. 5. *wont*, was accustomed.

LXXIX. 1. *credit*, believe. 8. *ensue*, succeed, follow.

Prothalamion was written for the wedding of two daughters of the Earl of Worcester. It tells of a visit by the prospective brides to Essex House (the *stately place* of line 11), on the Thames near London. This house had been the home of the Earl of Leicester, patron of Spenser until his death in 1588 (see lines 12–13), and was now occupied by the Earl of Essex (the *noble peer* of line 19). The selection in the text, comprising the last three stanzas of the poem, is sufficient to give the student an impression of the poet's smooth, musical verse. Spenser is known as "the poet's poet," and *Prothalamion* shows admirably the quality that has brought him the designation.

2. *my most kyndly nurse* is the poet's tribute to the city of his birth. 6–10. These lines refer to the Temple, once headquarters of the Knights Templar, but now for a long time occupied chiefly by lawyers. 9. *wont;* see note on sonnet XXXIV, 5. 14. *whose want*, the lack of whom, *i.e.*, of Leicester. 21. Essex had laid waste the city of Cadiz in Spain. 22. The "pillars of Hercules" are promontories on the Strait of Gibraltar. 30. *forraine*, foreign. 31. *Elisa* is Queen Elizabeth. 38. *Hesper*, the evening star.

43. *Two gentle knights*, the bridegrooms. 47. *twins of Jove*, Castor and Pollux, the constellation Gemini in *the bauldricke of the heavens* (48), *i.e.*, the Zodiac.

Bacon. — *Of Adversity.* — 1. *Seneca*, Roman philosopher and writer of tragedies; first century. 11. *transcendences*, exaggerations. 20. *in a mean*, with moderation. 21. *temperance*, moderation. 26. *David's harp*, the book of Psalms. 37. *incensed*, set on fire, as in a censer.

Of Marriage and Single Life. — 2. *impediments*, hindrances. 11. *impertinences*, things having no pertinence, *i.e.*, not pertaining to themselves. 19. *liberty*, desire for liberty. 20. *humorous*, subject to humors, or moods. 25. *churchmen*, priests, preachers. 27. *indifferent*, undesirable. 30. *hortatives*, exhortations. 35. *exhaust*, exhausted. 40. *Vetulam*, etc. "He preferred his old wife to immortality." Ulysses was offered immortality by the goddess Calypso if he would live with her; but he declined and went back to Penelope. 43. *quarrel*, excuse. 47. *one of the wise men*, Thales, Greek philosopher.

Of Wisdom for a Man's Self. — 1. *shrewd*, harmful. 6. *right earth*, merely earth, earthy. 7. *his*, its, *i.e.*, the earth's. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 1. 15. *eccentric to*, having a different center, *i.e.*, aim, motive. 18. *accessory*, subordinate. 26. *bias upon their bowl*, weight upon the ball used in bowling, which makes its course a curve. 27. *after the model of*, shaped to accord with. 32. *and*, if. 35. *respect*, consideration. 44. *sui*, etc., "lovers of themselves without a rival."

Of Youth and Age. — 5. *invention*, ingenuity. 10. *Severus*, Roman emperor, third century. 11. *Juventutem*, etc. "He spent a youth full of errors, even of acts of madness." 14. *Cosmus*, Cosimo de Medici. 15. *Gaston de Fois*, French general, sixteenth century. 16. *composition*, disposition. 20. *them*, old men. 21. *abuseth*, deceives. 28. *absurdly* modifies *pursue. care not*, do not hesitate. 35. *compound*, mix. 39. *extern*, external. 43. *the text.* See *Joel* II, 28. 52. *Hermogenes*, Greek, second century. 57. *Tully*, better known by his last name Cicero. *Hortensius*, Cicero's greatest rival. *Idem*, etc. "He continued the same when it was no longer becoming." 60. *Scipio*, Roman general. *Livy*, Roman historian. 61. *Ultima*, etc. "His end fell below his beginning."

Of Studies. — 10. *humour*, peculiarity. 14. *contemn*, despise, consider of little value. 16. *without*, beyond. 22. *curiously*, with great care. 31. *present*, quick. 35. *Abeunt*, etc. "Studies develop into habits." 36. *stond*, hindrance. 45. *cymini sectores*, hair-splitters; persons given to making fine distinctions. 48. *receipt*, remedy.

Bacon's condensed style produces many memorable passages. The last essay alone contains a number of sayings that have almost become proverbs.

MARLOWE. — *A Boast of Tamburlaine* is a typical example of what Ben Jonson called "Marlowe's mighty line." Tamburlaine was a Scythian shepherd who aspired to conquer the whole world, and almost succeeded in doing so. Marlowe makes him almost the personification of the desire for power.

6. *Cynthia*, the moon. 10. *your turning spheres*, the stars. 13. *Bithynia*, in ancient times, a country in Asia Minor. 14. *exhalation;* five syllables here. The suffix *-tion* is frequently counted as two syllables in poetry. 20. *Clymene's son*, Prometheus. 21. *axle-tree*, axis.

SHAKSPERE. — Since considerations of space prevent printing a complete play here, the greatest of all English poets is represented by some songs and sonnets. The Elizabethan Age is almost as notable for lyric verse as for dramatic; and Shakspere surpassed all writers in both fields.

Over hill, etc., is a song of Puck, the fairy. 2. *thorough* is the same as "through." Modern English uses the first exclusively as an adjective, the second as preposition; but up to the seventeenth century they were used interchangeably. 9. Queen Elizabeth's body-guard, her favorite attendants, were "Gentlemen Pensioners." "They were the handsomest men of the first families, — tall, as the cowslip was to the fairy, and shining in their spotted gold coats like that flower under an April sun."

Under the greenwood tree celebrates the joys of forest life as seen by an exiled duke and his train.

Hark, hark! the lark. — 2. *Phœbus*, the sun. 4. *chaliced*, shaped like chalices, or cups.

Where the bee sucks is a song by the sprite Ariel, a very different fairy from Puck.

Sonnets. — Many theories have been advanced in explanation of Shakspere's sonnet-sequence (see introductory note on Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, page 16). No evidence has yet been cited to identify with certainty any of the persons alluded to in them, or to show that they record any real experiences or events. Shakspere adopted a new rhyme-scheme which the student should examine and compare with the schemes of Sidney, Spenser, and later writers.

Ben Jonson. — *To the Memory.* — This tribute by the greatest contemporary of Shakspere's last years was printed in the first collected edition of the dramatist's works, known as the First Folio. It was published in 1623, seven years after Shakspere's death.

5. *all men's suffrage*, all men agree to it. 18. Francis *Beaumont* was a great dramatist of the day, who wrote most of his plays in conjunction with John Fletcher. 25. *of years*, mature. 27. *Lyly*, *Kyd*, and *Marlowe* were the greatest dramatists before Shakspere. The first wrote comedies; under the influence of which Shakspere wrote his early comedies — *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The other two were writers of tragedy. 29. *though thou hadst*, etc. This line has been frequently interpreted to mean that Shakspere had no education. Ben Jonson was a classical scholar; and what he considered small Latin and less Greek might still be a very respectable attainment in those languages. 31. *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles* were the greatest writers of Greek tragedy; *Pacuvius*, *Accius*, and *him of Cordova* (*i.e.*, Seneca) the greatest of Roman. 34. *buskin* stands for tragedy, because in ancient times actors in tragedy wore buskins, or high-heeled boots. Similarly, *sock*, a slipper worn in comedy, stands for comedy itself. 41. This line, probably the most frequently quoted single passage about Shakspere, means that his plays are universal in their truth to life. 49. *Aristophanes*, Greek comic writer; *Terence* and *Plautus*, Roman. 52. *As*, as if. 67. *shake a lance* may be a pun on the dramatist's name. A writer about the time Shakespere began to write called him a "Shake-scene." 72. *Eliza*, Queen Elizabeth. 75. *rage or influence*, power for good or evil. The terms are from the science (so-called) of astrology.

Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling are known as the "Cavalier" poets, because their sympathies were with the Cavaliers, or adherents of the Stuart kings, James I and Charles I. In con-

trast with them were the "Puritans," of whom the chief representative was Milton, and who opposed the Stuart rule and brought about the execution of Charles and the establishment of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. The Cavaliers were, of course, the aristocrats; and their poets dealt with lighter subjects, or in a lighter way with serious subjects than did the Puritans. Some history of literature should be consulted for a detailed statement of their characteristics.

Corinna's Going A-Maying. — Corinna is a fanciful name, not representing, so far as we know, any real person. The same is true of other names in succeeding poems — Sapho, Julia, Celia, Lucasta, Althea. 2. *god unshorn*, the sun in all his brilliance; *i.e.*, not darkened by clouds. 3. *Aurora*, goddess of dawn. 14. *May*, May flowers. 17. *Flora*, goddess of flowers. 22. *against*, until. 28. *beads*, prayers. See "rosary" in large dictionary, and note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 83. 35. *white-thorn*, hawthorn. 48. *that*. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 1. 51. *green gown*, a tumble on the grass. 65. *or — or*, either — or.

To Phillis. — 19. *carcanets*, necklaces. 25. *wakes*, festivals. 30. *hey*, a country round dance. 46. *for to*. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 17. 47. *possets* and *wassails* are mixed drinks.

Carew. — Song. — 6. *orbs;* allusion to the "music of the spheres," which should be looked up in the dictionary. 8. *nard*, a fragrant ointment, or the plant from which that is made.

Lovelace. — The two poems given in the text are almost the only poems of real worth written by this poet. In addition to their value as poems, they are memorable for two passages that have become almost proverbial — lines 11–12 of the first, and 25–26 of the second.

To Althea. — 10. *allaying*, diluting. *Thames* means merely "water."

Suckling. — *Constant Lover.* — 12. *stays*, delays. 13. The grammatical error in this line will be found occasionally in the best poets, and is not always justifiable, as it is here, by the requirements of rhyme.

Milton. — *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are companion pictures, giving the views of life held by the "cheerful" man and the "contemplative" man. They are composed on the same plan, each

presenting an ideal day. The parallelism is clearly indicated; and the student should note the time-references, and work out the two schemes for a day's occupation.

2. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to Hades. 3. *Stygian cave*, the region where the river Styx flows, *i.e.*, Hades. 4. This line is one of the best examples of "onomatopœia," or the use of words whose sound contributes to the sense. Note the number of hissing sounds. 5. *uncouth*, unknown; the etymological meaning. 10. In the land of the Cimmerians there was no sun, according to Homer (*Odyssey*, XI). 12. *yclept*, called. *Euphrosyne*, one of the three Graces. 29. *Hebe*, goddess of youth. 31. *Care* is the object of *derides; that* (*i.e.*, "sport") is the subject.

45. *to come* is in the same construction as *to live* (39), and *to hear* (41). L'Allegro, the cheerful man (*me*, line 38), likes to come to his window and welcome the morning. 62. *liveries*, costumes, colors. 67. *tells his tale*, counts his sheep. This old sense of tell is found in "teller," one who counts money in a bank, or one who counts votes in a legislative body.

70. *landskip;* old spelling of "landscape." *round*, for "around," is here an adverb; *it* is subject of *measures*. 77. *Towers and battlements*. Milton here probably gives a bit of realism, alluding to the towers of Windsor Castle, which could be seen from his home at Horton. 80. *cynosure* means, first, the constellation familiarly known as the "Little Dipper," which contains the pole-star. It later was used for the pole-star alone, from which it came to mean (as here) any center of attraction. 83 ff. *Corydon, Thyrsis, Phillis, Thestylis* are stock names in pastoral poetry. 85. *messes*, dishes.

91. *secure* is used here in its etymological sense, "free from care." 94. *rebeck* was somewhat like the modern fiddle. 103–4. *she . . . he*, narrators of the stories of line 101. *friar's lantern*, will o' the wisp. 110. *lubber*, clumsy.

120. *weeds*, garments; in this sense the word is now limited to the phrase "widow's weeds." 122. *influence*. The word is borrowed from the science of astrology. Cf. Jonson's *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, 75. 125. *Hymen*, god of marriage. 132. *sock*, comedy. See note on Jonson's *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, 35. Ben Jonson's comedies are noted for the learning displayed in them, as Shakspere's are noted for their *native* genius.

136. *Lydian airs*, one of the Greek modes of music, soft and sweet. The others were the Dorian, bold and brave; and the Phrygian, brisk and spirited. 139. *bout*, turn. 145 ff. When Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, was taken to the land of shades (Hades), Pluto was prevailed on by Orpheus's music to let her go back to earth with him on condition that the musician should not look behind him on the journey. When they had nearly reached safety, Orpheus turned to be sure Eurydice was following, and she was snatched back to Hades.

Il Penseroso. — 3. *bested* (accented on second syllable), profit. 6. *fond*, foolish. 10. *pensioners*. See note on Shakspere's *Over hill, over dale*, line 9. *Morpheus*, god of sleep and dreams. 18. Since Memnon was the handsomest of men, the poet infers that his sister was the most beautiful of women. 19. *starred Ethiop queen*, Cassiope, changed into the constellation Cassiopeia. 29. *Ida* was a mountain near Troy. 39. *commercing*, communing. 56. *Philomel*, the nightingale. L'Allegro's bird (line 42) is the *lark*, bird of morning. 59. *Cynthia*, the moon.

76. This line is another good instance of onomatopœia, producing a very different effect from line 4 of *L'Allegro*. 83–84. The bellman used to go about the streets at night, says an old chronicler, to "give warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor and to pray for the dead." His cries are given in a poem by Herrick as follows:

> "From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
> From murder, Benedicite!
> From all mischances that may fright
> Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
> Mercy secure ye all, and keep
> The goblin from ye while ye sleep!"

87. *the Bear*, the constellation known also as the "Great Dipper." Since in the latitude of England it never sets, to *outwatch* it means to stay awake all night. 88. *thrice-great* is merely a translation of "Trismegistus." This Hermes was a philosopher in ancient Egypt. *unsphere*, recall from the sphere or region in which he now dwells. 91. *forsook*. The use of past tense instead of participle is allowed by "poetic license" when the meter requires a shorter word. 95. *consent*, sympathy. 99–100. These lines give the subjects treated in ancient tragedy. 102. *buskined*, tragic. See note on Jonson's *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, 34. Cf. *L'Allegro*, 132, and note.

104. *Musaeus*, a mythical poet, son of Orpheus. 105–8. See note on *L'Allegro*, 145. 109. *him*, etc., Chaucer. The story here alluded to, given to the Squire in the Canterbury Tales, was left unfinished by the poet. 113. *virtuous*, having magic virtue (power).

123. *tricked*, adorned. 124. *Attic boy*, Cephalus, beloved of Aurora (Morn). 125. *kerchieft*, wearing a cloud as a head-covering. Look up "kerchief" for etymology and original meaning. 134. *Sylvan*, a woodland deity. 140. *profaner*, more vulgar or common. 148. The antecedent of *his* is *Sleep*. 153. *good* modifies *spirit*. 154. *Genius*, spirit. 156. *pale*, enclosure. 159. "Windows richly decorated with Bible stories." 162. *quire*, old spelling of "choir." 170. *spell*, study.

Lycidas. — The *learned Friend* was Edward King, a companion of Milton's at Christ College, Cambridge (lines 23–31). He was something of a poet; and Milton puts his memorial in the form of a "pastoral" poem, as if one shepherd lamented the death of another. Many of the names and allusions are taken from famous pastoral poets of ancient times — *e.g.*, *Damoetas* (36), *Amaryllis* (68), *Neaera* (69), *Arethuse* (85; river celebrated by Theocritus), *Mincius* (86; river near Virgil's home), *Alpheus* (132; river god), and *Lycidas*.

Lines 1–5 may be paraphrased as follows: "After some years of silence I again seek rewards as poet; and, under stress, I must take them before my time." 15–16. *Sisters*, etc., the Muses, born at the Pierian spring, situated at the foot of Mount Olympus. 20. *lucky*, favorable. 25. *lawns*, pastures. 29. *battening*, fattening. The passage beginning with line 23 means that they studied and wrote together. 33. *oaten flute*, the musical instrument of shepherds, according to pastoral poets.

54. *Mona*, the island of Anglesey, north of Wales, a home of the Druids. 55. *Deva*, the river Dee, on which is situated the city of Chester, from which King sailed. It is called a *wizard stream* because many legends were associated with it. 56. *fondly*, foolishly (because his dreaming was of no avail). 58. *the Muse*, Calliope. 61 ff. *rout*, etc. Thracian women tore Orpheus to pieces and threw his head into the Hebrus, which washed it ashore on the island of Lesbos. 64–84. These lines, in which the poet digresses from his theme, lament the low state of poetry: 67–69 may indicate Milton's opinion of Cavalier poetry. 64. *what boots it*, of what use is it. 75. *Fury*, Atropos, the third Fate, who cuts the thread of life.

Clotho, the first Fate, spins the thread; Lachesis, the second, twists it. 77. *Phœbus*, Apollo, god of poetry.

88. This line means that the poet has finished his digression and is returning to his main line of thought. 90. "That plead in the name of the god of the sea." 96. *Hippotades*, Æolus, god of the winds. 99. *Panope*, a sea-nymph. 101. *built in the eclipse.* In ancient times (not Milton's), when the cause of eclipses was not known, things done during such periods were supposed to be unlucky. 103. *Camus*, god of the river Cam, on which Cambridge (seat of Milton's and King's university) was located. 106. *flower*, hyacinth, said to have on its petals the Greek for "alas."

108–31. For comment on these lines, see our selection from Ruskin, pages 382–8. 124. See notes on *L'Allegro*, 4, and *Il Penseroso*, 76.

133. *Sicilian Muse*, muse of pastoral poetry; so called from Theocritus, the greatest pastoral poet of ancient times, who lived in Sicily. 136. *use*, dwell. 142. *rathe*, early. This word is found now in the comparative form only, "rather." 151. *laureate hearse*, bier decked with laurel. 158. *monstrous world*, world of monsters. 160. *fable, i.e.*, fabled home, Land's End, called Bellerium by the Romans. 161. On St. Michael's Mount, near Land's End, the Archangel Michael was said to have appeared; and there is still a superstition that the mount is guarded by him. 162. *Namancos*, on which was located the castle of Bayona, will not be found on modern maps. An old atlas locates it in Spain, near Cape Finisterre. 163. *Angel*, Michael. *ruth*, pity. 176. *unexpressive*, inexpressible. 184. *in thy large recompense*, as thy large reward. 186. *uncouth* may be understood either in its old sense, "unknown," or in its present sense, "rude" or "uncultivated." 189. *Doric*, pastoral. Theocritus wrote in the Doric dialect.

Truth and Conformity. — *Areopagitica* (Āreŏpăgĭt'ica) is a long essay addressed by Milton to Parliament in opposition to an order "to regulate printing," which required "that no book, pamphlet, or paper be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed" by officials appointed for that purpose. It is a time-honored argument for the freedom of the press, of which a great deal of discussion has recently taken place in connection with the publication of war news. The title is from an oration by Isocrates before the Areopagus, or high council of Athens.

3. *The temple of Janus.* The gates of the temple were open in

times of war, closed in times of peace. Milton means that at the time he wrote Truth and Falsehood were at war. 5. *winds of doctrine.* See *Ephesians* IV, 14. 9. *her confuting,* confuting by her. 12. *discipline of Geneva,* doctrines of the Presbyterians of Milton's day. 13. *fabricked,* fabricated. 17. *to seek for wisdom.* See *Matthew* XIII, 44. 38. *Micaiah did.* See 1 *Kings* XXII, 1–28. 44. *hand-writing nailed to the cross.* See *Colossians* II, 14. 45. See, *e.g.*, *Galatians* V, 1. His doctrine. See *Romans* XIV, 5–9. 54. *a linen decency* refers to the use of vestments, and means "a mere external orderliness." It was a *ghost* because, though the wearing of vestments had been suppressed, the spirit of it still lingered. 67. *subdichotomies,* minor divisions. 70. *wheat from the tares.* See *Matthew* XIII, 37–43.

Sir Thomas Browne was, politically, a neutral during the Civil War and the Commonwealth. He took up his residence in a secluded country place, and wrote his *Religio Medici* ("Religion of a Physician") chiefly to examine his own beliefs. Though a member of the Church of England, he was an early example of a thoroughgoing religious "liberal."

Heaven and Hell. — 10. *about, i.e.,* upon. 14. *Legion.* See *Mark* V, 1–9. 15. *Anaxagoras,* Greek philosopher, fifth century B.C. *conceited,* conceived, thought. 16. *Magdalene.* See *Luke* VIII, 2. 18. *ubi* (Latin conjunction, "where"), self. *circumference,* environment. Sir Thomas says that a devil would be miserable without being in hell. 34. *fear,* venerate, revere, hold in religious awe.

Charity. — For the sense in which Sir Thomas uses the word *charity,* see our note on Chaucer's *Prologue,* line 86. 6. *anatomy,* analysis. 8. *consorts,* agrees. 13. *common viands,* regular food. 29. *composition,* agreement. 30. *conceit,* idea, notion. 39. *Lazarus.* See *Luke* XVI, 19 ff. 41. *wear our liveries,* agree with our reasons. 45. *caitiff,* cowardly.

Samuel Pepys did not aim to be a man of letters. His *Diary* was written in a shorthand system of his own devising, and he left the MS. to Magdalen College, Cambridge. When it was deciphered, it was found to contain much of interest and value concerning the life of London from 1660 to 1669, with many shrewd observations on great persons of the Restoration period.

The Tempest. — 1. *at the office.* Pepys was secretary to the Admiralty. 2. *at noon.* Regular performances were held in the afternoon until a much later date, because of lack of facilities for lighting the theaters. As late as 1765 the chief theater in London was lighted by six chandeliers containing candles, and no footlights. The word "matinée," which we now use for the afternoon performance, originally designated one held in the morning. Look up the derivation of the word. 4. *girl*, maid. 6. *The King* was Charles II. 37. *blacklead*, pencil writing. — Pepys was an incessant theater goer, and his notes of the performances he witnessed are a valuable record of the theater of his day.

The Great Fire. — This account, one of the longest entries in the *Diary*, makes no pretensions to literary merit; yet it is admirable in the vivid and realistic details given. Notes on the localities mentioned would serve little purpose without a map.

Dryden. — This version of *The Tempest* (which was probably the one Pepys saw) was one of the earliest alterations of Shakspere's plays. In their original form they did not measure up to the taste of the Restoration; and for half a century writers good, bad, and indifferent rewrote and "improved" them. *Romeo and Juliet* and *King Lear* were changed so as to end happily; the *Merchant of Venice* was so changed that Shylock became a comic figure. Dryden had a hand in altering several plays, among others *Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra.* The literary ideals of the alterers may be seen in the remarks just made and in the lines 39–46 of the present selection, in which the addition of "a man who had never seen a woman" is called "an excellent contrivance." Davenant, whom Dryden so highly commends, had in reality very slight literary ability. The Preface is included here for the light it throws on the taste of the period, and as a good specimen of the prose of Dryden — the "father of modern English prose."

51. *were.* The slip in grammar is Dryden's. 59. *old Latin proverb: Posteriores enim cogitationes sapientiores solent esse* — free translation: "second thoughts are wisest."

Mac Flecknoe. — This poem is a satire on Thomas Shadwell, a literary rival of Dryden. The men had been friends; but their friendship was turned into enmity by a sharp attack made on Dryden by Shadwell, to which *Mac Flecknoe* was the reply. Richard Flecknoe was a very dull Irish poet, who had died some years before this

poem was written. Dryden represents Shadwell as a son of Flecknoe, chosen by the latter to succeed him on the throne of dullness.

3. *Augustus*, named by Julius Cæsar as his successor, came into power at the age of eighteen, and became "master of all things" (his own words) at thirty-two. 15 ff. Dryden's lines are in the language of satire, not that of truth. Shadwell was by no means so contemptible a writer as Dryden asserts — his plays, in fact, compare favorably with most of Dryden's. 25. *goodly fabric*. Shadwell was very fat. 29. Here again Dryden uses the unfair language of satire. Thomas *Heywood* and James *Shirley* were late Elizabethan dramatists who did not deserve such characterization. 33. *Norwich drugget*, rough cloth.

36. Shadwell imitated Ben Jonson in distinguishing his characters by particular "humours," that is, whims or idiosyncrasies. 42. *tympany*, inflation or distention; hence, figuratively here, bombast. 43. *tun*, a large barrel. 44. *kilderkin*, a small barrel. 48. If this line had been fact, the question arises why Dryden wrote so extended and vicious a reply to Shadwell. 50. Flecknoe was Irish, but Shadwell was not. 52. An iambic foot of poetry consists of an unaccented syllable followed by an accented. Satire was usually written in *iambics*, as is *Mac Flecknoe*. 56. Alluding to Shadwell's fondness for puns, which, however, was shared by virtually all the comic writers of his day. 57–58. Shadwell was a skillful musician. 60. *Bruce* and *Longville* were characters in Shadwell's plays. 64–65. The *young prophet* was, of course, Shadwell; his *father* was Flecknoe.

Under Milton's Picture. — The poet of Greece was Homer; the poet of Italy, Dante.

John Bunyan. — The student unacquainted with Bunyan and his greatest work, from which our selection is taken, should look them up in some history of literature. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the world's great allegories, a form of story in which characters are personifications of abstract qualities and characteristics. Christian and Faithful, on a journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, stopped at the town of Vanity, where a fair was being held. Their behavior there led to their trial and condemnation, as set forth in the selection.

88. *an act of Pharaoh*. See *Exodus* I, 22. 91. *an act of Nebuchadnezzar*. See *Daniel* III, 6. 95. *an act of Darius*. See

Daniel VI, 4–9. Bunyan was not a well-educated man; but he knew his Bible, and drew most of his inspiration from it. 136. *Now I saw, i.e.*, in a vision. The story of the whole book is given "after the similitude of a dream." Faithful's end is taken, of course, from that of Elijah. See 2 *Kings* II, 11.

Swift. — *The Battle of the Books* is one of a number of writings arising from a controversy whether ancient or modern writers are superior. The ancient and modern books in St. James's library are engaged in fight, when their attention is attracted (see lines 105–8) by the dispute of the spider and the bee. This appeared to Æsop very "parallel and adapt" (line 126) to the larger dispute, as he proceeded to demonstrate.

17. *expatiating* is used here in its etymological sense, "walking about." 29. *toils*, snares. 42. *droll*, be humorous. 58. *true spirit of controversy*. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne on the subject, *Charity*, 60 ff. 99. *whether*, which. 115 ff. These lines refer to Dryden's modernizing of Æsop's Fables. 116. *tore;* old form of the participle. 154–6. The period of the Restoration and the early part of the eighteenth century is notable for satire. Swift himself is undoubtedly the greatest satirist in the language.

Argument against Abolishing Christianity (somewhat abridged in our text) is a specimen of Swift's keenest sarcasm and irony, and every line must be read from this point of view. No one, of course, had proposed to abolish Christianity; but "all parties seem so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings" (lines 13–15). The essay is in reality a discourse on the manifest irreligion of the people.

6. *the Union*, of England and Scotland, *confirmed* in 1707. 49. *broke* (old form for "broken"), tortured on the rack. 59. *deorum*, etc. "Offences to the gods are the gods' concern." From the *Annals* of Tacitus, I, 73. 70. *the allies; i.e.*, those of England in the War of the Spanish Succession, terminated in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. 86. *a perfect cavil*. In reading such phrases as this it must be remembered that Swift is making only a fine *pretense* of seriousness. 99. *rendezvouses*, meeting-places; *rendezvous* (French) means, "assemble yourselves."

136. *different to* is the usual British form for the American "different *from*." It should be noted that the expression "different

than," though frequently heard, is neither British, nor American, nor Irish. 153. *daggled-tail,* untidy, ill-kept. The more common word is "draggle-tailed." 173. *Asgill, Toland,* and *Tindal* were religious writers of Swift's day whose views were particularly obnoxious to him.

Defoe. — *The Education of Women* shows very advanced thinking for the author's day. 4. *parts,* accomplishments. 48. The meaning of this sentence is clearer if we supply the word "even" before *if.* 92. *essay* is used in its original (etymological) sense of "trial."

Author's Preface. — *Robinson Crusoe* is the first of Defoe's adventure stories, which entitle him in the opinion of many to be called the founder of the modern novel. The pretense of editing the story of a man's life was widely accepted as fact.

Crusoe's Situation. — 4. *merchandise,* business. 14. *battle.* Dunkirk was taken from the Spaniards by the French in 1658.

Crusoe's Landing. — 3. *coup de grâce* (French), a deadly stroke. 79. *to let him blood.* See note on *Robin Hood's Death and Burial,* 10.

How Crusoe Baked Bread. — 18. *wheluing — upon,* turning over upon so as to cover. 22. *mere* is used in its old positive sense, instead of its modern negative sense. It means, virtually, "first class."

Steele. — *Prospectus.* — 38 ff. *White's,* noted as a gambling house. *Will's,* the resort of literary men. When Steele was young, Dryden was the most famous man frequenting Will's. (See Macaulay's account of it in this volume, page 329.) *Grecian,* resort of lawyers. *St. James's,* resort of Whig politicians. 48. *plain Spanish,* a simple wine. 49. *Kidney,* a well-known waiter; with a pun, perhaps, on "kidney" in the sense of "temperament," "disposition." 56. *casting a figure,* making a calculation based on the positions of the planets; alluding to the practice of astrology.

Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend. — Steele conducted *The Tatler* under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff." 6. *want,* lack. *monitor,* adviser. 31. It was formerly the custom to speak of unmarried women as "mistress." 37. *Teraminta,* a fanciful name, representing no person in particular. 97. *baby,* doll. 98. *gossiping,* christening. 117. *full-bottomed periwigs,* wigs full and large at the bottom. 119. *open-breasted,* with waistcoat unbuttoned 147. *Don Belianis, Guy, the Seven Champions, Bevis,* popular figures

in romance. 153. *Hickerthrift*, hero of fairy tales. 155. The most famous exploit of *St. George* was his slaying the dragon (the devil) and his rescue from it of the maiden (the church).

The Editor's Troubles. — 10. *a paper office.* Fifteen years after this number of *The Tatler* there were published two large volumes of original letters received but not printed by the editor. 17. *Temple-bar* separated the City of London proper from Westminster, the section occupied by the court and the aristocracy. 18. *the liberties*, the City. 21. *Wapping and Rotherhithe*, the shipping section of the city. 29. *news from Flanders*, news of the War of the Spanish Succession. 36. *Ad Aulam*, "To the Court"; *Ad Academiam*, "To the Learned"; *Ad Populum*, "To the Populace"; *Ad Clerum*, "To the Clergy." 52. *groat*, fourpence. 58. *conceits*, witty expressions. 81. *my aunt Margery.* In number 151 of *The Tatler* was told how Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, great aunt of Isaac, was tricked by her family into remaining single, in order that they might inherit her fortune. 83. *Maud the milkmaid.* In number 75 it was told that Sir Walter Bickerstaff, an ancestor of Isaac, had married a milkmaid. 106. *suddenly*, soon.

Addison. — *The Campaign* was written by request of the government to celebrate the victory of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim (War of the Spanish Succession). 2. *joined* was pronounced in the early part of the eighteenth century so that it was a perfect rhyme for *find*.

Frozen Words. — 5. *Sir John Mandeville*, reputed author of a volume of travels. See page 21, and note. 8. *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, a Portuguese of the sixteenth century. He was soldier and sailor, merchant and doctor, missionary and ambassador; was taken prisoner thirteen times, and sold into slavery seventeen. His *Peregrination* is at times inaccurate; but present opinion is that he did not wilfully misrepresent things by his "unbounded imagination." 17–18. Addison is, of course, speaking ironically. 30. *Hudibras*, a poem by Samuel Butler, satirizing the Puritans. It was immensely popular during the latter part of the seventeenth century. 92. *Wapping.* See note on Steele, *The Editor's Troubles*, 21. 112. *posthumous*, after death. 135. *kit*, a kind of stringed instrument. 141. *tuer le temps* (French), to pass the time.

Mr. Spectator. — 2. *black*, dark. 33. *nonage*, minority. 35. *parts*, abilities. 88. *Whigs and Tories*, the chief political parties.

Addison was a Whig. 111. *spoken to.* In parliamentary language, one speaks *to* a question, resolution, or subject under consideration. 131. The *club* was, of course, a fiction. Most of the numbers of *The Spectator* were written by Addison, a somewhat smaller number by Steele, and a few by others. The "Club" that figures in the papers was made up of a country squire (Sir Roger de Coverley), a retired soldier, a lawyer, a merchant, a gentleman of leisure, and a clergyman. 134. *Little Britain,* a street.

Vision of Mirzah. — 1. *at Grand Cairo.* See page 179, line 53. Addison's discovery of manuscripts, both for this story and for *Frozen Words,* is, of course, part of the fiction. The stories are his own. 11. *Bagdat,* for Bagdad, a section of Turkey in Asia. 30. *Genius,* a spirit. 62. *threescore and ten,* the Biblical allotment of years to man. See *Psalms* XC, 10. 66. According to the Bible, men lived much longer in the early days of the world than now. Methuselah, the oldest man, is said to have lived 969 years. See *Genesis* V, 27. 95. *bubbles,* worthless things to the gaining of which some men devote their whole lives.

Pope. — 2. *Pierian spring.* See note on *Lycidas,* 15. 3–4. On the rhyme, see note on Addison's *Marlborough,* 2.

Thomson was one of the first poets to break away from the influence of Pope; shown here in his use of blank verse instead of rhymed couplets, and in his theme (line 3) — scenes and objects of nature.

Spring. — 20–21. *Aries,* the Ram; and Taurus, the *Bull,* signs of the Zodiac. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue,* 8. 37. *glebe,* soil.

Johnson. — Chesterfield aspired to a reputation as a patron of literature. He was famed for his elegant manners; and at the time of Johnson's call upon him (17 ff.), he was not prepossessed with the manners of the *uncourtly scholar.* 13. *Le vainqueur,* etc. (French), "the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth." 30. *shepherd in Virgil;* in the poet's eighth Eclogue. 32 ff. The remainder of the letter is a specimen of the finest satire in the language. In his dictionary, probably remembering Chesterfield, Johnson defined *patron* as "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery." 37. *solitary.* Johnson's wife had died three years before.

Letter to Macpherson. — Macpherson had published some poems which he claimed to be translations from the ancient Gaelic poet, Ossian. Johnson asserted that they were forgeries; Macpherson wrote threatening him with personal violence; this letter, Johnson told Boswell, "put an end to our correspondence." 10. *your Homer.* Macpherson had made a prose translation of the *Iliad.*

On the Art of Flying. — Rasselas was the fourth son of the Emperor of Abyssinia. According to custom he, with his brothers and sisters, was "confined in a private palace till the order of succession should call him to the throne. The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley, surrounded on every side by mountains. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them." (Chapter I.)

95 ff. This passage is of special interest in view of the use of airships in war to-day (1917). Johnson's words, however, can hardly be considered as prophecy.

Boswell. — This *First Meeting* took place in 1763; Johnson was fifty-five years old. *Davies* was a bookseller. 11. *Reynolds* was the most famous portrait painter of the day. He made several portraits of Johnson. 35. *Miss Williams,* a dependent of Johnson's. 40. *Garrick,* then the greatest actor and theatrical manager of London, had been a pupil of Johnson's; and the two had come to the great city together to seek their fortune.

Character of Goldsmith. — 6. Edward *Malone,* editor of Shakspere, and friend of Boswell. 20. *He had sagacity,* etc. This sentence, with its many high-sounding polysyllables, is very much in Johnson's own manner. Boswell was very jealous of any one who enjoyed Johnson's favor as Goldsmith did; a fact which prevented his giving an altogether fair picture of Goldsmith. 32. *Nihil,* etc. Inaccurately quoted from Johnson's Latin epitaph on Goldsmith, in Westminster Abbey: *Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit* — "who failed to touch scarcely any kind of writing, and failed to adorn no kind that he touched." 37. *parterre,* a flower garden arranged on some formal design.

43. *un étourdi*, a rattle-brain. 54. *Fantoccini*, a puppet-show. 76. *The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society*, is a poem in which Goldsmith drew a series of pictures of foreign scenes. 81. *Mrs. Piozzi*, intimate friend of Johnson for twenty years. Her *Anecdotes of Johnson* and her letters are said to be second only to Boswell in interest. *Sir John Hawkins* published a life of Johnson a few years before Boswell.

Johnson's Manner of Talking. — 8. *strongly impregnated*, etc., thoroughly filled with the spirit of Johnson.

Goldsmith. — 1. *Auburn* is not an individual village. It contains some features from Lissoy in Ireland, Goldsmith's early home, and some from other villages both in England and Ireland. 4. *parting*, departing. 10. *cot*, cottage. 12. *decent*, comely. Cf. *Il Penseroso*, 36. 27. *mistrustless*, free from mistrust or suspicion. *smutted*, dirty. The phrase means that the youth was entirely unconscious of the fact that his face was dirty. 34. *all these charms are fled*. Goldsmith wrote this poem to lament the moving of population from the country to the cities. 38. The preacher, like his village, is not a photograph, but a composite picture. It is drawn from the poet's father and from his brother; and some characteristics (as, for instance, line 60) are from the writer himself.

The Schoolmaster is a description chiefly of Goldsmith's early teacher, "Paddy" Byrne. 16. *cipher*, work out arithmetical problems. 17. *presage*, foretell. 18. *gauge*, calculate the capacity of barrels.

The Retaliation, a series of humorous characterizations of his friends, was written in reply to an epigram on Goldsmith by the actor Garrick:

> "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

6. *Townshend* was a Whig member of Parliament. 7–8. These lines commemorate Burke's lack of ability as a *speaker*. The House of Commons would not stay to *hear* his speeches, though they read them, when printed, with enthusiasm.

Burke. — The *Letter to the Sheriffs*, addressed really to the whole body of voters in Bristol, which Burke represented in Parliament, was occasioned by the passage of bills granting letters of

marque and suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in certain cases. (See any history of the United States for explanation of the meaning and objects of these bills.) It expresses the same thoughts as Burke's better known speeches *On Conciliation* and *On Taxation of the American Colonies*. He never wavered in his opposition to the course of government or in his prediction of defeat for it. 53. *court gazette*, official publication of the government. 62. *author*, etc., Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* appeared several months before the Declaration of Independence.

Letter to a Noble Lord. — A pension had been granted to Burke by the Crown, and the grant had been attacked by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale. The *Letter*, addressed to a kinsman of the Marquis of Rockingham, a great benefactor of Burke, is a review of his services to his country and a defense of the grant. A proposal to make Burke a peer, with the title of Lord Beaconsfield, had been abandoned when Burke's son died.

12. *HE*, Burke's son Richard.

Collins. — This *Ode* was written in memory of British soldiers who fell during the War of the Austrian Succession.

Ode to Evening. — 1. *oaten stop.* See note on *Lycidas*, 33. 7. *brede*, embroidery. *wove*, for "woven." See note on *Il Penseroso*, line 91. 11–12. Cf. *Lycidas*, 28. 21. *folding star*, the star indicating the hour when flocks should be put into the fold. 23 ff. *Hours — elves — nymph — Pleasures;* these are all subjects to *prepare*. 41. *wont*, is accustomed. 49. *Sylvan shed*, trees. 51, 52. *thy* refers here, as everywhere else in the poem, to "evening."

Gray. — The *Elegy* is probably the most famous English poem composed between Milton and Wordsworth, and its author is by most critics ranked as the greatest poet in that period.

1. *parting*, departing. 7. *beetle.* Cf. *Ode to Evening*, 11–12. 26. *glebe*, soil. 32. This line may be called the "text" of the poem. 35. *hour* is the subject of *awaits*. 39. *fretted vault*, ceiling ornamented with carvings. 41. *storied urn*, burial urn ornamented with pictures. 43. *provoke*, call forth. 45–48. "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid some heart once filled with inspiration: hands that might have governed a nation or might have written great and moving poetry." This paraphrase may help to interpret other stanzas, *e.g.*, 57–60. 52. *genial*, natural.

53–56. This stanza, despite a century and a half of wearisome quotation and mis-quotation, may still be kept in mind as a specimen of truly great poetry. 57. John *Hampden* was a prominent Puritan who refused to pay taxes levied illegally by Charles I. 60. The eighteenth century, as a rule, believed that Cromwell's personal ambition was responsible for the bloodshed of the Civil War. 71. (to) *heap*, etc. Modifies *forbade* (67). It means, "write flattering poetry to gain fame and wealth." Cf. *Lycidas*, 64–69. 73. *far*, *i.e.*, they being far. 81. *unlettered muse*, the untrained poets who wrote the inscriptions on their tombs. 89. *parting*. See note on line 1. 95. *chance*, perchance. 113. *the next* (morn).

Cowper prefaced *The Task* with these words: "The history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the Author, and gave him the Sofa for a subject. He obeyed; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and train of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair — a Volume."

The poem, as Cowper truly said, "cannot boast a regular plan"; nor has it a clearly-marked central theme. It contains some satirical passages, some political, some descriptive; but the passages of greatest merit are reflective in character, like that given in this volume.

The title of Book II, "The Time-Piece," Cowper thought was very appropriate. It "is intended to strike the hour that gives notice of approaching judgment, dealing pretty largely in the *signs* of the *times*." *The Task* was written in 1783–4; after much agitation the slave trade was abolished in England in 1808; slavery itself was abolished in all British colonies in 1834. — The first line of the Selection is an echo of *Jeremiah* IX, 2.

Sonnet. — Mrs. Unwin was Cooper's closest friend and faithful companion for some thirty years. 8. This line makes a claim found in many poets; it is almost a regular feature of Elizabethan sonnet-sequences.

Burns. — *To a Mouse.* — 1. *sleekit*, sleek. 4. *bickerin*, hurrying. *brattle*, scamper. 5. *laith*, loath. *rin*, run. 6. *pattle*,

plow spade. 13. *whyles*, sometimes. 14. *maun*, must. 15. *daimen icker*, occasional ear of grain. *thrave*, shock. 17. *lave*, remainder. 20. *silly*, weak. *wa's*, walls. *win's*, winds. 21. *big*, build. 22. *foggage*, rank grass. 24. *snell*, sharp. 29. *coulter*, plow. 31. *stibble*, stubble. 34. *but*, without. *hald*, hold, home. 35. *thole*, endure. 36. *cranreuch*, frost. 37. *no thy lane*, not alone. 40. *a-gley*, awry.

To a Mountain Daisy. — 3. *stoure*, dust. 15. *glinted*, glanced. 21. *bield*, shelter. 23. *histie*, barren. 29. plow-*share*. 31 ff. When Burns moralizes, he frequently drops into English. 39. The *card* is that of the compass.

Tam O' Shanter is Burns's only tale. It is probable that the experiences at the inn are much like many of the poet's own — he sat far too often "bousing at the nappy." A public-house in Ayr said to be Burns's favorite resort is called Tam O' Shanter Inn. The motto of the poem is from a translation of the sixth book of the *Æneid* by Gawin (or Gavin) Douglas, a Scotch poet who died in 1522. *Brownyis* (brownies) and *Bogillis* (bogles, bogies) are goblins or spirits.

1. *chapman billies*, peddler fellows. 2. *drouthy*, dry, thirsty. 4. *tak the gate*, take the road, go home. 5. *bousing*, drinking. *nappy*, ale. 6. *fou*, full. *unco*, very. 8. *mosses*, marshes. *slaps*, holes in fences. 13. *fand*, found. 14. *frae*, from. *ae*, one. 15–16. The poet's tribute to his birthplace. 18. *as taen*, as to have taken. 19. *skellum*, rascal. 20. *bletherin*, idle-talking. *blellum*, babbler. 23. *ilka*, every. *melder*, grinding. 24. *siller*, silver, money. 25. *naig*, nag, horse. *ca'd*, driven. "That you and the blacksmith got roaring full for every horse that was shod." 28. *Kirkton*, Churchtown; probably no particular village is referred to. 30. *Doon*. Ayr was on the river Doon. 31. *warlocks*, wizards. *mirk*, dark.

33. *gars me greet*, makes me weep. 39. *ingle*, chimney corner. 40. *reamin swats*, foaming ale. 41. *Souter*, shoemaker. 43. *lo'ed*, loved. 59–66. Cf. note on *To a Mountain Daisy*, line 31. It may be questioned whether the Scotch poem is improved by this bit of sentimental English. *Evanishing* (66) certainly seems not to fit. 61. Supply "that" before *falls*. 67. *tether*, hold back. 69. This line means "midnight." 71. *sic*, such. 78. *Deil*, devil.

81. *skelpit*, hurried. *dub*, puddle. 82. *despising*, regardless of. 84. *crooning*, etc., humming some old Scotch song. 86.

bogles, spirits, "spooks." 88. *ghaists*, ghosts. *houlets*, owls. 90. *smoored*, smothered. *birks*, birches. *meikle stane*, big stone. 93. *whins*, furze. *cairn*, pile of stone. 95. *aboon*, above. 96. St. Mungo was the patron saint of Alloway, but no legend is known of him or his "mither" to explain why Mungo's Well was so called. 102. *bleeze*, blaze. 103. *bore*, crevice. 105. *John Barleycorn*, whiskey. 107. *tippenny*, twopenny ale. 108. *usquebae*, whiskey. 109. See note on line 40. 110. *fair play*, if you gave him only fair play. *boddle*, a copper. 114. *unco*, marvelous.

116. *cotillion* is here accented on the first and last syllables. *brent-new*, brand-new. 117. *hornpipes*, etc., Scotch dances. 119. *winnock bunker*, window-seat. 121. *towzie tyke*, shaggy dog. 122. *gie*, give. 123. *gart them skirl*, made them shriek. 124. *dirl*, rattle. 127. *cantraip sleight*, magic trick. 130. *haly* (holy) *table*, the communion table. 131. *airns*, irons. 132. *unchristened bairns*, unbaptized infants. 133. *rape*, rope. 134. *gab*, mouth. 139. *ain*, own. 140. *stack*, stuck.

143. *glow'r'd*, stared. 147. *cleekit*, joined hands. 148. *carlin*, witch. *swat and reekit*, reeked with sweat. 149. *coost*, cast. *duddies*, clothes ("duds"). 150. *linket*, went at it. *sark*, smock. 151. *queans*, young girls. 152. *A'*, all. 153. *creeshie*, greasy. 154. *seventeen hunder*, very fine.

155. *kend*, knew. *fu' brawlie*, very well. 156. *wawlie*, good-looking. 157. *core*. Same as "corps." 158. Carrick is the district of Ayrshire south of the Doon. *Carrick shore*, then, is the south shore of the river. 161. *shook*, threshed. *corn*, grain. *bear*, barley. 163. *cutty sark*, short undergarment. *harn*, coarse linen. 166. *vauntie*, proud. 168. *coft*, bought. 169. *twa pund Scots* was equivalent to about eighty cents.

171. *cour*, bend down. 173. *lap and flang*, leaped and flung. 174. *souple*, supple. *jad*, "jade," lass (in either a good or a bad sense). 176. *een*, eyes. 177. *fidg'd*, fidgeted. 178. *hotched*, squirmed. 179. *syne*, then. 180. *tint*, lost. 185. *bizz*, buzz. *fyke*, noise. 186. *byke*, hive. 187. *pussie* is a hare. *open*, bark; predicate of *foes*. 192. *eldritch*, uncanny.

193. *fairin*, reward. 198. *brig*, bridge. 202. *fient*, "fiend," devil. 205. *ettle*, intention. 206. *wist*, knew.

Auld Lang Syne, days of long ago. 9. *pint-stowp*, drinking-cup. *be your pint-stowp*, be good for (pay for) your own drink. 13. *braes*, hillsides. 14. *gowans*, daisies. 15. *fit*, foot.

17. *paidled*, paddled. *burn*, brook. 18. *dine*, dinner. 19. *braid*, broad. 21. *fiere*, comrade. 23. *guid-willie*, good-willed, friendly. *waught*, draught.

Willie Brewed. — This poem is printed as a good specimen of Burns's "convivial" verse, which all too frequently commemorated real events. *Willie* was William Nichol; *Rob* was the poet himself; *Allan* was Allan Masterton, a musician, who afterwards set the lines to music. 8. *bree*, brew. 14. *lift*, sky. 15. *wyle*, entice.

Flow Gently. — This poem is said to be a most faithful description of the little river about fifteen miles east of Ayr; but no original for "Mary" has been found.

A Man's a Man. — The theme of this poem was probably suggested by Pope's line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." (See *Memorable Couplets*, page 188.) Burns quoted Pope's line in his *Cotter's Saturday Night* (line 166). Supply "a man" after *is there*. 8. *gowd*, gold. 9. *hamely*, homely, plain. 10. *hoddengray*, clothes made of coarse cloth. 17. *birkie*, fellow. 20. *coof*, fool. 22. *riband* (ribbon) and *star* are badges of different orders of knighthood. 28. *mauna fa'*, cannot accomplish. 36. *gree*, prize.

Wordsworth. — Much of what the poet says in his famous *Preface* is commonplace now; but in 1800 his theory was revolutionary, and aroused great opposition among the critics. The ideal of Pope, which was essentially artificial, had dominated English poetry for a century; and the new poetry of Wordsworth and his followers was harshly condemned for a long time.

50. *meanness*, insignificance. 65. *all good poetry*, etc. This description, one realizes, is far from true. It applies to lyric poetry, but certainly not to long poems like *Paradise Lost* or Wordsworth's own *Prelude* and *Excursion*. Even a good poet can hardly be spontaneous for 10,000 lines.

Passages Dealing with Poetry in General. — Wordsworth is now recognized as one of the greatest English critics. Among the passages given none would be more helpful for men to understand and act upon than that in line 23. Ability to appreciate great poetry is a valuable accomplishment for a "practical," busy man. 25. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, see note on Boswell, *First Meeting*, line 11. As first president of the Royal Academy Reynolds delivered a number of *Discourses on Painting*, in the seventh of which he treated the subject of taste in art.

Expostulation and Reply. — The *Matthew* of this poem (line 15) is supposed to be William Taylor, Wordsworth's teacher at Hawkshead, located on *Esthwaite lake* (13).

The Tables Turned. — 6. *lustre* is the object of *has spread.* 21 ff. This stanza "has been censured for exaggeration, but Wordsworth means that in communion with external nature a moment may come which will evoke from the heart more moral energy than can be taught by books." (Dowden.) 28. *to dissect*, in the act of dissecting or analyzing.

She Was a Phantom refers to the poet's wife. 27. Note that the important word in this line is not *perfect*, but *woman*, which is set over against *spirit* in 29.

I Wandered. — Lines 21–22, felt by many readers to be the best in the poem, were written by Mrs. Wordsworth.

Happy Warrior. — "The above verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the author's thoughts to the subject" (Wordsworth's note); but some particulars of Nelson's conduct prevented the poet from "thinking of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be." Some features in the character, the poet said, were taken from his brother John, captain of an East Indiaman, who was lost at sea. "The characteristics insisted on are," in the words of Dowden, "high aims, cultivation of the intellect, moral rectitude, the power to educe good from evil, tenderness, placability, purity, fortitude, obedience to the law of reason, the choice of right means as well as right ends, fidelity, joy in domestic pleasures, heroism in great crises of life."

Influence of a Mountain-peak. — The sub-title of the *Prelude* is, "Growth of a Poet's Mind; An Autobiographical Poem." The passage records an incident of his school days at Hawkshead. 1. *her* refers to Nature, mentioned in a previous line. 17. *elfin pinnace*, fairy boat. 22. The huge peak is easily identified as Old Wetherlam, about five miles from Hawkshead. 23. *instinct*, imbued, filled. 24. *struck, i.e.*, with the oars.

Westminster Bridge. — "Written on the roof of a coach on my way to France." (Wordsworth's note.) His sister Dorothy, who accompanied him, wrote in her Journal: "We left London on Saturday morning at half past five or six. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a

most beautiful sight. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles."

London, 1802. — This sonnet is the poet's lament for England's lack of sympathy with the ideals of the French Revolution.

"*Nuns Fret Not.*" — 3. *pensive citadels*, places where they may give themselves to meditation without interruption. 6. *Furness fells*, hills in Westmoreland County, northwestern part of England, the section where Wordsworth lived for about seventy of his eighty years. 8. *In truth . . . no prison is.* Cf. Lovelace, *To Althea* (pages 101–102), specially lines 25–26.

"*The World is too Much with Us.*" — Wordsworth means that he would rather be a believer in false deities and have some feeling for the divine in Nature than be a professed Christian and have no such feeling at all. 10. "A Pagan nourished in a faith proved to be untrue." 13. *Proteus* and *Triton* were pagan gods of the sea.

"*Scorn not the Sonnet.*" — 1. *Critic . . . honours.* The sonnet had fallen into disfavor in the eighteenth century. Very few sonnets were composed in England between Milton (died 1674) and Wordsworth (began this form of composition about 1800). 2. *with this key*, etc. Wordsworth accepted the theory that Shakspere's sonnets are autobiographical. See our note, page 20. 4 ff. *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, and *Dante* were the most distinguished Italian sonnet writers; *Camoëns* was a Portuguese. These and *Spenser* (line 10) wrote in honor or memory of loved ones. Milton's eighteen sonnets (*alas, too few!*), sixteen of which were written during the Civil War, cover a wide range of subjects.

Coleridge. — *Table Talk* is a collection of Coleridge's chance comments, published after his death by his nephew. Besides being a great poet, Coleridge was the founder of modern English literary criticism; and in this field his greatest accomplishment was his interpretation of Shakspere.

Kubla Khan. — Coleridge says that he composed two to three hundred lines on this subject "in a profound sleep." When he awoke he began to write it out; but after completing fifty-four lines he was interrupted by "a person on business," and could never recollect the rest.

Kubla was khan or emperor of China in the thirteenth century;

Xanadu was his city of residence. 13. *athwart a cedarn cover*, across a cedar wood. 19. *momently*, every moment. 41. *Mount Abora* probably had no existence outside of the poet's imagination. — What the complete poem might have been it is idle to conjecture. The fragment is highly mystical and unintelligible; but its musical quality is apparent to all, and poets and critics have always felt in it poetical merit of the first order.

Byron. — *Lachin y Gair* (pronunciation indicated in the last line of each stanza) appeared in *Hours of Idleness*, Byron's first volume, published when he was nineteen years old. The mountain, says Byron in a note, "towers proudly preëminent in the northern Highlands, near Invercauld. It is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our 'Caledonian Alps.' Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas."

5. *Caledonia*, Scotland. 10. *plaid*. "This word is erroneously pronounced *plăd;* the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography." (Byron's note.) 25–26. "I allude here to my maternal ancestors, the Gordons, many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Young Pretender." (Byron's note.) 27. *Culloden*, scene of the final defeat of the Young Pretender by the English. Charles was the grandson of James II, deposed by Parliament, and received support from France in his efforts to regain the crown of England for the Stuarts. 30. *Braemar* is in the Highlands. 31. *pibroch*, bagpipe. 36. *Albion's plain*, England.

Wordsworth. — Byron's *Hours of Idleness* was severely criticized in the *Edinburgh Review*, and *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: A Satire* was his reply. Being "very young and very angry," he hit promiscuously, and lived to regret many sharp passages in the poem. In his own copy he wrote opposite the passage on Wordsworth, "Unjust."

1. *thy* refers to Robert Southey, as founder of the "Lake School" of poetry. 2. *apostate*, one who has forsaken his faith. Wordsworth's "apostasy" is unhesitatingly set forth in his *Preface* (see page 233) as well as in his poems. 5–6. See *The Tables Turned*, page 238. 13–15. Referring to a poem by Wordsworth called *The Idiot Boy*. 20. *Bard*, Wordsworth.

The Bull-Fight. — 4. *lated*, belated. *wight*, person. 19. *sheen*, brightness, glittering ornaments. 41. *croupe*, for "croupade," a particular kind of leap. 57. *brast*, archaic for "burst." 60. *brand*, sword. 62. *conynge*, cunning, skillful.

Waterloo. — The scene of this justly famous passage was a ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond June 15, 1815. The Battle of Quatre-Bras, the first of the engagements which culminated at Waterloo, June 18, took place the day after the ball. 19–27. Frederick William, Duke of *Brunswick*, nephew of George III, was killed at the head of his troops at Quatre-Bras. His *father* (25) had fallen at Auerstädt in the campaign of 1806 against Napoleon. 26. *quell*, satisfy. 35. *eyes* is subject of *should meet.* 46. "*Cameron's Gathering,*" rallying-cry of the Highland clan of the Camerons. 47. *Lochiel*, chief of the Camerons. *Albyn*, Gaelic name of Scotland. 54. *Evan's, Donald's fame.* Sir Evan fought against Cromwell; his grandson Donald fought for the Young Pretender and was wounded at Culloden (see note on *Lachin y Gair*, 27); his great-great-grandson, John Cameron, was mortally wounded at Quatre-Bras. 55. *Ardennes* is for "Soignies," the forest between Brussels and Waterloo.

To Thomas Moore was written on the eve of the poet's final departure from England in 1816. Moore was Byron's literary executor and biographer.

Stanzas, *Epigram*, and *On my Thirty-third Birthday* express the height of Byron's cynicism, evidence of which is found throughout his works. "I have not loved the world, nor the world me," he writes in *Childe Harold;* and again, "'Tis but a worthless world to gain or lose." In his diary for Jan. 21, 1821, he wrote, in a quite different tone: "To-morrow is my birthday — I shall have completed thirty and three years of age! and I go to bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose. — I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have done."

John Bull (*Epigram*, 4) is England personified, or the typical Englishman. See Irving's essay on "John Bull" in *The Sketch Book.*

Don Juan is a poem of 16,000 lines in which "every mood of Byron's complex and paradoxical nature is vividly reflected." The poet called it an "epic"; but it is "an epic without a plan, and, rightly speaking, without a hero." It is a wholly destructive satire on life, with, nevertheless, some splendid lyric and narrative passages.

The meter, ottava rima, borrowed from the Italians, is peculiarly suitable for satiric poetry.

Shelley is universally admitted to be high in the first rank of lyric poets. His poems have for most readers little meaning; they are intensively "subjective"; a reader is likely to be strongly attracted by them or strongly repelled. They are in the highest degree "poetical," and annotation can be of little service to them. "The adjectives impracticable, unavailing, and unsatisfying are as applicable to Shelley and his poetry as are winged, luminous, angelic, and divine." (Schelling, *The English Lyric*, page 178.) "No poet, wrote Mrs. Shelley, "was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration." And of *The Cloud* and *To a Skylark* she said: "They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the caroling of the bird, aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames." See Wordsworth, page 235, line 65, and note.

West Wind. — 21. *Mænad*, a devotee of Bacchus. 32. *pumice* means, of volcanic origin; but the fact contributes nothing to one's understanding of the poem. *Baiæ's Bay* is part of the Bay of Naples. There was once a large city at Baiæ, now mostly submerged (33–35). 56. The adjectives admirably described the poet. The student should read a good sketch of his life.

The Cloud. — 31. *sanguine*, blood-red; the etymological sense of the word. 81. *cenotaph*, a tomb for a person buried elsewhere.

Skylark. — The poem falls into four main divisions: direct description of the lark's flight and song (1–30); description of the lark by comparisons (31–60); appeal to know the source of the lark's "rapture" (61–75); explanation of the superiority of the bird's song to the poet's (76–105).

Keats. — George *Chapman* was a late Elizabethan dramatist and poet. His translation of Homer is, according to Saintsbury, "the only really good one" in English verse. *realms* (1), *kingdoms* (2), and *demesne* (6) have almost the same meaning. It would be a good exercise for the student to look them up in a large dictionary, and try to see what shades of meaning Keats meant to convey. 11. It was Balboa, not *Cortez*, who discovered the Pacific; but the beauty of the sonnet is not in the least marred by the error. 14. *Darien*, the Isthmus of Panama. — The sonnet may be para-

phrased as follows: "I have read a great deal of good poetry; I had often heard of the beauties of Homer; but I did not know Homer [because of my ignorance of Greek] until I became acquainted with Chapman's translation. Then I felt as does an astronomer when he discovers a new planet; or like the great explorer when he discovered the Pacific Ocean — stricken into silence by wonder."

Grasshopper and Cricket. — This sonnet was written by Keats in a friendly competition with Leigh Hunt. The latter was not a great poet; but it may be questioned whether his sonnet, which we quote for comparison, is inferior to Keats's.

"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth."

Grecian Urn. — It appears that Keats had no individual urn in mind, but combined features found in many specimens and features of his own imagining. He gives such full details that the reader should have no difficulty in forming a clear mental picture of the *legend* (5) on it. 3. *sylvan*, of the woods. 7. *Tempe*, a beautiful valley in Thessaly. *Arcady*, Arcadia, a district in Greece inhabited by a pastoral people, and noted as a place of quiet and contentment. 10. *timbrel*, a sort of drum. 11–12. *Heard . . . sweeter.* The poet seems to say that he can imagine more beautiful music than has ever been composed. 13. *sensual*, bodily. 15–30. These lines refer to the "legend" on the urn, which can not change. 28. *passion* is object of *above*. 41. *brede*, "braid," embroidery — not, of course, in its literal sense. 44. *tease . . . thought*, exhaust our powers of thinking. 49–50. Keats was a strong believer in the theory of "art for art's sake," which says that art is justified if it

pleases, whether it teaches anything or not. The idea is well put in *The Rhodora* of Emerson:

> "If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Eve of St. Agnes. — The tradition upon which this poem is founded is set forth in lines 46–54. *St. Agnes' Eve*, that is, the eve before St. Agnes's Day, is January 20. The scenes of the poem are various parts of a medieval baron's castle.

5. A *beadsman* was a pensioner whose business it was to pray for the soul of his benefactor. *told his rosary*, counted his beads (each of which stood for a prayer). See notes on *L'Allegro*, 67, and Chaucer's *Prologue*, 83. 14–16. The images of dead knights and ladies were in the posture of prayer in *oratories* (*i.e.*, little chapels with altars), inclosed by railings described as *purgatorial* because of the discomfort suggested. The whole poem is distinguished for its pictorial quality. Note the number of passages appealing to all the senses. 21. *flattered*, beguiled, charmed. "Tears," says Leigh Hunt in an extended comment on this word, "are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-pity to self-love." 31. *snarling* describes the sound as it seemed to *Porphyro* (75). 34–36. Another "pictorial" passage. 37. *argent*, bright (like silver). 58. *train* was explained by Keats as referring to the ladies' robes. 70. *amort*, without spirit; literally, as if dead — French *à la mort*. 71. On St. Agnes's Day it was customary to sacrifice two lambs, which were shorn the next day. 81. *sooth*, truth. Cf. "soothsayer." 83–84. The household of Madeline was at enmity with that of Porphyro. Cf. 98–104. 105. *gossip*, companion. This is a good word to investigate.

111. *Well-a-day!* alas! 115. *holy loom*, the loom on which the wool from St. Agnes's lambs was made into cloth. Cf. 71, and note. 120. Only a person with supernatural power, such as a witch, could hold water in a sieve. 126. *mickle*, much. 158. *plaining*, archaic for "complaining." 171. *Since Merlin paid*, etc. "The monstrous debt was his monstrous existence which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Vivien." See the story in Tennyson's *Merlin and Vivien*, one of the *Idylls of the King*. 173. *cates*, delicacies. 174. *tambour*, a kind of drum. *frame*, a round frame like the edge of a tambour, used to hold cloth for embroidering.

193. *missioned*, sent. *unaware*, unexpectedly. 208. The three stanzas following are perhaps the most famous and effective picture in the entire poem, if not in the whole range of English literature. Keats delighted in sense impressions. One will be repaid by a study of the details here, and an effort to realize the picture. 214. *heraldries*, coats of arms. 218. *gules*, the term used in heraldry for "red." The colors of this stanza are due to the many-colored window. 241. *swart*, swarthy, dark. *Paynims*, pagans. This line has been variously explained. It may mean a *missal* (*i.e.*, prayer-book) on which is a picture of pagans praying; or, a missal clasped in a pagan country.

253–275. This passage should be compared with 208–234. 257. Morpheus was the god of sleep. *Morphean amulet*, a charm to produce sleep. 262. *azure-lidded*. Keats's fondness for pictures led him to coin words that would express a great deal. 266. *soother*, more soothing or pleasing. 270. *Samarcand* is a city in Asia noted for its manufactures of silk. *Lebanon*, a range of mountains, also located in Asia, was famous in ancient times for its cedars. Compare this line with *L'Allegro*, 4, and *Il Penseroso*, 76; and see the notes on those lines. 277. *eremite*, hermit, worshiper.

285. *carpet*, table-cover. 292. *Provence*, a district of southern France, famous for its literature, especially lyric poetry. *La belle dame sans merci*, the beautiful lady without pity. Keats wrote a poem with this French phrase for title. 317. *Voluptuous*, giving pleasure. 344. *a boon;* because it served to cover the noise of the elopement Porphyro was about to propose. 349. *Rhenish*, Rhine wine. *mead*, a mixed drink. 377. *avès*, prayers; specifically, the prayer to the Virgin Mary, beginning Ave Maria, "Hail, Mary," of which a hundred and fifty are said in "telling the beads." See lines 5–6.

Lamb. — *Roast Pig.* — Lamb did, in fact, get the central idea of this story from his *friend M.* (Thomas Manning); but there is no *Chinese manuscript* back of it, and many details are of Lamb's invention. 10. *elder brother*, earlier practice. 15. *lubberly*, awkward. 20. *antediluvian*, before the Flood. 21. *new-farrowed*, new-born. 26. *tenement* here means merely "house." 37. *a premonitory moistening*, his mouth watered in anticipation of the treat. 58. *lower regions*, stomach.

88. *mess*, dish, food. 103. *assize town*, place for holding court —

but in England, not China. The whole proceedings are English; likewise the *insurance offices* (123), which, needless to say, had no existence in ancient China. 128. John *Locke* was a great English philosopher of the seventeenth century. 142. *mundus edibilis*, world of things to eat. 143. *princeps obsoniorum*, chief of tidbits. 147. *amor immunditiæ*, love of dirt. 150. *præludium*, prelude. The Latin terms and the high-sounding words are part of Lamb's burlesque tone.

153. *tegument*, skin. 165. *ambrosian*, like ambrosia, the food of the gods. 178. *conversation*, mode of life; a use of the word common in the Authorized Version of the Bible — *e.g.*, in *Psalms* XXXVII, 14. 180. *Ere*, etc. From Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant*. 182. *clown*, rustic. 184. *hath a fair sepulchre*, etc. A humorous allusion to the last two lines of Milton's *On Shakspere:*

> "And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

187. *Sapors*, flavors. 213. *villatic*, belonging to the villa or farm. The quoted phrase is from Milton's drama, *Samson Agonistes*. 217. *like Lear*. See Shakspere's *King Lear*, 2. 4. 253. 253. *nice*, discriminating. 258. *intenerating and dulcifying*, making tender and sweet. 265. *St. Omer's*, a college in France, which Lamb never attended. 268. *per flagellationem extremam* is translated by the phrase preceding. 276. *barbecue*, roast whole. Lamb here distinguishes between the *whole hogs* (*grown porkers* of line 144) and the *weakling* (the *young and tender suckling* of line 145). *shalots* are a kind of onion, which he would permit in roasting the hog, but not the young pig.

Dream-Children. — This essay in connection with the preceding shows how well Lamb understood "the intertwining of the ludicrous and pathetic elements in human nature." Such an understanding is an essential characteristic of every real humorist. Lamb had a grandmother named Field who was housekeeper "in a great house"; and other details of the essay are known to come from the author's life and experiences. There is, however, insufficient evidence for the existence of a real *Alice W——n* whom he courted for seven years; and Lamb's well-known "habit of embroidering fiction upon fact" forbids us to accept readily any identification of her.

14. *the Robin Redbreasts* covered the murdered children's bodies with leaves. 41. *Psaltery*, the book of Psalms. 96. *John L——*,

or James Elia (line 151), is Lamb's older brother, whose death started the train of thought that produced this essay. 137. *re-presentment*, reincarnation. 147. *Lethe*, the river of forgetfulness in the other world. 151. *Bridget* Elia was the name under which Lamb's sister Mary often appeared in his essays.

De Quincey. — *Meeting with Lamb.* — When this meeting took place, Lamb was not a distinguished writer; and De Quincey "sought his acquaintance rather under the reflex honor he had enjoyed of being known as Coleridge's friend than for any which he yet held directly and separately in his own person." 2. *The Temple* was the residence of lawyers and law students. 30. *no man*, etc. This was "late in 1804 or early in 1805"; that is, some six or seven years after the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* by Wordsworth and Coleridge. See our introductory note on Wordsworth. 34. *that Coleridge and that Wordsworth*, the men as they seemed at that time. 40. *Pariahs*, outcasts. 44. *bravura*, pretentious exhibition; alluding to the two preceding paragraphs. 45. *a position*, etc. In 1838, when this passage was written, Wordsworth and Coleridge were universally recognized as great poets. 57. *let the reader figure, I say.* Repeated from line 48 to remind the reader of the point of the sentence. De Quincey was much given to digressions, but rarely failed to use this excellent means of keeping the reader on the main track of his thought. 72. *canon*, standard. 75. *allow yourself in*, permit yourself to indulge in. An uncommon but correct idiom.

80. *The many men*, etc. *Ancient Mariner*, 236–7. 83. *Wapping.* See note on 167, 21.

Apostrophe to Opium. — De Quincey began the use of opium to alleviate suffering from neuralgia while he was a student at Oxford. He knew nothing of the drug; but he lived to discover that the suffering it can cause is infinitely greater than that arising from the bodily ills it aims to abate. — The first three quotations in this passage are from Wordsworth: — *the pangs*, etc., from *White Doe of Rylstone; Wrongs unredressed*, etc., from book III of *The Excursion; from the anarchy*, etc., from book IV of *The Excursion; dishonour of the grave* is apparently an allusion to 1 *Corinthians* XV, 43. 15. *Phidias* and *Praxiteles* were great Greek sculptors. 16. *Babylon* became famous for its magnificence under Nebuchadnezzar, sixth century B.C. *Hekatompylos* means the "hundred-gated," and

designates the Egyptian city of Thebes. The Grecian Thebes was "seven-gated."

Incident of the Malay. — When the genuineness of this incident was questioned, De Quincey said it was "recorded most faithfully." 6. *amongst English mountains.* The author was living at Grasmere in Westmoreland County, northwestern part of England. 7. De Quincey may have had in mind any one of several seaports on the western coast. 49. *Anastasius*, an anonymous novel, very popular when the *Confessions* were written. 50. *Adelung's "Mithridates,"* a work on languages by a famous German philologist. 88. *a-muck.* "See the common accounts in any eastern traveler or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling." (De Quincey's note.)

From Pleasure to Pain. — 6. *an Iliad of woes.* The subject of Homer's *Iliad* is

> "Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered."

Cicero in one of his letters to Atticus says: "An Iliad of woes [Latin *malorum*] hangs over us."

On Reading Aloud. — 1. *in medias res*, into the middle of the subject. 3. *acme*, highest point. 13. *Kemble* and *Mrs. Siddons* were the foremost Shaksperean actors of De Quincey's day. 17. *Overstep*, etc. Quoted from Hamlet's advice to the players: *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 2. 20. *Samson Agonistes*, hero of Milton's drama of that name. 23. *Margaret* was Mrs. De Quincey.

Scott. — The time of *The Bride of Lammermoor* is the end of the seventeenth century. Sir William Ashton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, had acquired the estate of Ravenswood, of the former owners of which he had been an enemy. Edgar, called the Master of Ravenswood, was the last representative of the dispossessed family.

Soldier, Rest! is the song sung by Ellen Douglas to James Fitz-James on his arrival at the Douglas castle.

Here's a Health. — *Woodstock* is a Royalist picture of the period of the Commonwealth (1652). The king treated is Charles II, restored to the throne eight years after the time of the story.

Escape of Marmion. — Marmion, having been sent on a mission to Scotland by Henry VIII, was entertained by Douglas at the request of King James of Scotland. Douglas had evidence that his guest was guilty of forgery and worse crimes, and therefore declined to take his hand at parting. 3. *Surrey* was commander of the English forces, which met the Scottish at Flodden Field shortly after the scene given here. 8. *Clara* was an heiress whom Marmion hoped to marry. 13. *plain*, complain. 16. *Tantallon* was Douglas's castle. 39. Douglas had the title of Earl of *Angus*. 56. *Saint Bride*, or Bridget, was the favorite saint of Angus. There was a shrine to her in Bothwell Castle, near Glasgow. 58. *portcullis*, a gate, usually of iron, which ran up and down in grooves. 60. *rowel*, spur. 82. *Gawain* Douglas was a poet (see introductory note to *Tam O' Shanter*), and later, though not at the time of *Marmion*, a bishop.

Austen. — The passage from *Pride and Prejudice* illustrates well Sir Walter Scott's criticism of the author's work: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with." It would be well to compare it with the selection from *The Bride of Lammermoor*, in which there is so much more action than here, and so much less clear portrayal of character. Miss Austen's conversation, in which she always excelled, should also be compared with Sir Walter's.

Elizabeth Bennet stands for the "Prejudice" of the title; *Mr. Darcy* (page 317), nephew of *Lady Catherine de Bourgh*, for the "Pride." After a long period of failure to understand each other, a mutual attraction had arisen, rumor of which had finally reached Lady Catherine. 42. *Rosings*, the De Bourgh estate. 43. *Sir William Lucas*, friend of the Bennets, whose daughter *Charlotte* (line 52) had married *Mr. Collins* (line 49), rector of the parish in which Lady Catherine lived. 235. Lady Catherine did not know that her nephew Darcy had a much larger hand in the "business" of the marriage, and that only love of Elizabeth had moved him to do so. 241. *Pemberley*, Mr. Darcy's estate in Derbyshire.

Macaulay. — 8. *Who wrote*, etc. See note on Goldsmith's *The Retaliation*, page 470. 9. *La Fontaine*, the famous French writer of fables, was exceedingly absent-minded, and otherwise peculiar; but

Macaulay forces the point in calling him a *simpleton*. 10. *Hierocles*, a Greek philosopher of the fifth century. The humorous *stories* to which Macaulay refers are now known to be not the work of Hierocles. 19. *Paul Pry*, a character in a comedy by John Poole, described as "an idle, inquisitive, meddlesome fellow, who has no occupation of his own, and is forever poking his nose into other people's affairs." 27. *Tacitus*, Roman historian, wrote a biography of Agricola, Roman governor of Britain in the first century. Edward Hyde, first Earl of *Clarendon*, English statesman of the seventeenth century, and Count Vittorio *Alfieri*, Italian dramatist of the eighteenth century, wrote autobiographies. Samuel *Johnson* wrote lives of a number of English poets. — This selection shows Macaulay's literary style in characteristic fashion. He is always clear and forcible; but his prejudices and his fondness for antithesis led him to great exaggerations. Note, for example, line 12, *If . . . writer;* and the last sentence; and compare Carlyle's estimate of Boswell a few pages further on.

Trial of Hastings. — 1. *Court.* See lines 19–23. Hastings, the first governor-general of India, was impeached by the House of Commons for high crimes and misdemeanors, and was tried by the House of Lords. 5. *Westminster*, that part of London where the Houses of Parliament are located. 22. Hastings had deposed Cheyte Sing, Rajah of *Benares*, and had obtained money illegally from him and from the Begums of *Oude*.

25. *the hall of William Rufus*, so called because begun by that king, is now a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. 27. Francis *Bacon*, the essayist, was convicted of corruption as a judge. 28. *Somers*, Lord Chancellor from 1696 to 1700, was impeached after leaving office, but was acquitted when his accusers declined to appear against him. The Earl of *Strafford*, Charles the First's chief adviser, despite his eloquence, was executed early in the session of the Long Parliament. 30. *Charles* the First was condemned to death as "tyrant, traitor, and murderer." 36. *Garter King-at-arms*, head of the heralds' college, which had supervision over coats-of-arms, genealogies, etc. 39. *Upper House*, House of Lords. 47. *Prince of Wales*, afterward King George IV.

49 ff. This paragraph is another fine specimen of Macaulay's style, which some critics condemn as "rhetoric." The writer certainly knew what he wanted to accomplish — to present a striking picture, and scarcely any will question his success. The use of the

adverb *there* to introduce ten of the thirteen sentences keeps the reader's mind fixed on the place. The second sentence contains a general statement, with some striking figures of speech; and a number of specific statements follow. 58. *Siddons.* See note on De Quincey, *On Reading Aloud*, line 14. 60. *historian*, etc., Edward Gibbon. 65. The *painter* is *Reynolds* (line 66); the *scholar* is *Parr* (line 69). For Reynolds, see note on Boswell, *First Meeting*, line 11. Samuel Parr was noted for the breadth as well as the extent of his learning. 74. *her to whom*, etc., Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic lady, whom the Prince of Wales could not legally marry. 76. *the beautiful mother*, Mrs. Sheridan, whose three daughters were noted for their beauty. She was a famous singer, and was painted as *Saint Cecilia*, the patron saint of music, by Reynolds. 79. *brilliant society*, etc. A number of the leading spirits in all walks of life, who frequented the "assemblies" of Elizabeth, wife of Edward, *Montague*, grandson of the Earl of Sandwich. 81. *whose lips*, etc. It was said that a kiss from the Duchess of Devonshire persuaded a voter to vote for Charles James *Fox* in the election of 1780. Fox was one of the managers of the impeachment proceedings.

London Coffee-Houses. — Compare with this selection Steele's *Prospectus* (page 160) and Addison's *Mr. Spectator* (page 176). Macaulay's chapter deals with the year 1685 (see line 85); but the coffee-houses remained an important "institution" until well into the eighteenth century. 12. *Commonwealth*, the government of England between the execution of Charles I and the establishment of Cromwell's *Protectorate* — 1649–1653. The first coffee-house was opened in 1652. 22. *fourth Estate.* See note on Malory, line 3 (page 451). 25. Thomas Osborne, Earl of *Danby*, was Lord Treasurer and first minister of the Crown, from 1673 to 1678. 47. *from Paris.* During the rule of Cromwell, Charles II and many of the nobility had lived in Paris; and at the Restoration of Charles (1660) they brought back French fashions. 52. *Lord Foppington*, character in Vanbrugh's comedy, *The Relapse.* His dialect consisted chiefly of some affected pronunciations. 55. *clown*, rustic. 68. *Perrault*, champion of modern writers as opposed to ancient. *Boileau*, champion of the ancients. See introductory note to Swift, *Spider and the Bee*, page 465. 71. *Venice Preserved* was a popular tragedy by Thomas Otway in 1682. 79. Dryden was Poet *Laureate* until the Revolution of 1688. 80. *Racine* and *Bossu* were famous French writers of the day.

Battle of Ivry celebrates the victory of Henry IV, king of Navarre and leader of the Huguenots after Coligni's death, over the Holy League in 1590. 6. *Rochelle,* headquarters of the Huguenots. 14. *Appenzell,* a district of Switzerland. *spears,* troops. 15. Henry I of *Lorraine,* third Duke of Guise, was killed two years before Ivry. His *brood* means all such opponents of the rightful monarch. 16. Charles of Lorraine, Duke of *Mayenne,* brother of Henry I, commanded the League's forces. *truncheon,* staff of authority. 17. *Seine,* river running through Paris. It was *empurpled* by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. 18. *Coligni,* leader of the Huguenots, slain in the Massacre. 30. *oriflamme,* standard, ensign; originally the particular ensign of the king of France. 34. *Guelders,* Gelderland, a province of Holland. *Almayne,* Germany. 36. Lilies were the royal device of France from the sixth century. They were called *golden lilies* by the Italian poet Tasso in his *Jerusalem Delivered.* 38. *the snow-white crest,* the *white plume* (29) on Navarre's helmet. 42. Charles of Lorraine, Duke *d'Aumale,* one of the leaders of the Holy League. *Flemish count,* Philip of Egmont (14). 47–48. The League included Catholics from other countries as well as France. Henry's command was intended to propitiate the French Catholics, with a view to a united country when he should be secure on the throne. 54. Maxilian, *Lord of Rosny* and Duke of Sully, was one of Henry's most capable and loyal supporters. 61. Soldiers from both Austria and Switzerland were engaged in the battle. 63. *Philip* II, King of Spain, who was aiding the Roman Catholics against Navarre. *pistoles,* money. The pistole was a gold coin of varying value. 66. *St. Genevieve* was the patron saint of Paris. Her *burghers,* then, were the citizens of the city.

Carlyle. — This passage on Boswell is from a review of Croker's edition of the *Life of Johnson,* previously reviewed by Macaulay. (See page 323, and note.) Carlyle's essay is in reality an answer to Macaulay, and gives a much fairer picture of both Johnson and Boswell.

16. *solid pudding,* income from his book. 23. *Time.* Carlyle, doubtless under the influence of his German studies, used capital letters much more freely than is (or was) common among English writers. 35. *Shakespeare Jubilee,* held at Stratford in 1769. Boswell appeared at a masquerade dressed as a Corsican warrior, in compliment to Paoli, the hero of Corsica, whom Boswell admired greatly.

The ribbon on his cap on this occasion was not *Corsica Boswell*, but "Viva la Liberta." Macaulay got the story wrong, and Carlyle followed him in the error. 49. *flunky*, a footman.

55. Boswell's father was Laird of *Auchinleck*. *Touchwood* is Carlyle's nickname; cf. *sulphur-brand*, line 64. 58. *schoolmaster*, Dr. Johnson, who attempted to conduct a private school before coming to London. 69. Boswell's *social position* is set forth in detail in the following sentences. 75. *Dominie*, schoolmaster. 78. *pragmatical*, self-important. 79. *atmosphere of Heraldry*, where blood and ancestry were of much importance. 80. *Gamaliel*. See *Acts* V, 34. 87. *Advocates*, lawyers. 100. *gulosity*, gluttony, greediness. *gigmanity*. From the time of *Thurtell's trial* (Carlyle's note) "'gig' became Carlyle's pet symbol for respectability."

129. Carlyle errs here. Johnson, when Boswell became acquainted with him, was the foremost man of letters in England, and was receiving large returns for his labor. 132. *glass of fashion*. An allusion to Ophelia's speech, *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 1, line 161 ff.; as is also *the observed of innumerable observers* (142). 139. *lick-spittles*, flatterers. Cf. *plate-licker*, line 151. 150. The *Feast of Tabernacles* took place at the end of the harvest of fruit, oil, and wine, and was the most joyful of all feasts. See *Numbers* XXIX, 12–40. 153. The *blind old woman* was Miss Williams, a dependent of Johnson's. 167. The meaning of *Spanielship*, a word of Carlyle's coining, can be easily understood. 173. The *Outer-House* is the great hall in the Parliament House at Edinburgh where the Court of Sessions sits. The *domestic* Outer-House would be the entrance hall to Johnson's residence, where Boswell might be thought of as sitting and deciding who should enter. Johnson was called "Ursa Major," the Great *Bear*, by Boswell's father. *Henry Erskine* was a prominent Scotch statesman and wit.

Burns. — This passage is from the fifth of a series of six lectures. In the others Carlyle treated the hero as Divinity, Prophet, Poet, Priest (preacher), and King. In this lecture he spoke of Samuel *Johnson* (line 15) and Jean Jacques *Rousseau* (16), in addition to Burns. He introduced his first lecture with this sentence: "We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did; — on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs."

2. sincerity. Cf. *The Hero as Prophet:* "I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic." In an essay on Burns written twelve years before the lecture Carlyle had said: "The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth." 10. *Odin*, the chief god of the Scandinavian mythology, is the central figure in *The Hero as Divinity*. 12 ff. To appreciate this essay fully, the student should read some good sketch of Burns's life. 30. *The world*, etc. One of Carlyle's striking aphorisms. 46. *phasis;* same as "phase." 54. Napoleon obtained his first commission, the *Artillery Lieutenancy*, at the age of seventeen. 60. *cynosure.* See note on *L'Allegro*, 80. *Adversity*, etc. Another sentence of Carlyle's that has come to be almost a proverb. 69. "*rank is but*," etc. From *A Man's a Man*, page 232, line 7. 80. After the Edinburgh visit, Burns took up farming near Dumfries, where he died eight years later, unquestionably as a result of too much convivial company.

Definition of History. — David *Hume*, English, eighteenth century, wrote *History of England.* William *Robertson*, Scotch, eighteenth century, several histories. *Herodotus*, Greek, fifth century B.C., history of the Persian invasion of Greece. Jean *Froissart*, French, fourteenth century, history of several countries of Europe. 25. Carlyle probably has in mind the definition of Thucydides: "History is philosophy teaching by examples." 31 ff. The first Duke of *Marlborough*, hero of the War of the Spanish Succession (1701–1713), asserted that he knew no English history except what he learned from Shakspere. 44. *Monkish Annalists*, monks who kept record of events year by year. 46. *missal*, church service book. *breviary*, prayer book. Carlyle means that the monks wrote, not as unprejudiced historians, but from the point of view of the Church.

Dickens. — *Preface to "Oliver Twist."* — 16. *Hogarth*, English satiric painter of the eighteenth century; famous for his subjects from low life. 44. The editor has been unable to identify *Massaroni*. He offers the guess that the name is an invention of Dickens, to give a high-sounding foreign designation to the typical, more or less attractive, rogue of the earlier picaresque novels. 45. Bill *Sikes* is one of the most vicious of the criminal gang in *Oliver Twist*. *Nancy* is his life companion. 56. "The Artful

Dodger" is a member of the gang who does nothing worse than steal. 99. *Jacob's Island*, described in chapter 50 of the novel, was in the worst part of London's shipping quarter. It was "surrounded by a muddy ditch known in the days of this story as Folly Ditch . . . every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage; all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch."

Mr. Micawber is one of the most famous and delightfully amusing characters in Dickens's most famous novel. His characteristics are shown in the selection — an "imposing" appearance, a grandiloquent manner of speaking, frequent and fragmentary literary allusions, and some pet phrases such as "in short," "waiting for something to turn up." 25. *Murdstone*, David's stepfather. 93. This "in short" refers to visits to the pawnbroker. 115. *Take him*, etc. A comic reminiscence of Hamlet's eulogy on his father:

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

127. *nineteen* (pounds) *nineteen* (shillings) *six* (pence); that is, ten or fifteen cents less than twenty pounds. *Twenty pounds ought* (for "naught") *and six* means sixpence more than twenty pounds.

Uriah Heep is the "villain" of David's story, though in our selection he appears to be merely an unattractive character. His peculiarities, like Mr. Micawber's, are on the surface, and the author seldom writes a page about him without mentioning them — his red hair, his long, "clammy" hands, his "umble" disposition, his way of writhing (line 114). 57. William *Tidd's Practice of the Court of King's Bench* was a real authority on common-law practice in Dickens's day. 76. *a numble* is merely, of course, Uriah's way of saying "an umble."

George Eliot. — Mrs. Tulliver, with her children, Tom and Maggie, and her niece, Lucy Deane, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pullet, at Garum Firs. Maggie has been guilty of several accidents before this chapter, being so exceptionally unfortunate as to offend her beloved brother. She feels that she is in everybody's disfavor, and is therefore not inclined to be agreeable to anybody.

18. Medusa's hair was so beautiful that Minerva out of jealousy transformed it into snakes. Her head was then so terrible to look upon that all who did so were turned into stone. All the author

means to say is that Maggie looked very fierce. *with her snakes cropped* refers to Maggie's having cut off her own hair in a fit of anger. 112. Τι μέγεθος, Greek, "something great." 151. *corpus delicti*, body of the chosen (or favored). 231. *spud*, a kind of spade.

Thackeray. — *Vanity Fair* is a satire on "Society." Rebecca, or "Becky," Sharp, an adventuress, married Captain Rawdon Crawley in expectation that he would inherit largely from a rich old aunt. The aunt disinherited him, but he became Colonel in the Waterloo campaign, after which he left the army. Soon afterwards the two went to London to live "on nothing a year" — that is, by the Colonel's gambling and his wife's cleverness. Her principal victim was Lord Steyne (pronounced like "stain"), a wealthy, unprincipled Marquis. 5. *bonne*, nursemaid. 60. *Magasin des Modes*, a French fashion journal. 79. *holland*, a fabric of cotton or linen; so called because first made in Holland. 124. *maitre d'hotel*, steward.

Washington Irving. — *Nil Nisi Bonum* means "nothing except good." In a sentence elsewhere in the essay Thackeray wrote: "And so with Macaulay's style there may be faults, of course — what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*." 1. John Gibson *Lockhart* was *Sir Walter Scott's* son-in-law, as well as his literary executor. 6. Irving had many characteristics leading to his being called *the Goldsmith* of his day. Macaulay was the greatest historian of the day, as *Gibbon* was of the preceding century. 15. *pater patriae*, father of his country. 50. The *medal* was that of the Royal Society of Literature. 64. *diplomatized*. Irving received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford. *Note* 1. *Two Kings*, etc. Alluding to an incident in an old farce called *The Rehearsal*. 131. Joseph René *Bellot* was a young Frenchman who was lost in the Arctic ice while a member of the party searching for Sir John Franklin.

Huxley. — This extract is from a lecture to workingmen, to whom Huxley gave much thought and time. "If I am to be remembered at all," he once said, "I would rather it should be as a man who did his best to help the people than by any other title." He labored continually to make science intelligible and useful to unscientific people. 34. *Molière*, greatest French writer of comedy. The play referred to by Huxley is called *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (the "Mid-

dle Class Gentleman"). 181. *these kind* is no longer considered good usage. "kind" is singular. 193. *vera causa*, true cause. 257. Sir Isaac *Newton* demonstrated the law of gravitation. Pierre Simon, Marquis de *Laplace*, French astronomer who framed the "nebular hypothesis." 278. *You may have hypotheses, and hypotheses;* that is, "there is an enormous difference in the value of hypotheses."

RUSKIN'S interpretation of Milton is really a lesson in what "is rightly called 'reading'" (see line 208). 11. *pilot*, the Apostle Peter, who was a fisherman on Galilee, and, Milton assumes, pilot of his boat. 14. *mitred*, wearing a miter, or bishop's hat. Peter is said by the Roman Catholic Church to have been the first bishop of Rome. 24. *are sped*, have prospered. 25. *list*, please. 26. *pipes*. See note on *Lycidas*, 33. 47. Ruskin uses *bishop* here in its usual New Testament sense — synonymous with "elder," or priest. 48. *episcopal power*, power of a bishop. 49. *that text*. See *Matthew* XVI, 17–19. 82. *lords over*. 1 *Peter* V, 3.

116. Ruskin may use *Bill and Nancy* in a general sense, as we say "every Tom, Dick, and Harry." Or he may have in mind Dickens's *Oliver Twist* (see *Preface*, page 343 ff., and notes), though it is not recorded that Nancy ever struck Bill Sikes. 121. *Salisbury steeple* is the highest among the English cathedrals — 404 feet. 147 ff. Both quotations are from *John* III, 8. 164. *cretinous*, idiotic. 166. *sectarians*, bigoted adherents of any sect. 179. The interpretation of Dante is in the ninth book of *Purgatory*, lines 68–121 of Cary's translation. 187. *have taken*. *Luke* XI, 52. 190. *He that watereth*. *Proverbs* XI, 25. 197. *rock-apostle*, Peter. The name is from the Greek *petros*, a stone. See reference on line 49. *Take him*. See *Matthew* XXII, 13. — Ruskin's conclusion is expressed too strongly. Every reader has a right to his own thoughts about an author *after* he clearly understands *what that author says*.

ARNOLD. — For the source of the title, *Sweetness and Light*, see Swift's *The Spider and the Bee*, pages 138–143. 23. Arnold was a great admirer of *Sainte-Beuve*, and the most distinguished English representative of the Frenchmen's "school" of criticism. 25. *in our English way*. Arnold persistently pointed out the defects of English life, and his words were not without effect. In the words of another great critic, Sir Leslie Stephen, Arnold "applied good whole-

some irritants to our stolid self-satisfaction." 43. *Montesquieu,* famous French philosophical writer of the eighteenth century. His best-known work is *L'Esprit des Lois* ("Spirit of the Laws"); but the quotation in the text is from his *Discourse on the Motives Which Ought to Impel Us to Study.* 70. *Thomas Wilson* was Bishop of the Isle of Man from 1697 to 1755. Arnold considered his work "the very best, perhaps, which our race and nation can do in the way of religious writing."

Estimate of Emerson. — Considerations of space led the editor to omit a number of sentences from the first two paragraphs of the selection. None of those omitted deal with Emerson. 8. *Newman* was not a *Cardinal* when Arnold was at Oxford, but a minister in the Church of England. His "solution" of his doubts, which Arnold calls "impossible," was his entrance into the Church of Rome. 35. Arnold heard two of his "voices" when he read Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* in Carlyle's translation. The aim of that book is expressed by an English critic thus: "That we should give unity to our lives by devoting them with hearty enthusiasm to some pursuit, and that the pursuit is assigned to us by nature through the capacities she has given us."

42. James Russell *Lowell* wrote a most appreciative and entertaining essay on *Emerson the Lecturer.* 54. *Weimar,* Goethe's home. 81. The *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,* emperor from 161 to 180 A.D., show that he preserved "in a time of universal corruption, unreality, and self-indulgence, a nature sweet, pure, self-denying, unaffected."

Shakespeare. — 1. *Others abide our question,* other writers endure (and, in some sense, answer) our questioning (about their lives and experiences). Arnold in this sonnet says that Shakspere did not reveal himself, but by his understanding of mankind's *pains* (12), *weakness,* and *griefs* (13) was able to speak for the whole race of man. 8. *the foiled searching of mortality,* the search of mortals, which is foiled.

Memorial Verses. — 2. Byron died in Greece in 1824, where he had gone to assist the Greeks in their struggle for independence. 10. *the strife* was in Byron's soul. He was a rebel against society, and set at naught its conventions. 18. *Physician of the iron age.* In classical mythology the iron age, following the golden, the silver, and the bronze, was the age "wherein toil and selfishness are the burden of a degenerate mankind." (*New International Dictionary.*) Arnold

says Goethe's mission was to relieve this. 23 ff. Goethe died in 1832, having seen England lose her American colonies; France set aside her rulers in a bloody "Reign of Terror"; and England, with Prussia's aid, defeat Napoleon's scheme to dominate Europe. 38–39. See note on *L'Allegro*, 145. 72. *Rotha*, usually "Rothay," a stream flowing by Grasmere churchyard, within a few feet of Wordsworth's grave.

Requiescat. — The Latin title of this dirge means, "May she rest." On tombs it is usually followed by *in pace*, "in peace." The poem was written of no individual; but some one has suggested that the second stanza would apply well to some great comic actress. 2. The *yew* is found much in cemeteries. 13. *cabined*, confined in small space, as in a cabin. The poem is an expression of Arnold's "world-weariness," characterized by lines 42–44 of *Memorial Verses*, where he is speaking of Wordsworth.

Fall of Sohrab. — The story of *Sohrab and Rustum* is taken from a Persian epic poem, *Shah Nameh* (the "Book of Kings"), the Iliad and Odyssey of Persian literature. Arnold's "episode" narrates the portion of the story familiar in folk-lore as the "father-and-son combat." Sohrab, champion of the Tartars, has been chosen by his general, Afrasiab, to fight in single combat with a champion of the Persians. The latter choose Rustum, who does not know that Sohrab is his son, but who tries to dissuade him from fighting because of his youth and inexperience. Sohrab asks if his opponent is not Rustum, the latter evades the question, and the combat begins.

13 ff. *like those . . . boughs.* Long, formal comparisons and similes are features of the epic style. Cf. 75–77, 79–81. 15. *Hyphasis, Hydaspes*, rivers in northern India. 17. *wrack*, ruin. 119 ff. The effect of the "shouted" name is explained by Sohrab, lines 150–153. 122–123. Rustum's conduct contrasts most unfavorably with Sohrab's (23–29), as do his words (131–142) with Sohrab's (30–50). Sohrab, after his fall, proves by a mark on his arm that he is Rustum's son; whereupon the broken-hearted Rustum admits his identity, and announces that he will burn his tents, quit the Persian host, and take Sohrab's body home for burial.

Dover Beach. — The French coast opposite Dover is nearer England than at any other point. The distance from Dover to Calais is only 21 miles. 15. *Sophocles* was one of the three greatest writers of Greek tragedy. — The poem is thus summarized by Professor Hale

(*Select Poems of Matthew Arnold*, xliii): "We have first a picture of the calm of nature, then the thought of the turbid tides of humanity, then the thought of the sad incomprehensible waning of faith, and then, as with a sudden pang at heart, he turns to the one beside him" [*Ah, love* — line 29] "as a sort of sole refuge in a confused and ignorant world." It is an expression of despair, but also of a stoical resignation characteristic of the author.

Geist's Grave. — 15. *the Virgilian cry* was *Sunt lachrimae rerum!* (*Æneid*, I, 462), freely translated in the next line. 42. After 1867 Arnold wrote very little poetry. *Geist's Grave* was written in 1881. 55. The *absent master* was the poet's son Richard. 70. At this time the family were living at Cobham, a few miles south of London *on the Portsmouth road.*

Tennyson. — In *Ulysses*, of which we give the concluding line, (about a third of the whole), the old hero and wanderer expresses himself as dissatisfied with the peace and quiet of home life, and as determined to set forth in search of new adventures. The story is from Dante's *Inferno*, not Homer. 20. *the Happy Isles*, called also the "Fortunate Islands" and the "Islands of the Blest," were imagined by the ancients to be "somewhere" in the West. Like the "happy hunting-grounds" of the Indians, they were the abode after death of those favored by the gods.

In Memoriam is a poem of a hundred and thirty-three sections — or, perhaps better, a collection of so many poems — called forth by the death of Tennyson's best friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. They were written during a period of seventeen years, on birthdays, Christmases, New Year's Days, and other anniversaries connected with the friendship. CVI. The time of this section is plainly New Year. It strikes a responsive chord in many hearts to-day (1917) more than half a century after its publication.

Home They Brought. — This is one of several "intercalary" songs (that is, inserted between the main divisions) in a poem that has had great popularity. The student is probably familiar with two others of these songs — the "bugle" song, beginning "The splendor falls on castle walls," and the lullaby, "Sweet and low."

Idylls of the King is a series of narrative poems dealing with King Arthur and his knights. Geraint (*g* pronounced hard), one of these knights, "a tributary prince of Devon," had fallen in love with Enid, daughter of Earl Yniol, when Yniol had lost his possessions through

treachery. In the passage immediately preceding that given in our text, the women are preparing a gorgeous gown for Enid's wedding, since her father's lands and fortune have been restored to him. 28. *Caerleon.* See note on *Legions,* Geoffrey of Monmouth, line 2. *Queen,* Guinevere. 66. *gaudy-day,* feast day.

Gareth's Combat. — Lynette came to Arthur and asked a knight to do battle for her sister Lyonors, besieged in her own castle by a knight who aimed to force her to marry him. Gareth, a prince disguised as a kitchen-knave, asked Arthur to give him the quest, and received it. Lynette, incensed, reviled him on the return journey. Before the meeting with Noonday Sun, Gareth had been victorious in three encounters; but Lynette was unable to see the truth, and continued her satiric remarks as in our selection. 1. Three river-loops guarding the approach to the castle of Lyonors were held by three brothers of the besieging knight. Gareth had already defeated the first, who called himself "Morning-Star." 14. *vizoring up,* raising the vizor of his helmet, so as to cover his *cipher* (that is, expressionless) face. 30. During the combat with Morning-Star, said Lynette,

> "The savor of thy kitchen came upon me
> A little faintlier; but the wind hath changed."

38. *twice my love,* etc. That is, "her dream that she would find a victorious champion that day — a knight who would achieve her quest and become her love — has been twice proved true." 36 ff. The punctuation shows that Lynette sings a song of three stanzas (as she does after the first and third combats), interrupting herself with comments. 50. *rosemaries and bay* were the regular decoration in old times for the boar's head.

The Revenge. — This poem celebrates a battle with the Spanish Armada in 1591. Tennyson examined several contemporary accounts, and made a composite story that is historically accurate. 2. *pinnace,* a small vessel that was doing scout duty. 12. *Inquisition,* a court of the Roman Catholic Church for the apprehension and punishment of heretics. In Spain at the time of this battle it was exceptionally cruel. 17. *Devon,* a county in southwestern England; *Bideford,* the village in which Grenville was born. 21. *thumbscrew,* an instrument of torture much used by the Inquisition to force confessions. 30. *Seville* (accented on the first syllable) was at this time the capital of Spain. 31. *Don,* Spanish title

equivalent to "Mister." It here means simply "Spaniard." 96. *the lion*, Grenville. 101. *Queen and Faith*, Elizabeth and the Church of England. Henry VIII had broken with Rome and had had himself declared head of the Church because the Pope refused to recognize his marriage with Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth. 114. *or*, before.

Charge of the Heavy Brigade. — This poem, like the preceding, deals with a real event — in the Crimean war. The "three hundred" were cut to pieces, but the tide of battle was turned when the rest of the brigade arrived. The more usual spelling of the name is Balaklava. Tennyson follows Kinglake, author of *The Invasion of the Crimea*, the standard work on the subject. The historian gave the poet some notes, of which the following will make clear the situation of the opposing forces: "Scarlett is marching eastward with his '300' in marching order, when, casting his eyes towards the heights on his left, *i.e.*, towards the north, he sees a host of Russians breaking over the sky-line and presently advancing downhill towards the south. Thereupon he instantly gives the order 'Left wheel into line!' The effect of this is to make the '300' no longer show their flank to the enemy, but confront him." 21. The *three* were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, his trumpeter, and an orderly. 33. The "300" were the Scots *Greys* and the second squadron of *Inniskillings*, an Irish regiment of dragoons.

Throstle. — Tennyson, says Van Dyke, "has caught more of the throbbing and passionate and joyous voices of the world [than has Wordsworth]. And so he is at his best with Nature when he comes to the springtime." In *The Throstle*, "Immortal youth throbs and pulses. The simple music of joy. . . ." It "sings itself."

Crossing the Bar is not, as is popularly supposed, Tennyson's last poem. It was written in the poet's eighty-first year; and his son Hallam said on reading it, "That is the crown of your life's work." Tennyson explained the "Pilot" as "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us." Hallam Tennyson adds: "A few days before my father's death he said to me, 'Mind you put Crossing the Bar at the end of my poems.'"

Browning. — *Pippa Passes* is a drama depicting how Pippa, a little silk-mill girl, spends her one holiday in the year — New Year's Day. She "passes" around the town singing, and by her songs, all unknown to herself, influences various people. "The year's at the

spring" is heard by a wicked couple who are by it brought to a realization of their sin, and to repentance. "That little peasant's voice," says the man, "has righted all again."

How They Brought the Good News. — Browning said there was "no sort of historical foundation" for this poem. The distance from Ghent (in Belgium) to Aix-la-Chapelle (in Prussia) is over ninety miles; a horse that could gallop the whole way would indeed be a *horse without peer* (line 52). 10. *pique*, pommel of a saddle. 14. *Lokeren* and the eight other places mentioned are towns on the route. Another "horse" poem of Browning's that would interest most students is *Muléykeh.*

Incident of the French Camp is based on fact, of which, however, the hero was a man, not a boy. 1. *Ratisbon* (German "Regensburg"), in Bavaria, was stormed by Napoleon in 1809. 5–6. Browning describes the emperor in the attitude made familiar by many pictures. 7. *prone*, bending forward. 29. *flag-bird.* Napoleon's flag had an eagle on it. *vans*, wings. 35. *film* is subject of *sheathes* (34), which means "covers."

My Last Duchess. — An excellent example of the "dramatic monologue," a poetic form created by Browning. Although only one person speaks, the presence of another is implied; and the character, thoughts, and actions of both, and frequently of others not on the scene, are clearly revealed. In *My Last Duchess* the Duke has just concluded with a certain count's representative arrangements for his marriage with the count's daughter. As the interview closes, the Duke draws a curtain and reveals a portrait of his first wife, which he admires exceedingly as a work of art. In all he says he shows her a most attractive character, and himself most arrogant, selfish, jealous. Lines 45–46 —

> "I gave commands;
> Then all smiles stopped together,"

have been by some explained as meaning that the Duke had her put to death. Browning approved this explanation, and then added, "Or he might have had her shut up in a convent." It really is of no importance how she was got out of the way. 47. *We'll meet*, etc., shows that the Duke and the Count's man have held their interview in an upper apartment while some sort of entertainment was taking place below. 53. *Nay, we'll go*, etc. The visitor stands back to let his superior go first. 54–56. The Duke calls attention

to a fine piece of statuary in the lower hall, or perhaps seen outside through a window. His utter heartlessness is shown by his prompt dismissal of the Duchess from his thoughts. 56. *Claus of Innsbruck* is an imaginary artist, as is *Frà Pandolf* of line 3.

Home-Thoughts. — "The allusion to the English thrush" (lines 14–16), says Professor Phelps, "has given immortality to this poem. Many had observed that the thrush sings a lilt, and immediately repeats it; but Browning was the first to give a pretty reason for it. The thrush seems to say, 'You think that beautiful melody is an accident? Well, I will show you it is no fluke, I will sing it correctly right over again.'" (*Browning: How to Know Him*, page 84.)

Rabbi Ben Ezra contains many sentiments based on the writings of a famous Jewish scholar of the twelfth century; but it embodies much of Browning's own "philosophy of life." The poem is difficult, and even close examination will not reveal all its greatness to the student; but since it has no logical development of thought, much inspiration and other kinds of satisfaction can be got from separate passages. It is one of many poems of Browning which entitle him to the praise Arnold gives Emerson (see page 393) — "he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." The following summary by Berdoe (*Browning Cyclopædia*) may assist the student to understand the leading thought of the poem:

"According to Rabbi Ben Ezra, man's life is to be viewed as a whole. God's plan in our creation has arranged for youth and age, and no view of life is consistent with it which ignores the work of either. Man is not a bird or a beast, to find joy solely in feasting; care and doubt are the life stimuli of his soul: the Divine spark within us is nearer to God than are the recipients of his inferior gifts. So our rebuffs, our stings to urge us on, our strivings, are the measure of our ultimate success: aspiration, not achievement, divides us from the brute. The body is intended to subserve the highest aims of the soul: it will do so if we live and learn. The flesh is pleasant, and can help soul as that helps the body. Youth must seek its heritage in age; in the repose of age he is to take measures for his last adventure. This he can do with prospect of success proportionate to his use of the past. Wait death without fear, as you awaited age. Sentence will not be passed on mere 'work' done: our purposes, thoughts, fancies, all that the coarse methods of human estimates failed to appreciate, these will be put in the diamond scales of God and credited to us. God is the Potter; we are clay, receiving our shape and form

and ornament by every turn of the wheel and faintest touch of the Master's hand. The uses of a cup are not estimated by its foot or by its stem; but by the bowl which presses the Master's lips to slake the Divine thirst. We cannot see the meaning of the wheel and the touches of the potter's hand and instrument; we know this, and this only, — our times are in his hand who has planned a perfect cup." This summary is intended to help one to understand the poem, not to take the place of it.

24. This line is an instance of the harshness not infrequently found in Browning. He had great musical talent, but his poetry is not always harmonious. 40–42. Cf. Stevenson, page 435, line 17: "An aspiration is a joy forever." 52. *dole*, share. 75. *term*, stopping-place. 84. *indue*, put on. 113. *tempt*, try. 124–125. Supply "whom" after *I* and *they*. 150. The figure of the potter, which is continued to the end of the poem, is from *Isaiah* LXIV, 8, and *Jeremiah* XVIII, 2-6. 168. *impressed*, shaped. 169–174. The first half of this stanza refers to youth, the last half to age.

Epilogue, which appeared first in a volume published the day Browning died, is his confession of faith in a future life of activity and usefulness. Berdoe quotes the following from a London paper a short time after the poet's death: "One evening, just before his death illness, the poet was reading this (the third verse) from a [printer's] proof to his daughter-in-law and sister. He said: 'It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth: and as it's true, it shall stand.' His faith knew no doubting. In all trouble, against all evil, he stood firm."

5. Supply "will you." 17. *unseen*, the poet after death.

Stevenson. — *El Dorado* is Spanish, meaning "the golden." The name was applied by Spaniards of the sixteenth century to an imaginary city of great wealth in South America, from which it came to mean any place of fabulous wealth. It then came to have the meaning, as in Stevenson, anything valuable, much desired and sought, but unattainable.

15. *term*, termination. 17. *An aspiration is a joy forever*. A recollection of the first line of Keats's *Endymion* — "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." 23. *piece*, play. 34. *amulets*, charms. 53. Edward *Gibbon* spent more than twenty years writing his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. 79. *Of making*, etc. *Ecclesiastes* XII, 12. 83–85. Cf. *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, 31–42.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES

ADDISON, JOSEPH, 171–186.
Adversity, Of — Bacon, 79.
Æneid, Preface to Translation of — Caxton, 60.
Æneid, Translation of (extract) — Surrey, 66.
ALFRED THE GREAT, 9–11.
Althea, To — Lovelace, 101.
A Man's a Man for A' That — Burns, 232.
Amoretti (two sonnets from) — Spenser, 76.
Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, The (extracts), 11.
Arcadia, Description of — Sidney, 72.
Areopagitica (extract) — Milton, 118.
Argument against Abolishing Christianity — Swift, 144.
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 388–406.
Asolando, Epilogue to — Browning, 434.
Astrophel and Stella (two sonnets from) — Sidney, 71.
As You Like It (song from) — Shakspere, 89.
Auld Lang Syne — Burns, 229.
AUSTEN, JANE, 315–323.

BACON, FRANCIS, 79–87.
Ballads, English and Scottish Popular, 52–60.
Banks o' Doon — Burns, 233.
Battle of Ivry, The — Macaulay, 330.
Battle of the Books, The (extract) — Swift, 138.
Beatitudes, The — Tyndale, 68.
Beatitudes, The — Wiclif, 17.
BEDA, 5–8.
Beowulf (extracts), 1.
Bonnie George Campbell — Anonymous, 54.
BOSWELL, JAMES, 197–202.
Boswell, James — Carlyle, 333.
Boswell, James — Macaulay, 323.
Bride of Lammermoor, The (extract) — Scott, 303.
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS, 121–124.
BROWNING, ROBERT, 422–434.
Bull-Fight, The (from *Childe Harold*) — Byron, 253.
BUNYAN, JOHN, 134–138.
BURKE, EDMUND, 207–211.
Burke, Edmund (from *The Retaliation*) — Goldsmith, 206.
BURNS, ROBERT, 220–233.
Burns, Robert (from *Heroes and Hero-Worship*) — Carlyle, 338.
BYRON, GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD, 251–259.

CÆDMON, 4.
Campaign, The (extract) — Addison, 172.
Canterbury Tales, Prologue — Chaucer, 22.
CAREW, THOMAS, 99–101.
CARLYLE, THOMAS, 333–343.
CAXTON, WILLIAM, 60–62.
Celia, Song to — Jonson, 92.
Chapman's Homer, On First Looking into — Keats, 268.
Character of the Happy Warrior — Wordsworth, 240.
Charge of the Heavy Brigade, The — Tennyson, 419.
Charity (from *Religio Medici*) — Browne, 122.
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 22–52.
Chaucer (from *Table Talk*) — Coleridge, 247.
Chaucers Wordes unto Adam — Chaucer, 52.
Cherry-Ripe — Herrick, 97.
Chesterfield, Letter to the Earl of — Johnson, 191.

Childe Harold (extracts) — Byron, 253.
Christ (extracts) — Cynewulf, 4.
Chronicle, The Anglo-Saxon (extracts), 11.
Cloud, The — Shelley, 262.
Coffee-houses, London — Macaulay, 327.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 247–251.
Collins, William, 211–213.
Coming of the Angles — Beda, 6.
Composed upon Westminster Bridge — Wordsworth, 244.
Confessions of an English Opium-Eater (extracts) — De Quincey, 298.
Constant Lover, The — Suckling, 102.
Corinna's Going A-Maying — Herrick, 94.
Couplets from his Poems — Pope, 187.
Cowper, William, 218–219.
Crossing the Bar — Tennyson, 422.
Culture and Anarchy (extract) — Arnold, 388.
Cupid and Campaspe — Lyly, 71.
Cymbeline (song from) — Shakspere, 90.
Cynewulf, 4–5.

Daisy, To a Mountain — Burns, 221.
David Copperfield (extracts) — Dickens, 346.
Defoe, Daniel, 150–160.
De Quincey, Thomas, 295–303.
Description of Spring — Surrey, 65.
Deserted Village, The (extracts) — Goldsmith, 202.
Diary (extracts) — Pepys, 124.
Dickens, Charles, 343–356.
Discourses in America: "Emerson" (extract) — Arnold, 391.
Disdain Returned — Carew, 100.
Dissertation upon Roast Pig, A — Lamb, 282.
Don Juan (stanzas from) — Byron, 259.
Dover Beach — Arnold, 402.
Dream, A Midsummer Night's (song from) — Shakspere, 89.
Dream-Children — Lamb, 290.
Dryden, John, 129–134.

Ecclesiastical History, Preface to — Beda, 5.
Education of Women, The — Defoe, 150.
El Dorado — Stevenson, 435.
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog — Goldsmith, 206.
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard — Gray, 214.
Elia, Essays of — Lamb, 282.
Eliot, George, 356–363.
Emerson, Estimate of — Arnold, 391.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: "Wordsworth" — Byron, 252.
Essay on Criticism (couplets from) — Pope, 187.
Essay on Man (couplets from) — Pope, 187.
Essay upon Projects (extract) — Defoe, 150.
Euphues (extract) — Lyly, 69.
Evening, Ode to — Collins, 212.
Eve of St. Agnes, The — Keats, 270.
Expostulation and Reply — Wordsworth, 237.

Faerie Queene, The (extract) — Spenser, 74.
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton — Burns, 231.
Flying, Dissertation on the Art of (from *Rasselas*) — Johnson, 193.
Frozen Words — Addison, 173.

Geist's Grave — Arnold, 404.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 16–17.
Ghent to Aix, How they Brought the Good News from — Browning, 423.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 202–207.
Goldsmith, Character of — Boswell, 199.
Grasshopper and the Cricket, On the — Keats, 268.
Gray, Thomas, 214–218.

Grecian Urn, Ode on a — Keats, 269.

Happy Warrior, Character of the — Wordsworth, 240.
Heaven and Hell (from *Religio Medici*) — Browne, 121.
Heroes and Hero-Worship (extract) — Carlyle, 338.
HERRICK, ROBERT, 94–99.
History of England (extract) — Macaulay, 327.
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad — Browning, 427.
HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY, 65–67.
How Roses Came Red — Herrick, 96.
How Sleep the Brave — Collins, 211.
How the Lover Perisheth — Wyatt, 65.
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix — Browning, 423.
HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY, 372–381.

Idylls of the King (extracts) — Tennyson, 410.
Il Penseroso — Milton, 108.
Incident of the French Camp — Browning, 425.
In Memoriam (extracts) — Tennyson, 407.
In Praise of His Mistress — Carew, 99.
Invocation (from *Christ*) — Cynewulf, 4.
Ivry, Battle of — Macaulay, 330.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL, 191–197.
Johnson, First Meeting with — Boswell, 197.
Johnson's Manner of Talking — Boswell, 202.
JONSON, BEN, 92–94.

KEATS, JOHN, 268–281.
Kemp Owyne — Anonymous, 55.
Kubla Khan — Coleridge, 249.

Lachin y Gair — Byron, 251.
Lady of the Lake, The (song from) — Scott, 310.
L'Allegro — Milton, 103.
LAMB, CHARLES, 282–294.
Lamb, A Meeting with — De Quincey, 295.
LANGLAND, WILLIAM, 18–20.
London, 1802 — Wordsworth, 245.
Lord Randal — Anonymous, 55.
LOVELACE, RICHARD, 101–102.
Lucasta, To — Lovelace, 101.
Lycidas — Milton, 112.
"Lycidas," on Some Lines of — Ruskin, 382.
LYLY, JOHN, 68–71.
"Lyrical Ballads," Preface to (extracts) — Wordsworth, 233.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, 323–332.
Mac Flecknoe — Dryden, 132.
Macpherson, James, Letter to — Johnson, 193.
MALORY, SIR THOMAS, 62–65.
MANDEVILLE, SIR JOHN, 20–21.
Marlborough (from *The Campaign*) — Addison, 171.
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 87–88.
Marmion (extract) — Scott, 312.
Marriage and Single Life, Of — Bacon, 80.
Memorial Verses — Arnold, 395.
Mill on the Floss, The (extract) — Eliot, 357.
MILTON, JOHN, 103–120.
Mirzah, The Vision of — Addison, 181.
Moore, To Thomas — Byron, 257.
Moral Essays (couplets from) — Pope, 188.
Morte D'Arthur (extract) — Malory, 62.
Mountain Daisy, To a — Burns, 221.
Mouse, To a — Burns, 220.
My Last Duchess — Browning, 426.

Nil Nisi Bonum — Thackeray, 368.
Noble Lord, To a (extract) — Burke, 210.

Ode: "How Sleep the Brave" — Collins, 211.
Ode on a Grecian Urn — Keats, 269.
Ode to Evening — Collins, 212.
Ode to the West Wind — Shelley, 259.
Oliver Twist, Preface to — Dickens, 343.
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer — Keats, 268.
On his Blindness — Milton, 118.
On the Grasshopper and the Cricket — Keats, 268.
Opium-Eater, Confessions of an (extracts) — De Quincey, 298.
Othello (from *Table Talk*) — Coleridge, 247.

Pardoner's Tale, The — Chaucer, 40.
Paraphrase, The (extract) — Cædmon, 4.
Passionate Shepherd to his Love, The — Marlowe, 88.
Pastoral Care, Preface to Pope Gregory's — Alfred the Great, 9.
Patriotism, An Observation on — Coleridge, 248.
PEPYS, SAMUEL, 124–129.
Phillis, To — Herrick, 98.
Piers the Plowman, The Vision of (extract) — Langland, 18.
Pilgrim's Progress, The (extract) — Bunyan, 134.
Pippa Passes (song from) — Browning, 422.
POPE, ALEXANDER, 187–188.
Preface to Oliver Twist — Dickens, 343.
Preface to Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care — Alfred the Great, 9.
Preface to Robinson Crusoe — Defoe, 153.
Prelude, The (extract) — Wordsworth, 243.
Prester John, The Land of — Mandeville, 20.
Pride and Prejudice (extract) — Austen, 315.
Princess, The (song from) — Tennyson, 410.
Prologue to the Canterbury Tales — Chaucer, 22.
Prothalamion (extract) — Spenser, 77.

Rabbi Ben Ezra — Browning, 428.
Rasselas (extract) — Johnson, 193.
Religio Medici (extracts) — Browne, 121.
Requiescat — Arnold, 397.
Retaliation, The (extract) — Goldsmith, 206.
Revenge, The — Tennyson, 414.
Roast Pig, Dissertation upon — Lamb. 282.
Robin Hood's Death and Burial — Anonymous, 57.
Robinson Crusoe (extracts) — Defoe, 153.
Roundabout Papers: "Nil Nisi Bonum" — Thackeray, 368.
RUSKIN, JOHN, 382–388.

St. Agnes, The Eve of — Keats, 270.
Scientific Investigation, The Method of — Huxley, 372.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 303–314.
Seasons, The (extracts) — Thomson, 188.
Sesame and Lilies (extract) — Ruskin, 382.
Shakespeare . (sonnet) — Arnold, 395.
Shakespeare, To the Memory of — Jonson, 92.
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM, 88–91.
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 259–268.
Sheriffs of Bristol, Letter to (extract) — Burke, 207.
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, 71–73.
Sir Patrick Spens — Anonymous, 52.
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (extracts) — Anonymous, 12.
Skylark, To a — Shelley, 264.
Sohrab and Rustum (extract) — Arnold, 398.
Soldier, Rest! — Scott, 310.
Sonnet on His Blindness — Milton, 118.

Sonnet on Shakespeare — Arnold, 395.
Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin — Cowper, 219.
Sonnets — Keats, 268.
Sonnets — Shakespere, 91.
Sonnets — Sidney, 71.
Sonnets — Spenser, 76.
Sonnets — Wordsworth, 244.
Spectator, The — Addison, 177.
Spenser, Edmund, 74–79.
Spring, Description of — Surrey, 65.
Steele, Richard, Sir, 160–171.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 435–438.
Studies, Of — Bacon, 85.
Style, On — Coleridge, 248.
Suckling, Sir John, 102–103.
Surrey, Earl of, 65–67.
Swift, Jonathan, 138–150.

Table Talk (extracts) — Coleridge, 247.
Tables Turned, The — Wordsworth, 238.
Tamburlaine, A Boast of — Marlowe, 87.
Tam o' Shanter — Burns, 223.
Task, The (extract) — Cowper, 218.
Tatler, The — Steele, 160; and Addison, 173.
Tempest, The (song from) — Shakspere, 90.
Tempest, The, Preface to — Dryden, 129.
Tempest, The — Pepys, 124.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 406–422.
Thackeray, William Makepeace, 363–372.
Thirty-third Birthday, On My — Byron, 258.
Thomson, James, 188–191.
Throstle, The — Tennyson, 421.
To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time — Herrick, 97.
Travels (extract) — Mandeville, 20.
Twelfth Night (song from) — Shakspere, 90.
Two Gentlemen of Verona (song from) — Shakspere, 88.
Tyndale, William, 68.

Ulysses on Old Age — Tennyson, 406.
Una and the Lion (from *The Faerie Queene*) — Spenser, 74.
Under Milton's Picture — Dryden, 134.
Unwin, Mrs., Sonnet to — Cowper, 219.

Vanity Fair (extract) — Thackeray, 363.
Village Preacher, The (from *The Deserted Village*) — Goldsmith, 202.
Vision of Mirzah, The — Addison, 181.

Warren Hastings, Scene at the Trial of — Macaulay, 325.
Waterloo (from *Childe Harold*) — Byron, 255.
Westminster Bridge, Composed upon — Wordsworth, 244.
West Wind, Ode to the — Shelley, 259.
Wiclif, John, 17–18.
Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut — Burns, 230.
Wisdom for a Man's Self, Of — Bacon, 82.
Wordsworth, William, 233–246.
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 65.

Youth and Age, Of — Bacon, 83.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF POEMS

Adam scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle, 52.
All human things are subject to decay, 132.
At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay, 414.
At length they all to mery London came, 77.
At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time, 434.
Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses, 251.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way, 205.
Bring the bowl which you boast, 311.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, 97.
Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come, 190.
Come live with me and be my love, 88.
Cupid and my Campaspe played, 71.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, 92.

Earth has not anything to show more fair, 244.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, 231.
Four years — and didst thou stay above, 404.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, 97.
Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn, 94.
Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece, 395.
Good people all, of every sort, 206.
Grow old along with me, 428.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! 264.
Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, 90.
Hence, loathed Melancholy, 103.
Hence, vain deluding Joys, 108.
Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such, 206.
He that loves a rosy cheek, 100.
Her mother died when she was young, 55.
Hie upon Hielands, 54.
Home they brought her warrior dead, 410.
How sleep the brave who sink to rest, 211.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, 262.
If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song, 212.
I held it truth, with him who sings, 407.
In a summer season, when soft was the sun, 18.
In Flaundres whylom was a companye, 40.
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, 249.
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he, 423.
Is there, for honest poverty, 232.
I wandered lonely as a cloud, 240.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds, 91.
Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide, 76.
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see, 98.
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show, 71.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings, 219.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it, 77.
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, 245.
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold, 268.
My boat is on the shore, 257.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are, 330.
Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room, 245.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, 218.
Oh, to be in England, 427.
O Mistress mine, where are you roaming? 90.
Others abide our question. Thou art free, 395.
Out upon it, I have loved, 102.
Over hill, over dale, 89.
O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son? 55.
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, 259.
O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut, 230.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, 408.
Roses at first were white, 96.

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was! 270.
Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned, 246.
See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year, 188.
She was a phantom of delight, 239.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, 229.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, 310.
Some fowls there be that have so perfect sight, 65.
Strew on her roses, roses, 397.
Summer is coming, summer is coming! 421.
Sunset and evening star, 422.
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain, 202.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind, 101.
That's my last Duchess painted on the wall, 426.
The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade! 419.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, 214.
The king sits in Dumferling toune, 52.
The poetry of earth is never dead, 268.
The sea is calm to-night, 402.
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings, 65.
The spacious firmament on high, 172.
The world is a bundle of hay, 258.
The world is too much with us; late and soon, 246.
The year's at the spring, 422.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail, 406.
There was a sound of revelry by night, 255.
Thou still unravished bride of quietness, 269.
Three poets, in three distant ages born, 134.
Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty, 258.
Thy voice is on the rolling air, 409.
To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name, 92.

Under the greenwood tree, 89.
Up! up! my friend and quit your books, 238.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r, 221.
Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie, 220.
Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote, 22.
When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home, 258.
When chapman billies leave the street, 223.
When I consider how my light is spent, 118.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, 91.
When Love with unconfined wings, 101.
When Robin Hood and Little John, 57.
Where the bees sucks, there suck I, 90.
Who is Sylvia? what is she, 88.
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, 240.
Why so pale and wan, fond lover? 103.
Why, William, on that old grey stone, 237.
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies, 72.
Would you know what's soft? I dare, 100.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, 233.
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more, 112.
You know, we French stormed Ratisbon, 425.
You that will a wonder know, 99.

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Fines.—A fine of two cents a day must be paid for books kept, without renewal, beyond period for which loan is made. No book will be loaned to anyone who has failed to meet the obligations of borrowers as given in these rules. Notice will be sent when books are five days overdue without having been renewed.

Lost and Injured Books.—Borrowers are held responsible for books and are required to pay for lost and injured volumes. Number of pieces loaned is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

Books must be kept clean, must not be marked and corners of leaves must not be turned down.

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